A SUMMER IN SCOTLAND.

SUMMER IN SCOTLAND

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PREFACE.

Having spent a month or two during the summer in rambling among the Highlands of Scotland, I have written the following account of my adventures for the amusement of my pupils, and of such other readers as may honour these pages with a perusal. The narrative is strictly a personal one. The work does not pretend to give a geographical, historical, or statistical account of Scotland, but only a simple narration of the adventures of a traveller rambling in a romantic country in search of recreation and enjoyment alone. In writing the account, I have attempted nothing more than to reproduce for the reader a picture of the scenes, such as they were, which presented themselves to my attention. The book, therefore, claims no higher province than that of offering a rational source of entertainment to the reader in leisure hours.

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SUMMER IN SCOTLAND.

I.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

On looking forward to the prospect of crossing the Atlantic for the first time, some months, usually, before the day of embarkation, the mind is strongly excited with anticipations of pleasure. To visit Europe is the early hope and ambition of almost every cultivated spirit in America; and when the idea of wandering through the streets of London, of visiting the Louvre and the Palais Royal, of ascending the Alps—an idea which has, through the long years of childhood and youth, appeared only as a romantic vision—comes at last to assume the form of an approaching reality, the pulse beats quicker, and the heart bounds with enthusiastic impatience to have the hour of departure arrive.

But when it does really arrive, it generally brings with it a great change of feeling. The excitement and the enthusiasm give way to an oppressive sense of care and responsibility, which the prospect of so long an absence and so extended a journey cannot fail to inspire. This sense of responsibility is increased by the long and careful preparation necessary, by the formal provision

which it is prudent to make against the possibility of never returning, and by the parting from friends, whom there is much to suggest to us we may perhaps never see again. All these things damp the enthusiasm sadly at the last hour. Then, besides, there is a sort of ponderous momentum, as it were, in all the arrangements and movements connected with the sailing of an Atlantic steamer, which impresses the mind with the idea that going forth in her is an event of some mysterious magnitude and importance. The solid, massive structure of the ship; the obvious preparations for the encounter of danger on the deep; the foreign expression given to the scene by the uniforms of the officers and the costumes of the seamen; the thundering voice of the steam-pipe; these, and other indications like them, make the voyager feel that he is engaged in a very serious enterprise. There are, it is true, a large class of commercial men who are always going to and fro, from one continent to the other, and who are equally at home whether in England or America, or on the ocean between, who do not probably feel these influences at all. But in respect to the rest—the travellers—those who go only as visitors to Europe, whether for instruction or for pleasure, they form generally a sad and sober party, as they proceed to sea. The husband and father forgets the Alps, and thinks of the wife and children whom he is leaving behind him. The bride, while she clings more closely to her young husband's arm than ever, remembers her mother and her sisters, and the happy home of her childhood, from which she realizes that she has now been finally sundered; and if there chance to be one who has no direct domestic ties, he feels a new intensity in home-

lessness and solitude as he goes forth among strangers over the wide ocean alone.*

As might naturally be expected, then, the company stand sadly and seriously upon the saloon deck when the last bell rings to warn "*All ashore.*" The wharf is covered with a crowd—strangers to one another, but bound together for a moment now by one common feeling—interest in the parting ship, and in some one or more of its now imprisoned inmates. Every one's heart is full. Tears come into many eyes, and stand all ready to come into many more. The company on the land give three cheers, which their parting friends on board sometimes have the heart to returns and sometimes

* This sense of isolation and loneliness is not diminished much as the voyage advances, and the travellers have opportunity to become acquainted with one another, for such acquaintance rarely ripens into any real or cordial friendship. There are exceptions, it is true, but generally the solitary traveller, or the little party, who feel alone at the commencement of the voyage, still feel more alone among the multitude of their acquaintances at the end. There is a certain atmosphere of reserve, which is peculiar to a company of American travellers going to Europe, which gives an air of formality and caution to their intercourse with one another, and which appears to increase, rather than to diminish, as we approach the foreign shore. The fact is, that very many have a sort of feeling—indistinct and indefinable, it is true, but none the less real on that account, and certainly not unreasonable—of uncertainty how far any new friendship which they may form on the voyage may be a source of embarrassment on landing. Nor is this an improper feeling. Each individual has his own peculiar objects and ends in view. He has in prospect, by means of his letters of introduction, or his personal acquaintance, facilities for accomplishing these objects, so far as concerns himself and his own immediate party, but which could not easily be made available for a larger number. He sees, in a word, or fancies he sees, openings of admission to places or scenes where he wishes to go, large enough for himself, but not large enough for all his friends. Through the influence of this feeling, or something like this, it happens, that though in the progress of the voyage the strange faces become familiar, and some personal knowledge is acquired of the various individuals and parties on board, and perhaps a common conversational acquaintance is formed with nearly all, the real sense of separation and solitude grows stronger instead of weaker all the way, and every little party on board feels really more isolated from all mankind at the end of the voyage than they did at the beginning.

not. The ship, however, returns the salute with a gun when she finds herself really receding from the shore. The waving of hankerchiefs, fluttering more and more faintly, and at longer intervals, as the distance increases, closes the scene. The outlines of Boston and of the neighbouring shores soon grow dim, but by the time we fairly realize that we are actually separated from our native land, traveller-like we change suddenly to a new and very different excitement. We find ourselves all crowding eagerly into the saloon at the summons of a bell calling us to *lunch!* The old campaigners, in whom these parting scenes excite no emotion, go to the tables because they are hungry. Others wish to make sure of their seats for the voyage by taking early possession; and the rest go from curiosity, to see what is to be seen. For one reason or another the decks are deserted, and all crowd around the tables in the saloon to lunch.

THE SHIP.

July 6.

Five days on the Atlantic! It is necessary to allow about five days for time to get accustomed to the motion of the ship, and to the novelty of the scenes which surround one at sea. This time has now expired; and as I presume that very few of my readers will have had the opportunity of seeing the interior of a sea-going steamer, I will undertake to give you a description of our ship, and of the mode of life which we lead on board.

In commencing this description, I am seated at a table in a little cabin which is below the principal deck of the ship. The room is perhaps eight feet wide and twice as long, and it has a table which nearly fills up the whole of the interior. There is a little fire-place, with a grate, at the middle of

one of the sides of the room, with marble jams and mantel, and a large mirror over it. There are two lamps, one on each side of the mirror, suspended at the end of brass branches in a peculiar manner, so as to keep them always in a perpendicular position, notwithstanding the pitching and rolling of the ship. I call them lamps, but they are really candlesticks, the candles being concealed from view and pressed upward by a spring as fast as they are consumed, so as to keep the flame always at the same level, at the bottom of a small ground glass globe. They have, therefore, the appearance and the name of lamps, though they burn only spermaceti, as oil would be inconvenient to manage at sea. Their mode of suspension keeps them always upright; the compasses, the chronometers, the barometer, and, in fact, every thing which it is desirable to keep steady at sea, are usually mounted in the same way: it is called hanging them on *gimbals*.

Between the fire-place and the table of the little room which I am describing there is but a very narrow space, scarcely more than is necessary to allow two persons to pass one another. Behind the table a sort of sofa extends along the whole side of the room. This sofa answers for a seat by day, and it makes two berths at night; and in order to confine the two nocturnal occupants, each to his proper portion, it is divided into two sofas by a sort of arm in the middle. The whole room is handsomely finished with oak paneling, and is lighted, though somewhat dimly, by little windows, up high, on each side, consisting of a row of single panes of glass, opening out upon the main deck, and which in rough weather have to be closed entirely. An enormous leather bag hangs in one

corner of the room to receive the letters which the passengers may have brought on board, but which they are forbidden by law to take on shore at Liverpool.

This little cabin is a rendezvous for gentlemen; there is another similar to it, further forward, for the ladies; and from these two centres narrow passage ways lead all through the "between decks" of the ship, with state-rooms on each side of them. These state-rooms are very small, with two berths in each, one above the other, and with sundry toilet conveniences, which are all secured in some way or other against the effect of the ship's motion. The tumbler sets into a brass ring which projects from the wall. The pitcher has a socket to receive it. The lamp is in a little triangular closet, between one state-room and the next, with panes of ground glass, through which its light is transmitted in each direction. This lamp is accessible only through a small door opening into the passage way; it is hung on gimbals. It is lighted by the steward every evening at dark, and is extinguished at midnight, and is thus not under the control of those who use it at all.

This little world of state-rooms is usually the scene, for the first week after going to sea, of a great deal of misery. Even if the weather is not rough, the ship writhes and twists restlessly on the swell of the sea, producing a giddy and swimming sensation of the head, which soon results in a general derangement of the system, and in pain and distress far more hard to endure than that generally occasioned by much more serious maladies.

The whole of this region of cabins and state-rooms, with the various passages connecting them, is below the main deck. Two winding stair-ways lead us up, and upon the main deck we have a very

different scene. First, there is the great saloon, extending from the stern forward nearly to the middle of the ship. Within this saloon there are two ranges of dark mahogany tables, one on each side, with a passage way between them. Behind the tables, and against the sides of the saloon, a row of sofas, or, rather, one continued sofa, extends, and hair-cloth settees, well cushioned and stuffed, are arranged on the outside, all being fastened to the floor. The passage-way above referred to is between these settees, and is quite narrow; all the rest of the space in the room is occupied by the tables and the seats. Over each table is a long mahogany shelf, two stories high, the edges of the lower part, and the whole surface of the upper one, being perforated and cut into sockets to receive decanters, tumblers, and wine-glasses, and to hold them so as to prevent their being disturbed by the motion of the ship. These shelves are very elegantly made, and being brass mounted, with a peculiar apparatus to allow of their being raised a little out of the way after the dinner is over, and always having their glittering contents upon them, they make a very brilliant appearance. There is a row of small windows on both sides of the saloon, each consisting of one pane of plate-glass, and fitted with a curtain of crimson damask. The remaining portion of the walls and the ceiling overhead is of panel work, highly ornamented, and of dark and sober colouring.

This saloon has to answer the purposes of parlour, sitting-room, dining-room, reading-room, and lounge. The whole interior aspect of it is very elegant and comfortable when only moderately occupied; but it is not always very comfortable when it is full, as it is at lunch and dinner, and at other times when cold or wet weather drives the

gentlemen in from the decks. Look into it now at any ordinary time, and you see the settees occupied by gentlemen in all attitudes, and engaged in all occupations. Some are reading books, or English newspapers bought at Halifax; some are playing backgammon, chess, or cards; some are talking; some are asleep. Here a party of half a dozen have collected around a group of decanters and wine-glasses, and are drinking one another's healths; and there a few ladies, better sailors than the rest, are making a desperate effort to amuse themselves, with the assistance of a polite officer of the ship, in writing *crambo*. Children are running up and down, or kneeling upon the settees so that they can look over upon the tables, amusing themselves or their older fellow-passengers with their playthings, or with their childish conversation. This state of things can, however, never continue for more than two hours at a time, as we have full, formal meals, five times a day, making one every four hours, except that the interval between dinner and tea is but two hours. Thus the occupations of the company are continually interrupted by the coming in of the stewards with their cloths to spread the tables. However, if you will just let them lay the cloth itself, you may then go on with your work if you please, whether it is writing, reading, or a game; they will set the places all around you, and leave you undisturbed till the very ringing of the bell. Under these circumstances, the saloon is kept in a constant state of movement and change from morning to night. We begin with breakfast, which continues from half-past eight to ten, each guest appearing when he is ready, and ordering what he pleases. Let it be what it will, within any reasonable limits, it is sure to be prepared and placed hot before him

in a very few minutes. At eleven they begin to lay the cloths for lunch, which is brought upon the table as soon as the captain and the mates "make it eight bells" on the deck above, that is, ascertain, by an observation of the sun, with their quadrants and sextants, that it is *noon* at the place where we happen to be. At lunch the tables are loaded with tureens of broth, cold meats of every variety, lobsters, sardines, baked potatoes, baked apples, stewed prunes, crackers and cheese, and plenty of bottles of porter and ale. After the tables are cleared from lunch there is a short interval again for reading and writing in the saloon; but at three o'clock a general interruption to these occupations takes place by the appearance of the cloths for dinner. Thus the apartment is kept in a continual state of movement and bustle from morning to night, the scene closing between ten and eleven by a supper for all who choose to take it, very luxuriously served.

This saloon, which is built *upon* the principal deck of the ship, does not occupy the whole breadth of it. There is on each side of it a long and narrow space between the saloon and the sides of the vessel, which forms a sort of promenade. It, of course, has the deck for its floor, the sky is overhead, and the side of the saloon, with its row of small plate-glass windows, on one side, and the bulwarks of the ship on the other. Here the children play, and promenaders walk to and fro; and in particularly warm and sunny weather, little groups, or individuals in solitude, sit upon camp-stools or settees, or upon a sort of mast or spar, which lie securely lashed along under the bulwalks, ready to be used in case of need, and occupy themselves in reading or conversation, or in simply waiting for time to pass along. There is no view

of the sea from these promenades, on account of the bulwarks, which, instead of being, as in ordinary steamboats, only breast-high, are made, as is usual with sea-going vessels, much higher than one's head, so that it is necessary to clamber up upon the spar, in order to get a view of the waves.

Forward of the saloon, and in a line with it upon the deck, and separated from it by a covered passage-way, is a congeries of little apartments—in all scarce twelve feet square—which seem to be china-closet, wine-cellar, pantry, and larder, all in one, and from which issue the seemingly inexhaustible supplies for the table. The covered passage-way above referred to leads across from the promenade on one side of the ship to that of the other, and from it there is a communication with the saloon on one side, and this pantry on the other side. The two staircases by which we ascend from the cabins and the state-rooms, land, likewise, here. Across this passage-way the stewards bring at meal-times the endless supplies of every imaginable article of food or refreshment, with which they load the tables five times a day. The supplies, it is true, are kept up by a set of wild-looking men, half cooks, half sailors in appearance, who run continually to the windows of the apartments outside, at the proper hours, with great covered dishes which they bring from various cabooses and kitchens further forward. Notwithstanding this, however, the immense capacity of this small space, and its seeming power to supply every imaginable demand upon it, excite continual wonder. One of my messmates, accustomed by many previous voyages to these scenes, was very free in calling, at any time, for any thing which he happened to feel a fancy for, whether it happened to be on the table or not; and it was always produced without any

question, and with very little delay. Upon my expressing my surprise at the ampleness and abundance of their stores and preparations, "Oh," said he, "they have got *everything* on board, and so I just take the liberty to call for anything I happen to want. I reason, that when I pay *ten dollars a-day* for my board, I am entitled to have what I ask for. The captain, it is true, does not reckon it so. He calls it four cents a mile for travelling conveyance; *I* call it ten dollars a-day for board; and as both modes of viewing the subject seem equally correct, I choose to act on mine."

Directly forward of what I have been describing we come to the centre of the deck, in the middle of the ship, where there are openings and passages leading down to the engines and machinery, and also to the forward cabin. You look through a grating into one of these openings, and see iron ladders leading down to a second floor of grating many feet below, and beneath that a second series of ladders conducting to a still greater depth, where you see the glow of fires, and piles of coal, and black, Vulcan-like looking men, replenishing and stirring the fires with enormous implements of iron, seemingly too ponderous for human strength to manage. You wonder what there can be valuable or desirable in life spent in such occupations and in such a den.

Forward of this is a very important place, being the only part of the ship where you can be in the open air and yet have a shelter over head. Imagine a space ten feet square, with a wooden grating for the floor, and the capstan in the centre of it. There is a partition forward of it, behind which the enormous smoke-pipe ascends into the air. The heat from this pipe pours out very abundantly through a lattice-work in the partition,

so that the passenger can warm himself by it if he is cold. The space is open on the two sides to a broad passage way along the deck, beyond which, however, it is protected on the sides of the ship by the paddle-boxes, kitchens, and various offices. Thus, while it is in a great measure open to the air, it is protected from the rain by the saloon deck which extends over it, and it is cut off by the surrounding structures from all prospect of the sea. This is the great rendezvous of the smokers, who stand about the capstan, or sit on the settees and camp-stools. Here, also, the half sick come in bad weather, for it is the only sheltered place about the decks. Here they come, therefore, when too unwell to bear the confined feeling of the cabins and saloon, to enjoy the fresh air a little; fresh air which is composed in about equal proportions of the heat of the boilers, the smoke of the cigars, and all the winds of heaven.

There is, however, one other place of tolerable shelter, which, after all, is, on the whole, better than this. It is directly above it, on the saloon deck, close by the naked smoke-pipe, where it comes out into the open air. This smoke-pipe is very large, perhaps eight feet in diameter, and is painted of a fiery red, with black bands encircling it. The saloon deck is elevated, and entirely exposed to the sky. It extends from the smoke-pipe back over the saloon to the stern for about half the width of the ship. Two winding stairs lead up to it. It is surrounded by a brass railing, which is covered with canvas at sea, but is very bright and elegant in port. Here, in fine weather, you can sit, or you can walk up and down, if your head is sufficiently steady. You have an unobstructed prospect of the sea, and you can watch conveniently all the operations of the sailing in

heaving the log, and in making and furling sail, and also those of the officers in taking the observation at noon. But you must be warmly clothed, for there is always a cold wind drawing over the deck of a sea-going steamer. When it becomes too cold, or when it begins to rain, you can go to the smoke-pipe, and, by placing your camp-stool on the sheltered side of it, find a tolerable protection from the rain; and, at any rate, you find the effects of a little wet more tolerable than that of the cigars in the more sheltered place around the capstan just below. The result is, that all ladies, and nearly all gentlemen, except the smokers, when they wish to feel the warmth of this enormous tube, prefer to seek it in the open air above, rather than in the half-confined inclosure below.

If now we descend to the main deck we find a large open space, far forward, which is the chief scene of the movements and operations of the seamen. Here are the guns, the anchors, the spare spars, and numberless coils of rigging. Here, in pleasant weather, they repair the worn or damaged sails, spreading them down upon the deck. Here the carpenter, using a heavy plank for a bench, temporarily supported on any thing which comes to hand, makes a new grating, or repairs some damage in the wood-work of the ship. He has to stop his work for a moment occasionally, to grasp his bench, at the approach of some heavy swell of the sea, to prevent its being overturned. Here the boys belonging to the families of passengers come to play with the cordage, or to make new arrows for their bows, or to shoot. In front of this space, directly in the bows of the boat, is a small raised deck, called the forecastle, on which a look-out man keeps watch for ships or land ahead. Beneath it is an unexplored

and inaccessible den, where the sailors find what little repose their life allows them.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD AT SEA.

July 7.

At Halifax a sick man was brought on board the ship on a litter. It was said that he was an English officer who had been in the West Indies, and that he was gradually sinking under a state of disease left by the yellow fever, under which he had suffered there. He was endeavouring to get home to his friends in England. He came on board through the midst of a scene of noise, confusion, and din on the wharf and on the decks of the steamer, at Halifax, which no pen can describe. The ship put to sea. The poor officer lingered a few hours, and died at sunset. The next morning an announcement was placarded at the entrance of the saloon that funeral services would be attended at half-past nine o'clock.

It was a bright and pleasant Sabbath morning. A port was opened through the bulwarks on one side of the ship, at the place where the plank is usually passed on board for the landing of passengers. There was a pair of steps placed here, the upper steps being on a level with the lower edge of the port-hole. It was understood that the funeral ceremony was to take place here, and the passengers accordingly assembled on the saloon deck above, whence they could look down upon the scene.

The coffin containing the body had been placed on the other side of the ship at the stern, at the extreme end of one of the promenades, by the side of the saloon, which has been already described. When the appointed time arrived, the ship's bell began to toll mournfully. A proces-

sion of the seamen, neatly dressed, and with very thoughtful looks, headed by some of their officers, advanced from forward. They removed the sheet of canvas with which the coffin had been covered, and placed over it a British flag. They then lifted the coffin. It appeared very heavy. It had been, in fact, loaded within, to insure its sinking rapidly. The sailors advanced with it along the promenade, thence across the ship at the capstan, and then, turning again, they brought it to the port-hole, and placed it upon the step, in such a manner that the foot of the coffin extended out over the water. They kept it carefully covered with the flag, which the wind endeavoured constantly to remove.

In the meantime, the captain had taken his place, with some of the superior officers of the ship, near the open port, and he now began to read the burial service. The company of passengers looked on, in solemn silence and with heads uncovered, from the saloon deck above. At length the seamen drew back the flag, and at the word, "We commit this body to the deep," read by the captain, they pushed it forward through the opening. It seemed almost to struggle in their hands against their efforts, as if the disappointed tenant within, whose heart had been set upon regaining his home and his friends, could not endure to be thus thrust forth into the cold and merciless surges of the ocean. It was all in vain, however. The coffin was forced through the opening, and plunging into the water, it went down like lead into the foaming torrents which were poured along the ship's side by the enormous paddle-wheels of the steamer.

It is a common opinion, though undoubtedly a mistaken one, that heavy bodies, sinking at sea, go down only to a certain depth, where they find the

water in such a condition, owing to the superincumbent pressure, that it sustains them from any further sinking; and that there, each one finding its own proper level, floats about for ever. It is true, indeed, that the *pressure* of the water is enormously increased at great depths; but its power of floating heavy bodies depends upon its *density*, not upon its pressure. If water could be compressed itself into very much narrower dimensions than it naturally occupies at the surface, so that a large bulk of it could be made to occupy a small space, its weight and its buoyant power would, in that case, be very much increased. It would become like mercury, and it would then be able to float iron, lead, stone, in fact, all other bodies lighter than itself. But no such effect can be produced upon it. Although the pressure is enormous to which it is subjected at great depths in the sea, it resists it all, and obstinately retains very nearly its original dimensions. Its density, therefore, and its weight, and consequently, its buoyant power, remain very nearly the same at all depths, and the iron or the lead which it cannot sustain at the surface, it can no better sustain a thousand fathoms below. In fact, it is probable, that most sinking bodies, including even iron itself, are compressed themselves as they descend, more rapidly than the water, so that they become heavier and heavier as they go down, and thus seek their final place of repose with a constantly accelerated force.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that the loaded coffin, in such a case as this, continues the descent commenced by its first solemn plunge, till it reaches the bottom. The average depth of the ocean has been ascertained to be five miles. If we suppose, now, which may not be far from the

truth, that such a weight would descend with a motion of about one mile an hour, the body would be five hours proceeding to its final place of rest. What a march to the grave is this. Five hours! alone, unattended, unthought of, pressing steadily on away from all light and life; passing without even a pause, the limit where the last ray of the sun becomes extinct, and where the last trace of life for ever fails. And what a tomb to come to at last! What silence! What darkness! What desolation! What eternal and motionless rest! At such a depth it would seem that almost absolutely nothing could ever transpire; and a human body, seeking there its last home, must find one so entirely its own, that probably for ages past and for ages to come, there will have been nothing but its own intrusion to disturb the death-like repose.

The service concluded, the porthole was closed. The sailors went forward to their duty. The passengers resumed their usual attitudes and positions about the decks. Four bells struck, and half-a-dozen hands were called aft to "heave the log." The funeral was forgotten.

MAKING SAIL IN A BREEZE.

July 8.

This morning, when I went up and looked out of the door of the passage-way in front of the saloon, I found it raining in torrents. A steward, observing my forlorn looks, attempted to comfort me by saying that the rain would clear the sky, and bring the wind round fair; it had been contrary for many days. Half an hour before dinner-time his prediction proved true. The sky cleared up and a fresh breeze came in from the right quarter, and when eight bells struck, for four o'clock, which was the signal for changing the

watch, that is, for one set of hands to go below and another to take their place, I went out upon one of the bridges, and heard the captain, as he went away to his dinner, give orders to the mate to "make all sail before the men went down." The dinner bell rings at this time, but as I had one dinner before, under the name of lunch, I remained on the deck to witness the scene.

A fresh breeze at sea seems to a landsman quite a heavy gale, on account of the noise made by its whistling and roaring through the shrouds and rigging. Under these circumstances, it is an exciting scene to see them "make sail," as they term it. This noise of the winds in the cordage, mingled with the dash of the sea, the vociferations of the officers, the shrill pipe of the boatswain, and the thrashing and flapping of the sails before they are secured, all together produces a strange and picturesque effect. The sails and spars, too, are drawn to their places by means of lines of rigging which pass through so many pulleys before they come to the hands of the sailors who work them, and are so completely lost on their way in the maze of ropes and tackle, that when you see an effect produced you can seldom discover where the power is which produces it. A spar, for example, moves out to its place; a sail creeps slowly up to an inaccessible point; it makes a great deal of roaring, flapping, and resistance, by the way; but all is in vain: proceed it must, up, home, to its place of destination. Now and then a line or a block "gets foul," and a man is sent up to clear it. He mounts a dizzy height, holding on with one hand, while he does his work with the other; the sailor's motto aloft being, one hand for himself and one for his owners. It seems a very dangerous position, in a stiff breeze and

rough sea, for a man to stand upon a rope stretched along under a spar, or to lie across the spar, face downward, reaching out at something which is a little beyond his reach, while the ship is rolling and pitching all the time as if exerting itself to the utmost to jerk him into the sea. But the sailors seem, under such circumstances, perfectly at home and self-possessed, and answer, "Ay, ay, sir!" to every vociferated order from the officer below, with an air of entire unconcern, though they are at the end of the yard-arm, where they hang in mid air, swinging to and fro over the foaming surges, which seem fiercely eager to swallow them up. I presume a school of sharks underneath would make no difference in their composure and unconcern.

While the work of expanding sail after sail is going on in such a time as this, the noise and din of the winds and waves is such that *oral* orders can hardly be heard. Still they are given. An officer stands erect and firm on one of the bridges, which are narrow passage ways on a level with the saloon deck, leading across the ship from one paddle-wheel to the other, and calls out, in a very loud and stern tone of voice, continual commands. No words are audible, at least to a landsman, in his vociferations; and it would seem that his commands must be understood, like the cries in New York or London, not by the articulations, but by the tone. A great many orders are, however, given by the boatswain's pipe, a shrill whistle with which the boatswain and his mates communicate directions, by means of an infinite variety of twitterings and chirpings, like the notes of a bird. These sounds are all unintelligible to a landsman, but they constitute almost a whole language for the seamen to whom they are addressed. The

boatswain pipes an order for the seamen to pull a rope along the deck, then he pipes them to stop pulling, then to come back to a new position, then to pull again. He pipes the men up to make sail, and he pipes them down again; he pipes them to dinner, and he pipes them to witness punishment. He can say, by his manner of blowing his whistle when the men are hoisting a sail, "Pull away! pull away! now gently; a little more; there, that will do." In fact, he can say any thing. The sound of the instrument is not loud, but it is very shrill. Its piercing note extends from stem to stern, finding its way equally easily through all the mazes of the rigging aloft, and through all the dark depths and recesses below. It penetrates every where, and rises above every other sound, cutting its way, as it were, through the whistling of the winds, the reverberations of thunder, and the roaring of storms in which thunder can no longer be heard.

In the meantime, while the canvass gradually spreads under orders thus given, the ship dashes on with increased speed, urged by the engine and driven by the wind. The sea rises. The billows far and wide are capped with foam, the white gaining rapidly upon the blue all over the raging surface around us. We are a thousand miles, perhaps, from any land, plunging along from swell to swell over the raging sea, and all the time the dinner is going on just as usual. In the little closet-like rooms along the sides of the deck they are cooking every imaginable dish, making pastry, baking puddings and pies, staggering with them from side to side, in their transitus from the kitchen to the oven, and from the oven to the table; and in the saloon a hundred gentlemen and ladies are going through the ceremonies of a formal dinner of

five regular courses with entire composure, while they are all rolling and tossing together over the waves. With what astonishment would a philosopher of the days of the Greeks and Romans have contemplated such a dinner-party in such a place, and in the midst of such a scene.

A few hours of such a breeze gets up quite a little sea, and the passengers soon begin to come up upon the decks to witness the commotion. Some remain upon the saloon deck; others go forward on the bridges; and one lady, more courageous and self-possessed than the rest, takes a position with her husband on a projection in front of one of the paddle-boxes, where she literally hangs over the boiling surges, and can have an unobstructed view of the scene.

HEAVING THE LOG.

July 9.

It is a bright and beautiful morning. I am seated upon a camp-stool upon the saloon deck, with fifty or sixty gentlemen and ladies, all enjoying the pleasant morning air. Some are promenading up and down the deck, though with rather unsteady steps. Others are standing in groups, engaged in conversation. Others, still, are seated upon camp-stools or settees, reading or talking, or looking out upon the ocean. The waters are of a very deep and dark blue, with thousands of waves in every direction, all capped with foam.

Here come a couple of sailors up the stair-way, with two great bundles of flags in their arms. They carry their load to the stern of the ship, all the passengers watching their movements. They unfold their flags, and, attaching them to one another by their cords, they hoist them to the mast-

head in such a manner that the flags float to the wind in two long lines, reaching from aloft to the deck, and making a very gay appearance. The object is to dry them. They are of all colours and forms.

Four bells are now struck, and the order is passed forward to come and "heave the log." The log, so called, is a small bit of board in the shape of a quarter of a circle, having, of course, two straight sides and one curved one. The curved side is loaded with a strip of lead, nailed along its edge. There is a peg in the centre of the board, to which a cord is attached. This peg is pressed into its place pretty tight, just before the log is thrown, and holds the log to the line. There is another branch of the line attached permanently to the upper corner of the log. Of course, by means of this arrangement, the log, when in the water, will float perpendicularly, and consequently it will not easily drag. But by a small jerk upon the line the peg may be pulled out, and then the log may be drawn along easily over the water by means of that branch of the line which is attached to the upper corner.

The passengers gather around to witness the heaving of the log, partly from interest in the operation itself, and partly from a desire to learn the result of it, that is, the rate at which we are advancing on our way. The line attached to the log is two or three hundred feet long, and is wound loosely upon a sort of reel, or spool, that turns easily upon its centres. These centres are in two handles at the ends of the reel. A sailor holds this reel high above his head, supporting it by the two handles, so that the line can be easily unwound from it. The officer draws of from the reel a number of lengths of the line, which he lays over

his hand in a sort of coil, and then calls out "*Clear the glass.*" This is an order to a man in a little apartment below, to whom the sound of his voice penetrates through a sort of grating, to *get ready* a kind of minute-glass, but not to set the sand to running. The man below answers, "*Ready.*" The officer then throws his log, coil and all, overboard, astern of the ship, and the line begins to run off from the reel through the hands of the officer who threw the log. In a minute or two a small rag, which is fastened to the line at a particular point, by being drawn though its strands and tied, passes through the officer's hands. This rag marks the commencement of the divided part of the line, and at the instant that the officer feels it pass, he calls out quickly, "TURN." The man below instantly turns his glass, so as to set the sand to running. And now all parties, operators and spectators, stand in breathless silence as the line runs off from the reel. The longer the length of line which is drawn off before the sand is gone from the minute glass, the more rapid, of course, is the motion of the ship through the water shown to be. Three or four of the sailors advance and put their hands about the line, in order to be ready to assist in stopping it the moment the signal is given. In the mean time the reel spins round with the greatest velocity, the line runs through the hands of the officer and of his assistants, and is seen stretching away to a great distance astern, in the wake of the vessel. At length we hear the call from the grated cell below, "STOP," when the officer and all his assistants grasp the line in an instant and begin drawing it in. They immediately perceive, by its divisions, what portion was run out, and they declare at once the rate of the ship's motion. The announcement is received by the

passengers with disappointment, or with satisfaction and pleasure, according as the result varies between *nine* and *twelve* miles the hour.

The divisions of the line are marked by knots, each knot of the line being, in relation to the minute-glass, the same as a mile to the hour. Hence they say a ship is sailing so many *knots* when they wish to indicate her speed. These knots are, however, not made in the line itself, but in little cords which are drawn through and around the strands of the line at the proper distance. The whole seems to make rather a rough sort of cord to run through the naked hands of the seamen as fast as it does run, when the ship is advancing at the rate of twelve miles the hour; but seamen have hands of iron.

Another thing which surprises the landsman, when he first witnesses this operation, is the very small size of the log itself, which seems, at first view, wholly insufficient to take hold of the water with power enough to draw off the line from the reel as fast as it does, without being itself drawn rapidly home toward the ship. But the fact is, that the log is aided very much by the line itself lying in the water, as soon as a few fathoms of it are out; and the reckoning, it will be observed, does begin till then. The line seems to cling, as it not were, to the water with great tenacity. In fact, when the operation is over, and the line is to be drawn in, every one is, in the first instance, very much surprised at the degree of force required to do this. It takes three or four men, who lay the cord over their shoulders, and walk off with it along the deck, in the attitudes of men tugging with all their strength at a heavy load. The cord comes in, however, more and more easily as the work of drawing it in goes on. At length they

cease to take it over their shoulders, and begin to pull it in hand over hand. At last the log itself is seen away astern, at the end of the line, dancing and skipping over the blue waters, and through the foam of the wake, till it comes up on board again.

DIVINE SERVICE AT SEA.

Sunday, July 11.

This morning, as the steward passed along to our state-rooms to wake us up for breakfast, he added to his usual summons, "'Tis eight o'clock, gentlemen," the announcement, "Divine service at half past ten."

At half past ten, accordingly, the bell on the forecastle began to toll for church, and a procession of sailors, dressed in white duck, and with broad blue collars turned down over their shoulders, came aft and entered the saloon. They walked up between the two rows of tables, and seated themselves toward the stem of the ship, around the ends of the table terminating there. The captain and some of the more prominent of the passengers, with their ladies, were seated at one of the tables on the side, which brought them near the middle of the saloon in respect to its length. The other passengers soon filled up all the remainder of the permanent seats, and then camp-stools were brought in and occupied, until every portion of the space accessible was densely filled.

The service on board these ships is that of the Church of England, as it is very proper that it should be; and it is the duty of the captain, in the absence of a clergyman of that Church, to read it, he being, as it were, the head of the family which the company on board the ship, for the time being, constitute. It is true that the

captain may not be a religious man; and on one occasion of this kind, it seemed a little strange to me, with my New England notions, to find the captain arranging his bets, with now and then a profane expression, and disposing of his sea lottery tickets on the deck, at ten o'clock, in order that, having got this business satisfactorily arranged, he might be ready, at half past ten, to go into the saloon and lead the devotions of a Christian congregation. But travelling about the world in mature life often cuts sadly across the ideas and prepossessions of childhood. A friend of the establishment might say that the prayers and praises of the English Liturgy may be joined in heartily by the worshipper, without paying any attention to the personal feelings or character of him who reads it, any more than to those of the printer who prints the book, or to those of the organist or the singer who leads the music of the chants and hymns. They are all equally the mere ministerial instruments, through whose aid, more or less directly, we clothe our ideas in words as we approach our Maker; and that the only points of importance to us, in respect to our personal devotions, are the propriety of the words themselves, and the condition of our own thoughts and feelings.

And, in fact, it must be confessed that the traveller, who is disposed in making the best of everything, instead of resisting and repelling whatever is new and unusual, will find that it is really so. At least, it was so in this case. The captain read the service with great correctness and propriety. The sea was comparatively smooth. It rocked the floating congregation gently, as if unwilling to disturb the adoration and homage we were offering to its own mighty Master. The

hum of children playing gently upon the decks came in at the windows of the saloon. Sea-gulls were sailing in circles over the surface of the water. The congregation seemed impressed and subdued by the solemnity of the scene; and whoever did not make it an hour of sincere and heartfelt worship must have found the fault in himself, and not either in the liturgy of the English Church, or in the arrangements made for conducting, by means of it, public worship at sea.

THE LOTTERY.

July 12, 1847.

The last thing which interests the passenger in a voyage across the Atlantic, previous to his preparations for landing, is the lottery. I should say, perhaps, a certain portion of the passengers, for it is only a portion who take any active part in it. It is a lottery contrived to have the drawing of the prize depend upon the time of the arrival. The plan is generally to sell *the half hours of the day* at auction, to the highest bidder, each half hour being represented by a ticket with the time noted upon it. All the money obtained by the sale is put together, and constitutes the prize; and it becomes the property of the one who has the ticket for the half hour during which the ship arrives. This sale of tickets takes place some days before the end of the voyage, when some judgement may be formed of the probable duration of the remaining portion of it, though not an exact one; as much depends upon the wind and weather during the last few days. The gentlemen who promote this scheme always profess that their motive is, not any gambling interest in winning the prize, but only a desire to provide a means of amusement for the last hours of the voyage.

It would not be convenient to have the moment of *landing* the time for determining the disposal of the prize, because at that moment the ship is too much a scene of bustle and excitement to admit of paying attention to the settlement of such an affair. Accordingly, some other point of time is usually taken, as, for instance, the passage of a particular light-house or buoy, or, more commonly still, the taking of a pilot, which event takes place usually some three or four hours before reaching the dock.

In accordance with this custom, notice was posted on Friday, three days before the expected time of our arrival, that there would be an auction sale of tickets in the "Grand Marine Lottery" at half-past one, which would be soon after lunch. Quite a company collected at the appointed time. The auctioneer took his stand upon the steps where, not many days before, the body of the poor officer had been placed when awaiting its awful plunge into the deep. The same company took their places around, in the same attitudes, and presenting the same general appearance, only the expression of solemnity and awe of the former occasion was now replaced by one of frolic and fun.

The auctioneer stated that the tickets would be put up at ten shillings sterling each, and would be sold at or above that sum to the highest bidder. He then read the conditions of sale, according to the usual forms adopted in New York, and which, being utterly inapplicable and absurd at sea, served very well for drollery. The tickets were all sold at or above the "upset" price. The favourite tickets were, as they phrased it, "the A.M.'s, from 6 to 9," it being generally expected that we should take the pilot early on Tuesday morning. Some of these favourite tickets sold for three

pounds. The whole purchase money, which constituted the prize, came to about twenty-eight pounds; enough, one would suppose, to excite quite a strong gambling interest among the competitors. These tickets were sold afterward, to some extent, from one to another; but as it became, in a day or two, more and more certain that Tuesday morning would be the time, all other tickets soon lost their value, and the foolish possessors of them seemed inclined to bear their loss and their mortification in silence. In fact, far from being any source of amusement and pleasure, the whole subject seemed to be very speedily dropped, as if by common consent. Nobody, at last, appeared to know who got the prize; and the whole affair ended, as all gambling transactions, whether on a large or small scale, must necessarily end, in a sort of uneasy and half-guilty feeling of exultation on the part of the winner of his companion's money, and in a *wholly* guilty feeling fo mortification and chagrin on the part of the rest.

I will here close this long account of the voyage, reserving the landing as a separate subject. The account is, perhaps, too long, and too minute and detailed. It certainly is so for those who have made such voyages, and are, consequently, familiar with such scenes. But it is not written for them; it is intended for those who have passed their days on land, and who can form no distinct idea of the nature of life at sea, unless it is minutely described. The picture, such as it is, is drawn from the life, having been written almost entirely on shipboard, in the midst of the scenes which it attempts to delineate.

II.

LANDING IN ENGLAND.

Liverpool, July 16.

THE first thing which interests the voyager in approaching the English shore is the astonishing exactness which the art of navigation has attained in enabling the ship to make the land with such precision. After sailing a week over a boundless waste of waters, for thousands of miles, through fogs and mists, and with winds and currents tending in all directions, and without having, perhaps, seen the sun but once or twice at noon during the whole time, we all go to bed some evening with the assurance that when we rise the next morning we shall see Cape Clear, in a certain direction and at a certain distance. And, accordingly, when we come on deck in the morning, and look in the specified direction, there it is. At least, this was the result in our case. The steward told us at night, when we went to our berths, that we should see land in the morning; and in the morning, when he passed along, as usual, to knock at our state-room doors, he said at each one, "Eight o'clock, gentlemen; land right ahead!"

When we reach Cape Clear we are twenty-four hours' sail from Liverpool, and every one is expressing his joy that we are not in a sailing vessel, as in that case we might be a week in reaching port. As we move rapidly on, we, in fact, pass ships becalmed, or struggling up slowly against light and contrary winds, while other vessels, leaving England, are coming down with all sails set, but yet making very slow progress.

We begin to realize that we are actually drawing near to port. The guards are taken off the tables; the swell of the sea disappears; the ship moves steadily. The passengers are busy everywhere looking over and arranging their letters, and making other preparations to land; and the seamen are busily employed, all over the ship, putting every thing in a neat and tidy condition, in respect to rigging and fixtures of every kind, so as to be ready to make a proper appearance in port.

We are all day going up St. George's Channel, keeping generally very near the coast of Ireland, which is picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. The hills are of the softest green, with fields divided by hedges, and varied in colour by the different kinds of grain. These slopes continue to the sea, sometimes terminated by perpendicular bluffs and precipices a hundred feet high, and sometimes descending gradually to the water, where they are bounded by a beautiful beach of yellow sand. Headlands and promontories project everywhere, and the steamer keeps just far enough from the shore to go safely clear of these, but near enough to give us distinct views of the lighthouses, and monuments, and castles erected upon them. These structures, and the points they adorn, we identify by means of a great chart, which the captain spreads for us upon the wheelhouse on deck. Ships and steamboats being to be frequently seen; the latter, large and black with their brightred chimneys and long banners of black smoke, make an imposing appearance. In fact, all day long, and until the mists of the evening conceal everything from our view, we see multiplying around us, on every side, the indications of our approach to the seat and centre of the greatest and most extended organization of human

wealth and power which the world has ever known.

The next morning, when we come upon the deck after breakfast, and take a survey of the scene around us, we feel this truth more deeply still. The morning is bright and clear; the air is calm. The water is smooth, and its surface is dotted everywhere with sails, or marked with long, comet-like trains of smoke from multitudes of steamers. And here are the most beautiful shores in the world, close under our view. The passengers, those, at least, who have not visited Europe before, draw their camp-stools up to the railing, and gaze upon the scene in silence. "Here, then," they say to themselves, "is Ireland, in solid reality. Here is the Isle of Anglesea. It is no longer a spot on a map, or a mere conception of the mind, as it has been to us for so many long years. It is actually before us, with real shores, real hills, and fields, and groves, as substantial as Massachusetts itself. And there are the mountains of Wales, rising among those mists, dark and sublime. There is Snowdon. This great expanse of water is the Irish Sea; and all these foreign-looking ships and steamers are hovering about the far-famed seat of British industry and power."

The scene becomes more and more exciting as we approach and enter the mouth of the Mersey. Every thing is new and strange. The shores are of the richest and most beautiful green. The forms of the houses, the arrangements of the gardens and grounds, the appearance of the boats and fishing craft in the river, the walls of the docks, and the little black steamers shooting in every direction over the water, all call in turn for our attention. The ship, in going up to town, steers now *in*, now *out*, in a most circuitous course, with much loud

calling of orders and counter orders from the captain on the paddle-box, speaking-trumpet in hand. At length the motion of the paddle-wheel ceases, and the loud roaring of the enormous steam-pipe begins, as the engineer lets off the force now no longer needed. Two small steamers come up alongside, on after another, and add their blasts to the general din, and their shouts and outcries, which nobody can understand, to the general confusion. In the meantime, the decks are covered with trunks, valises, and bags, and nervous passengers are running to and fro, looking for one another, or distracted with the question how they are to get themselves and all their luggage on shore—a question which they can get nobody to answer. The more calm and quiet in spirit sit still, knowing that somehow or other passengers always get ashore after a voyage, and so patiently bide their time.

The little steamers, in the midst of a deafening din, utterly indescribable, take off the *privileged* passengers and the mails. The privileged passengers are the governmental officers of all kinds, and bearers of dispatches. There are also usually a few other passengers who are crazy to get ashore ten minutes before the rest, and they crowd their way on board these steamers; and others still, who, when they find that this can be done, hurry after them, elbowing their way, with their valises in their hands, through the crowds upon the decks, and reach the companion-way when it is just too late, the little steamers having, one after another, cast off their lines and gone.

In the meantime, however, the great floating mass on which we remain, drifts slowly in toward the dock. In due time the lines are thrown out and made fast, with many detentions and delays,

and the ship is drawn up to her place, the noise, confusion, and din, increasing to the last moment. I had taken an opportunity, half an hour before, to ask the steward what we were to do in respect to our baggage. "Nothing," he said; "leave it all just where it is, and you will find it at the custom-house." I had nothing to do, therefore, when the plank was placed, but to walk on shore and inquire my way to the custom-house.

Travellers are very fond of making complaints of the vexations and annoyances to which they are subjected at the European custom-houses. I inquired some years ago, just before making a voyage to Europe, of a Boston gentleman, in respect to this subject, with a view of obtaining the result of his experience in regard to this method of procedure, and the reply which I obtained was simply, "There is no difficulty if you are honest—no difficulty, if you are honest." I have now passed some ten or twelve custom-house examinations, and the result of my experience is, that those words contain the solution of the whole difficulty. The truly honest traveller has no difficulty and no vexation to fear, except, perhaps, an unnecessary delay in landing at London from continental ports. By being honest, I mean being willing to pay what the law of the land requires in the shape of duties on the property you are carrying, and being willing that the officer appointed to collect the duty should know fully what you have.

Some persons seem to think it a great hardship that travellers should have to pay duty at all. A gentleman, for example, has some books in his trunk, which he is going to make presents of to his friends in England. He considers it very hard that he has any duty to pay upon them, and thinks it very small in the government to exact it. But

if we reflect that if the government is at great expense to provide light-houses, and build piers and breakwaters, by the aid of which this, as well as all other property, is enabled to get into port; and to maintain a numerous police, and systems of municipal regulation, by which it is protected when it has arrived, there seems to be no good reason why it should not pay its share towards defraying these expenses; and though its share may be a very small sum, I do not see why the littleness, if there is any in the case, does not rather attach to the traveller, in being unwilling to pay the shilling, than to the government which, in maintaining uniformity in the execution of its laws, exacts it. I think, therefore, though I am aware this is likely to be a very unpopular doctrine among the passengers on board an Atlantic steamer, that every man ought to feel that the government have as good a claim upon him for duty on all the property he carries with him, except what is formally exempted by law, as they can have on whole cargoes imported by a merchant. The fact so often urged, that the articles are not intended for sale, but only for one's own private use, or for presents to one's friends, does not seem to have anything to do with the question, as the ground on which the justice of the demand rests, is not the profit to be made by a sale, but the benefit received in the shape of the protection of the property from sea-dangers on the coast, and security of possession on shore.

I advise, therefore, all voyagers, instead of spending their time in contriving ingenious ways and means to conceal this thing and that from the officers' eyes, to make up their minds that it is right for them to pay whatever the laws require, and then, on landing, to throw every facility in the way of the officers for the proper discharge of their

duties. As a general thing, to discharge their duties to their government in a proper and faithful manner, seems to be all that they desire. At the various custom-house examinations which I have witnessed, probably an average of five persons have had their effects examined and passed so nearly at the same time with mine, that I have had the opportunity to observe the operation in their cases as well as my own—making sixty examinations in all. I have never, in any of these instances, seen a bribe or fee of any kind offered or received; and in every case, the officer has seemed to me to desire only to do his duty, and to endeavour to make the discharge of it as little inconvenient to the traveller as possible. I have, in fact, never seen anything wrong, except the unworthy efforts of gentlemen and ladies, from mistaken views of the subject, to throw obstacles in the way of an examination of their effects, or to contrive some way to elude the fair application of the laws.

On landing at Liverpool, these travellers who know the routine hasten immediately to the custom-house to enter their names in a book, in which a record is kept of the order of the applications. It is important to get an early entry upon this record, as the baggage is examined in the order in which the names stand there. On going into the building for this purpose, we found ourselves in a large open apartment with a stone floor, a part of the area on one side being enclosed by a low, but very substantial railing, and a desk at one end, where we entered our names as we came in. There were few persons present at the time, as most of the passengers, unacquainted with the usage, were still hovering about the ship in a sort of feverish uncertainty and anxiety about their baggage. All this solicitude at such a time does no good, for the

landing of a hundred and twenty passengers in such a scene, the getting on shore of four or five immense cart-loads of trunks, portmanteaus, and carpet-bags, amid a thundering of the steam-pipe, which makes all but the loudest voiciferation inaudible, is a scene in which a man soon finds he is helpless, and that he has only to cast himself upon the torrent and be borne wherever it carries him. My table mess-mates and myself, after entering our names, walked quietly about the docks and streets in the neighbourhood of the custom-house, leaving things to take their course, for a couple of hours, and then, on returning we found that the movement and noise had been pretty effectually transferred from the pier where the ship was lying to the great hall in the custom-house. The floor was covered with heaps of trunks, boxes, and bags, and the custom-house porters were bringing in fresh additions to the mass, in a continued stream, from the great drays at the door. The passengers were standing all about the floor, or sitting upon their trunks, or crowding the side-walks; some talking calmly and quietly, as if it were an every-day scene; some looking around anxiously for a lost carpet-bag; and some standing perplexed and confounded with the hubbub and noise, wondering, apparently, how such a tumultuous scene would end.

When the baggage was all in, the names were called off in the order of the record, half a dozen at a time, and their effects were taken within the enclosure for examination. Now the great things in searching trunks from America at the Liverpool custom-house is to look for *books* and *cigars*, as there is scarcely any thing else, subject to duty, which is at all likely to come to this port in pas-

sengers' baggage. The simple thing you have to do, therefore, at the Liverpool office, is to show the officer, as quick as you can, how many books and cigars you have got. As to cigars, each passenger is allowed a small quantity free. As to books, American reprints of English books are not admitted at all, but are forfeited, if found. English books, printed in Britain, are free; and American books are subject to the payment of a duty. Of course, it is not possible to prescribe the precise degree of strictness with which these rules are to be enforced; much must depend upon the discretion of the officer; but I think the surest way for the traveller to incline that discretion in his favour is to afford every possible facility to the officer for ascertaining the facts. Put all the books and cigars at the top of the trunk, so that they shall appear immediately on opening it, and then convince the officer, by the most thorough opening to view of what is below, that there is nothing more concealed. In nine cases out of ten he is very easily satisfied. In fact, from long habit of dealing with all sorts of characters, he reads your honesty of purpose in your countenance; and, according to my experience, he feels a strong desire to interpret the laws as liberally as possible in your favour when you evince such a disposition to aid him in the discharge of his duty, and acquiesce yourselves in the decision of the laws.

Some persons foolishly undertake to satisfy the officer in part by *their own statements*, as if a public officer, in such a case, was to take the word of an utter stranger. I have, for example, sometimes heard such a dialogue as this. A gentleman has had his trunk examined, and then, when he comes to his dressing-case, which appears in the

shape of a square box, put up in a canvass bag made to fit it, and which, from all that appears upon the outside, might be full of cigars, says, "And *that* is my dressing-case; you don't wish to examine that?" "I'll look at it, if you please," says the officer. "Why, it is a great deal of trouble to open it and put it up again," says the gentleman; "and there is nothing in it but my dressing apparatus, I assure you, upon my honour." "Just open it, if you please, sir," persists the officer. The gentleman opens his case, and shows that his words were true, and goes away at last, vexed out of all patience at the unreasonableness of custom-house officers.

The officers, whether it is reasonable or not, will not take the word of travellers about the contents of parcels, but insist upon seeing for themselves; and it always appears to me that they are very apt to be specially strict in applying the rules of the law in the case of finding anything hid away in inaccessible places, or where there has been any difficulties, on the part of the traveller, in the way of a full and thorough examination. One incident which occurred at this Liverpool custom-house appeared to me to be an illustration of this. It seems that the law authorizes every passenger to take in a certain small weight of cigars, free of duty; and I, having none of my own, offered to take a part of those belonging to one of my travelling companions, as he had more than the amount allowed, deeming myself entitled to use the privilege for the benefit of another person as well as for myself. He gave me, accordingly, about half his cigars, and I placed them in the top of the first trunk which I was to open. The officer paid no attention to them whatever. He examined the books which I had with some appearance of hesi-

tation, but finally concluded to make no charge.— The owner of the cigars put the part which he had retained in his possession into a small carpet-bag, which he did not produce until everything else had been examined; and then there was, unfortunately, some difficulty about the lock, and he could not get it open. I did not know at the time that his cigars were in this bag, and as the bag itself was small, and appeared to contain nothing but linen, I expected to hear the officer say that it was of no consequence. But no; he stood by quietly, in a waiting attitude, which said very plainly that the bag must be opened. He tried himself to unlock it, and produced some other keys; and, finally, he left it, saying that he would examine another passenger's trunks which were all ready, and return again, when, perhaps, the gentleman would have succeeded in opening the lock. He did so, and, on examining the contents of the bag, the cigars appeared at the bottom of it. The officer very quietly put them into the scales, found them to exceed the limit a little, and charged duty *on the whole*, which is the law, where an excess is found. The duty amounted to some dollars. It is true, the gentleman had retained a rather larger supply of the cigars than he had given to me, but the amount was not greatly different; and I could not but think that the officer's letting the one parcel pass without the least question, while he applied the law so directly and rigidly to the other, was influenced in no small degree by the circumstances of the case. I am sure, however, that these circumstances were, in fact, entirely accidental, and did not result at all from any desire on the part of my companion to deceive the officer; for, besides the honesty and fairness of his character, he was too much of a man of the world, and too well ac-

quainted with everything connected with the commercial intercourse between England and America, to have thought of such a plan as concealing anything from an English custom-house officer, by means of having a carpet-bag padlock out of order.

Those who succeed in getting their luggage examined and passed in good season, follow the porter, who, with a great trunk on his shoulder, and two carpet-bags in his hand, forces his way out of the crowd against a prodigious force of men and luggage of every kind pressing towards the enclosure. In such a case you find a cab at the side-walk, and you drive to the inn You are set down before the door of a house which has the quiet air of a private dwelling. The landlord, the bar-maid, and the "boots" come to receive you. You ask for a bedroom, and the bar-maid rings the chamber-maid's bell. The chamber-maid appears, dressed very neatly, with ruffles and cap. She shows you into a room, which has an indescribable expression of comfort. There is a great canopy of curtains over the bed; there is a dressing-table, covered with a very nice white cloth; there is a stand for the trunk; and a very comfortable-looking cushioned chair in the corner. These premises do not appear at all to disadvantage in your view, after having been for a fortnight confined to the little cuddy on board ship, absurdly called a *state*-room. You long for night to come, that you may enjoy the luxury of sleeping once more in a real bed.

At length you descend to the coffee-room. In England it is the universal custom for gentlemen travelling with ladies, and often for gentlemen when travelling alone, to take their meals in rooms by themselves, so that by far the largest part of the company at an inn do not mix with, or even see, each other at all. And as to the rest of the

guests, those who do not take sitting-rooms, it is the custom for them to take their different meals at different hours during the day, according to their individual convenience; so that a small number of tables answers for a great number of guests. The coffee-room is, therefore, comparatively speaking, a small room, and it has a type and character altogether its own. As you enter it, you find a screen at a little distance from the door to conceal the interior from observation. The walls are of oak wainscotting, hung with pictures, or they are covered with paper of some sober and warm colour. There are four or five tables in the room, of very dark and highly-polished mahogany, two or three of them, perhaps, being partially set for breakfast or for dinner. These tables are not alike, and they are not placed in rows, numbered and ticketed, as they would be in America, like pens for sheep. There is a certain symmetry in their arrangement, it is true, but it is combined with an ease, and grace, and variety, which gives to every one, as a place for breakfasting or dining, a different expression from the rest. There is a writing-table somewhere, with a bronze inkstand and a blotter upon it; and there is a side-table, with fruit, or supplies of silver spoons and wine-glasses, and other articles likely to be in frequent demand; and a round table, with a guide book, and a directory, and the morning's papers, and perhaps a book of maps, all neatly arranged upon it. All these articles of furniture, and others of the same character, are placed in such a manner as to give a very social and comfortable aspect and expression to the room. The presiding genius of the scene is a very respectable-looking gentleman, with highly-polished shoes, white stockings, and white cravat, who steps about noiselessly, speaks in an under

tone, and sets the table with a dexterity and grace acquired by the uninterrupted practice of twenty years. He answers to the name of John, or Thomas; and to all your orders he listens with the most respectful air imaginable, and says—"Very well, sir." You look around upon this snug and comfortable-looking scene, and reflect that you are at one of the largest hotels in Liverpool, a city which Englishmen compare to New York. A vision floats before your imagination of the great dining-halls, and reading-rooms, and public parlours of the Astor or the Tremont, and the contrast makes you feel that you are in a foreign land. The wild dream of the voyage is over, and you are really and truly in England.

III.

A RIDE THROUGH THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICT.

If the reader will refer to a map of England, and trace upon it with the eye the following described line, he will mark out approximately the boundaries of what is called the manufacturing district of England. Beginning at Liverpool, go north to Lancaster; thence north-east to Newcastle; south, through York, to Nottingham; south-west to Birmingham; and from Birmingham back again to Liverpool. This boundary incloses an extensive region, which has been supplied by nature with inexhaustible stores of coal and iron; and coal and iron are, in the present age of the world, the great elements of national prosperity and

power. The inhabitants of this region *make* machinery with the iron, and *drive* it with the coal; and with such machinery, so driven, they supply the world with manufactures and fabrics.

It is true that many points in this district were manufacturing centres before the use of steam, as a source of power, was discovered. But as soon as this discovery was made, it operated to give an enormous stimulus to all manufactures situated in places where coal and iron could be commanded. This was remarkably the case with the region marked out above. Tall chimneys rose gradually from every part of it, carrying up the smoke and steam of thousands of furnaces and engines, and it has become the centre and focus of the mechanical operations of the world.

The lines above described do not by any means mark out this district exactly. It is only a general idea, which I mean to give by them, of the part of the island in which the region of forges, furnaces, and machinery lies.

When the manufacturing interests in this quarter began to assume magnitude and importance, the most convenient place of deep water accessible by ships going to and coming from it was found to be Liverpool. There were enormous quantities of iron, and machines, and manufactured goods to be taken away; and cotton, dye stuffs, and other materials, which will not grow in England, to be brought. This required, consequently, a sea-port of spacious accommodations. Liverpool was well situated, but there was one difficulty in the way of employing it advantageously. The tide rises and falls so much—about twenty feet, which is much more than in most other parts of the world—that ships could not lie near the shore. Besides the inconvenience of the rising and falling of such a

vast mass of shipping twenty feet twice in twenty-four hours, which would, of course, interrupt the process of loading and unloading, there was another difficulty, viz., that places where there would be a great depth of water at high tide would be left bare when the tide was down. To obviate these inconveniences, the Liverpool merchants have built a series of large basins along the shore of the town, with gates in the outer walls opening toward the river. The walls inclosing these basins are of the most subtantial masonry, and ranges of sheds and warehouses are constructed along the sides next the shore. When the tide is high, the outer gates can be opened, and ships floated in from the channel, and brought close to the warehouses where they are to be unloaded. As soon as the tide begins to fall the gates are closed, and thus the egress of the water is prevented. The ships are, consequently, kept afloat, and are sustained at their proper level for being unladen easily upon the piers, though they are of course imprisoned in the basin until the tide rises again, and allows of the opening of the outer gates. These *docks*, as they are called, are very celebrated all over the commercial world. They are now very numerous, and some of them are enormously extensive. They line the whole shore, and are often crowded with the shipping which comes to bring cotton from America, and to take manufactured goods away. The Liverpool docks are regarded as constituting, in fact, one of the wonders of the world.

The manufacturing district, including Liverpool as its port, attracts great attention from all who are interested in studying the elements of the greatness and glory of England. Of course, this region and its port have a more direct intercourse with America than any other portion of the island.

Our main lines of packets and steamers go to Liverpool, as the largest portion of business travellers wish to land there. Pleasure travellers, whose destination is London and France, though they generally feel little interest in goods and machinery, submit to the necessity of landing in Liverpool too, though their first object, after passing the custom-house, is generally to get into the London train as soon as possible, and to be landed, without the intervention of a single night, at their hotel in the west end of the metropolis.

My plan was at this time a little different. I was going to Edinburgh, and as there was no railroad on the western side of the island, after spending a day or two in Liverpool I was to strike across the country to York, in order to take the great railroad to the north on the eastern side.

I took my place, accordingly, in the train from Liverpool, through Manchester, to York. The depot—or the *station*, as it is more properly called in England—is an enormous building of the most substantial structure, and of no little architectural pretension; looking, in fact, more like a city hall than an office for the despatch of travellers. We entered a spacious hall, where we took our places in a line formed before the ticket-master's counter, and advanced in the line in regular order, so that each new-comer could be served in his proper turn. The ticket-officer had a little machine before him, by means of which he stamped every ticket with a number before delivering it to the applicant. The machine contained a sort of clockwork, so that it shifted the number each time, as an impression was made, to the one next higher, and it made a record at the same time of the number of impressions which were taken. Thus, at the end of the day, the index showed how many

tickets the clerk had sold. He could not stamp two with the same number, for the numbers were changed of themselves by the internal mechanism of the machine; and he could not safely issue a ticket without stamping it, for if he should do so, it would at once be discovered by the conductor—or *guard*, as he is called—when he collected the tickets of the passengers.

This kind of minuteness of machinery for regulating the transaction of such business is carried to a much greater extent generally in Europe than in America. In Paris, for example, there is in every omnibus a conductor, who admits the passengers and receives the fare. To insure his accounting for all that he receives, there is a piece of clock-work, with a bell attached to it, hung up in the omnibus, by the door. Every time a passenger enters, the conductor has to pull a cord, which strikes a bell, and moves an index forward one degree. If two passengers enter together, of course he strikes it twice. If he omits this signal, the coachman and all the passengers know that he is dishonest, and he incurs great risk of being exposed. And as the index moves forward one degree every time the cord is pulled, the proprietors of the line know at night just how many passengers have entered the coach during the day. In America how different. There is no conductor: The coachman takes the fares through a round opening in front of the coach. There is no check upon his accounts; in fact, he keeps no accounts. He just empties his pockets at night at the office; and if the proprietor finds that his payments do not average as much as those of other drivers on similar lines, he dismisses him, without stopping to inquire whether the failure is owing to his want

of activity in securing passengers, or to want of honesty in paying over the proceeds.

But to return to the railway. There was a certain number of officials at the station, with a peculiar dress, and with inscriptions upon their hats, designating them as railway servants. It is their province to receive and secure the baggage, and to wait upon the passengers, directing them to their proper seats, and taking care that they do not, by mistake, get into the wrong cars. In America the passengers take care of themselves. The English railway servants are very attentive and civil, and their assistance very much diminishes the nervous sort of solicitude which most people feel in getting their places in a railway train. Many American travellers are earnest in their praises of these conveniences, and say to one another, "How admirably everything is regulated in England." This would be all very well if they did not, within the next hour, complain of the exorbitance of the demands made everywhere upon them in England, having to pay twice as often, and twice as much, as in America. The fact seems to be that in Europe the government takes care of the people, taxing them well to pay the expense. In America the people take care of themselves, and so save their money. It is true that in this case it is the government of the railway company, and not that of the queen, which acts, but the principle is the same.

There are four classes of cars upon the English railroads, designed respectively for as many different grades of passengers, it being considered a very essential point in England to keep up everywhere, very distinctly, the lines of demarcation which separate the different ranks of society. We, of course, as true republicans, decided ourselves to belong to the first rank, and accordingly entered a first-class

car. These cars are constructed very differently from those used in our country. The interior of each car, instead of being finished in one large apartment, with a passage-way up and down the middle, and settees or chairs upon the sides, is divided into three or four compartments, with doors in the sides of each, and two seats running across the car, like the seats of a coach. Of course, half the company have to ride backward. The object of this arrangement is the seclusion of the passengers, as far as possible, and to carry out completely the system of a distinction of ranks, by enabling those of the first class to subdivide themselves and keep separate from each other. In fact, all the arrangements of travelling in England seem to keep this object continually in view. To put a large company of dukes, squires, lawyers, merchants, and clerks—even if they are all well dressed and gentlemanly in manners—into one great coach together, would be considered in England very democratic and ungenteel, and, of course, absolutely intolerable. Besides, there is something very inconsistent with English ideas of propriety in such a *wholsale* mode of management as putting fifty ladies and gentlemen together, making of them, as it were, one mass, and transporting them from place to place as a whole, In America we think this is a fine idea. We are doing a great business by it. We work *to advantage* in accomplishing the result. In England they look not exclusively at the result—but pay some attention—too much, perhaps—to what they regard a genteel and proper way of accomplishing it. They preserve, as much as possible, the independent individuality of every traveller. This is strikingly the case at the inns and hotels. An English inn is as close an imitation as can be made of a private

house. Everything is kept still and quiet about the doors. The party arriving, if of any consequence, is received by the landlord and landlady, the chamber-maid and porter (called always *boots*,) in the way, precisely, that a gentleman would be received by his servants at his own residence in the country. They are conducted at once to their own rooms where they live in perfect seclusion, scarcely seeing or hearing of any other guests in the house during their stay. It is true, there is a public room, called the coffee-room, as has been already described, where single gentlemen take their meals; but even in this public room the gentlemen are studiously separated from each other. Each has his separate breakfast, at his own separate table, served very particularly for himself alone. This system continues through all the grades of hotels and inns, from the highest to the lowest. Even in the humblest village public, where but one table in the coffee-room can be afforded, if two guests come in together, each has his own separate breakfast, on his own exclusive portion of the board. Putting two strangers together, and giving them one double breakfast between them, strikes an Englishman very much as it would us to give them one double-sized plate, as a matter of convenience and economy. Judge, then, of the astonishment of an Englishman in being summoned by a gong, at the Astor or the Tremont, to go in with a hundred others in a throng, to "be dined" by twenty waiters, as if by contract!

How much better the English system is! exclaims the reader. In some respects it is undoubtedly better; but it makes the traveller very solitary. Then, besides, all this separate provision, this individuality of attendance must be paid for.

The Tremont dinner costs, perhaps, four shillings. The same repast, ordered and served individually at the Brunswick Hotel in London, would be nearer a pound. In America, in a word, you secure the main points of comfort or luxury, as the case may be, and dispense with the pomp and parade. In England, on the other hand, your vanity is flattered by a constant recognition of your individual importance; but you must pay a double price, in consideration of it, or else submit to a great reduction in the value of the more substantial benefits you receive.

To return to the railway. Each seat in the compartments of the first-class cars is divided, by broad and well-stuffed arms, into three sittings, each of which is, to all intents and purposes, a very capacious and comfortable arm-chair, stuffed and lined in a very luxurious manner. There are a multitude of other conveniences besides, varying, indeed, in the different lines, but sufficient, in all cases, to secure to the traveller a high degree of elegant ease in his journey. You will find, perhaps, for instance, a wedge-shaped cushion behind you, placed with the thick part down, and tapering to an edge above. This cushion is suspended by a long cord, and may be hung at different heights by means of it, there being three hooks at different elevations above. Thus the traveller may accommodate the back of his arm-chair to the conformation of his own figure, or to the varying positions which fatigue or desire of change may require. There are straps and other conveniences overhead for receiving hats, bonnets, and umbrellas; and a lamp, always burning in a sort of sky-light in the centre, but never seen until we enter some gloomy tunnel and need its light, when it brightens into view, and cheers and enlivens the compartments,

as if suddenly lighted by an unseen hand. There are stuffed supports on each side, at the proper height, upon which the traveller may lean his head, if inclined to sleep, and footstools for the feet, and bands, like those of private coaches, to support the hands.

Every exertion is thus made to render the first-class cars as attractive as possible, in order to draw the passengers into them, out of those of the second-class, into which a considerable majority of travellers prefer to go; the price being much less, and the chief difference being in the softness and comfort of the seats. The difference of price, in going from Liverpool to London, is about ten shillings, which many persons consider too much to pay for the mere fact of having a cushion to sit upon, and being in genteel company, for half-a-day's ride. There is, therefore, a great tendency to take the second-class cars. To counteract this tendency, the railway company are very careful to do nothing which can possibly be avoided to make them comfortable. The seats are bare benches. There is only one window on each side, and that a single pane of glass in the upper part of the door. There is no division of any kind between the separate sittings, and nothing to afford any support to the passenger but the hard and perpendicular partition behind him. It is a curious circumstance that all these and the other discomforts of the second-class cars are wholly unnecessary, and are only kept up to increase the distinction between them and the first-class cars; for the expense of fitting up the former like the latter, averaged upon all the passengers who would travel in them during the time that such cars will last, is so small as to be almost wholly inappreciable. A large majority of the whole body of travellers take the second-

class cars. The proprietors would doubtless like to make them comfortable; they could do it, just as well as not, were it not for this necessity, considered in England so absolute and imperious, of making and sustaining a distinction. The whole case is a curious instance of the conflict between the levelling tendencies of the modern improvements and progress in social life, and the ideas and habits of ancient days. The railway insists absolutely on taking the genteel and the industrious classes in the same *train*, and is struggling continually to get them into the same *cars*.

Soon after getting comfortably installed in my seat, with a snug little party of aristocratical travellers like myself, the train began to roll along; its first movements being to enter a long, dark tunnel, leading, for a mile or two, under the town of Liverpool. We at length emerged again, and the evening-like expression which the light of our lamp had given to the interior of our car, gave place again to the white light of day. Our speed increased, and we commenced our flight over a region of country, which, justly considered, is probably one of the most wonderful in the world. Here is a district of some fifty miles in extent, every way, which exhibits nothing but one vast congeries of mills, mines, manufactories, and furnaces of every form and character, dotting every where a scene of the most luxuriant rural beauty which the imagination can conceive. The buildings for the machinery, the houses for the workmen, the kilns, the tall chimneys, and the thousand bridges, and viaducts, and culverts, are all constructed of a dark-grey stone, or of bricks almost equally gray. The grass, the hedges, and the trees, are of the most luxuriant green; and every inch of the ground seems covered

either with the architecture or the verdure. No; there are the roads and the streams besides. But the roads, as you look down upon them from the train, seem only gravel-walks, as smooth and clean as a floor; and the streams also look like gravel-walks, of precisely the same kind, except that they have low green banks instead of walls at the sides, and a few inches of water flowing gently along them.

The air is thick and murky every where with the smoke of thousands of fires, which rolls in dense volumes up from the summits of chimneys of immense magnitude and height, and then drifts away in dark masses, driven by the wind, enveloping the whole country, at last, in the atmosphere of a conflagration. A lady, who was my fellow-passenger, said it was "quite shocking—the smoke!" It ought not, however, to have been considered shocking at all. It formed an essential and characteristic feature of the scene. It helped very much to impress the traveller with the conviction that he was really in the midst of the regions celebrated all over the world as the centre and focus of the mechanical industry and power of the human race; a spot where more has been done within fifty years to promote the comfort and welfare of mankind, than the greatest military hero ever did to interrupt and destroy it.

The manufactories and the dwellings of the operatives are scattered everywhere, and seem to occupy the whole land. They spread over the plains; they cling to the hill-sides; they nestle in every glen and valley. At certain points they gather into enormous masses, and take a common name. One vast conglomeration of these structures, over whose ancient-looking, slated roofs we ran for half a mile, they told us was Manchester.

Another was Rochdale; another Wakefield; and there were multitudes of others, which we passed in such rapid succession, that we did not care for their names. These clusters, however, named or unnamed, scarcely seem to possess an independent individuality. They appear rather as parts, subordinate, though important, of one stupendous whole; the few denser foci of influences, whose power is one and the same over all the region. There were a thousand details in the landscape, too, as we rolled along, which attracted our attention: plantations of forest-trees or of flowers along the sides of the railway track; gardens; now and then a picturesque and beautiful country residence, with its green lawn before it; little railways, of such a size as boys would make for play, with long rows of baskets of coals upon them, on trucks, going from a mine to a canal; and canal-boats, painted black and vermilion, creeping, like gay bugs of enormous size, slowly upon the water. Every where hedges without number were to be seen, bordering the fields, and dividing the smooth slopes of hills clothed with verdure and beauty to the summit.

We found ourselves at length obviously passing beyond the confines of the manufacturing region. The chimneys disappeared. The air became clear. Rural villages and broad fields of grain filled the view: and at two o'clock, having left Liverpool at nine, we trundled through a modern archway cut sacrilegiously through the ancient walls of the venerable old city of York. A "fly" took me through a series of antique-looking and very quiet streets, and set me down at the "Old George, in the Pavements."

IV.

July 20.

York is one of the most famous ancient cities in England. It presents many peculiarly striking aspects to American eyes. In the first place, it is *finished*, and has been so for a century, as I should think. There seems to be not a building going up or undergoing repairs in any part of it, except that here and there an architect is replacing a buttress gr a mullion in some antique church, by putting in one exactly similar to the one which has gone to oecay. Again, a large portion of the old walls and dateways remain. In pursuing your way along any one of the principal streets out of the city, you soon come to an ancient and ponderous gateway, with a broad, arched passage for carriages in the centre, and narrower ones at the sides for pedestrians. Above these passages, which occupy the ground floor, there is a sort of second story, with loopholes for arrows or musketry; though sometimes these openings have been enlarged into rustic windows, to fit the premises for occupation by a family. The second story terminates in turrets, or battlements, above. On each side of this gateway is an ancient, well worn flight of stone steps, with stone balustrades, by means of which you may mount to the top of the wall. This wall does not now entirely surround the city; portions of it only remain, and in some of these portions the top is not accessible, being in a state of too great dilapidation and decay. On ascending the walls, however, at those points where they are yet entire, you find that they extend along on the summit of a ridge of earth, like a railroad embank-

ment, with a grassy slope descending toward the country on the other. Upon this embankment the wall is built, about ten feet high, and it is perfectly flat upon the top, except that the outer edge is carried up, in the form of a parapet, about five feet higher than the rest of the wall. This parapet is pierced with hoopholes and embrasures. Within the parapet, the top of the main body of the wall is flat and smooth, and forms a delightful promenade. You see, over the parapet, the fields and hedges, and other rural features of the country. On the other side, toward the city, you look down upon rows of cottage-like houses, with gardens and fruit-trees between them and the wall, and upon quiet, neat streets, the residence of an humble class of citizens, whose wives seem to have nothing to do but to keep the courts and yards neatly swept, the floors clean, and the geraniums and myrtles in their windows watered and in order.

There is a good deal of moving and bustle in the city at mid-day, but it is a very quiet kind of bustle. Crowds of peasant-like looking men, quaintly dressed in the fashion of the last century, walk to and fro. Donkey-carts pass occasionally, and now and then a carriage. And two or three times a day an omnibus from the railroad, with trunks and baggage upon the top, drives gently and carefully up to the door of the inn.

Throughout the city every thing has an expression of antiquity. The houses, though kept in most excellent preservation, have forms which have long since passed away from the art of architecture. You are continually coming upon some gem of a church, small, irregular in form, tottering, venerable, which shows by its whole aspect, without and within, that it was originally intended as a humble and unpretending structure,

being of an extreme and primitive rudeness in its materials and workmanship; and yet time has given it a value and a charm which are indescribable, and every thing in and about it is now preserved with the most scrupulous care.

But the great point and centre of attraction in York is the Cathedral church, called the *Minster.* This minster stands in a quarter of the city over which it seems to reign like a queen, and the whole of which it seems to invest with its own character of elegant grandeur. On first approaching it, the effect which it produces on the mind is impressive in the extreme. The enormous mass reposes before you, with its countless towers and turrets, its buttresses and battlements, in the midst of a scenery of parks, gardens, chapels, ruins, and elegant residences, all belonging to, and in perfect keeping with itself. These residences are occupied by the dean of the chapter, the canons, and other ecclesiastical, dignitaries connected with the service of the Cathedral, and living in elegant leisure upon its incomes.

I have been spending several days in town, chiefly for other purposes, but in part for the sake of attending divine service in the Cathedral on the Sabbath. In going over the empty edifice, with a verger for a guide, in the middle of the week, we see only the *shell,* as it were—a skeleton, lifeless and desolate. But in joining the congregation who come in the ordinary course of divine service to worship within its walls, we seem to see the vast structure animated with its own proper soul. It is awake to life. It is fulfilling its function.

I accordingly waited till the hour of service on Sunday morning, before visiting the interior of the Cathedral. Before the ordinary door of entrance, which is on the south, I found a great square of

steps, made thin and sloping on every side by the wear of centuries. Several persons were collected before the door and under the ancient archway, waiting for the doors to be opened. The number thus waiting was gradually increased, until at length the gates gave way and the crowd pressed in. We found ourselves in the midst of a forest of clustered columns, rising out of the smooth stone pavement, which extended far and wide on every side. These columns were terminated above at a vast height by groins and arches, beyond and through which we could see long ranges of windows of stained glass. Here and there were monuments of great variety of form and structure, some against the walls, some in niches and recesses, and some built upon the floor, with carved and sculptured canopies of stone over them. In one place, at the base of a pillar, there was a great iron cage, within which lay, upon the floor, a form so shapeless and discoloured, from the effects of age, that it was impossible to tell whether it was originally a rude effigy in stone or a mummy. In the meantime people came continually in, until there were soon several hundreds walking to and fro over the great expanse, across the transepts, or up and down the aisles, or going out at the various doors which conducted them into green yards of very varied forms, and ornamented with gravel-walks and parterres of flowers. These doors were of old oak, eaten away by time, and with enormous bolts, bars, and hinges, corroded and wasted to mere skeletons by rust. The hum and reverberation of all these footsteps filled the whole vast structure with a murmuring sound, above which we could hear the chiming and tolling of the bells in the lofty towers, which seemed as remote and subdued

in tone as if it came, like distant thunder, from the sky.

It was, however, only a portion of the edifice which was yet open to us. Through various doors and grated gates we had vistas of other portions of the building, from which we were yet excluded. One of these closed avenues passed through the middle of a great screen, twenty feet high, consisting of a vast congeries of niches, mullions, arches, and pinnacles, most elaborately carved, and covered with sculptured images of apostles, and saints, and every other architectural ornament. In the centre of this screen was the arched doorway above referred to, which was closed by two ponderous iron gates. Through these gates we could see a long aisle, with rows of monuments and columns, and the carved and sculptured work of other screens on each side of it. Two officers, in a peculiar dress, and with long and slender white poles in their hands, stood on each side to guard this entrance, as if to be ready in case of the contingency of any of the Christian worshippers attempting to force the iron doors. As several ladies and gentlemen came up to this place, and were standing near, as if waiting for admission, an attendant, in a long black gown, ornamented with abundance of tags and tassels, came to them and said, in an authoritative voice, "These gates will not be open till half past ten."

It was a verger. There were seven of them, in a similar dress among the crowd. They are the door-keepers of the building, and form a sort of ecclesiastical police, to keep the passages open, and to regulate the movements of the crowd. When half past ten arrived, the gates opened, and and we all pressed forward into the inclosure.

We advanced along the passage, between lines

of pillars and monuments, and a profusion of other architectural decorations, and at length turned to the left, and entered an inner inclosure of an oblong form, intended to accommodate the congregation. This was in what was called the *choir of* the church. The space inclosed in this case seemed about equal to the whole interior of one of the larger churches in our country, and contained, as I judged, seats for a thousand or fifteen hundred persons. The whole aspect of it within is imposing in the extreme, from the vast extent and variety of the architectural structures and ornaments which it exhibits on every side. It is inclosed by what is called a screen, which extends from column to column along the sides and ends of it. This screen varies in its construction and character in different parts. It consists of carved and sculptured work of immense variety and labour in the details; forming *stalls* below, that is, separate seats in niches, as it were, each of which is surmounted by a sort of canopy of arched work. Above these are carved heads, and statues, and ornamented open work; and higher still, perhaps twenty feet from the pavement, the screen terminates in ranges of turrets and pinnacles, light and airy, and half transparent, through the openness of the work. Above the screen, in every direction, the view is lost among countless arches and columns, and in long vistas extending here and there among antique windows of stained glass, and carved images, and monumental inscriptions, and pendants hanging from the ceiling at a vast height above.

A new England Congregationalist would look, at first, in vain, among all the objects in view within the inclosure, for the pulpit. On a second examination he would find *five* structures, either of which he might imagine intended for such a pur-

pose. These structures are placed all around the apartment, and are of every form and variety. One is a sort of tablet, supported upon the back of a gilded bird, the bird itself standing upon a globe likewise gilded. It is placed in a position neither in the centre nor aside. Behind it is a regular desk, raised above the surrounding pews, and handsomely cushioned. There is another desk still more conspicuous. It stands, in fact, directly in the centre of a broad passage way, which occupies the middle of the floor of one half the enclosure; the benches and pews in this part extending lengthwise, parallel to the central passage way, and rising on each side toward the walls. In the other half of the apartment the seats are placed crosswise, and occupy almost the whole breadth of the space inclosed. Then there are two other structures, more nearly of the usual form of pulpits, one on each side of the apartment, against the screen, and midway between the two ends. These last are very richly carved and gilded, and ornamented with armorial bearings and other insignia. They are surrounded by a sort of canopy of open work, profusely decorated with sculptured ornaments of every kind. Then, lastly, there is the *altar*, as far as possible from all these other pulpits and desks, being placed at the extreme end of the inclosure on the other side. It is separated from the space near it that is occupied by seats, by a massive rail, with a cushioned step for communicants to kneel upon in front of it. The altar itself, within the rail, is furnished with a superb communion service of gold.

If now the reader should say that all this description has given him no very distinct idea, but has only left upon his mind a confused conception

of stalls, pulpits, pews, columns, pinnacles, and sculptured images, I answer that that, in fact, is pretty much all the impression which is left on the mind by actually visiting the scene. Whatever conception, however, the reader may have been able to form of this interior, he must imagine the whole inclosed by high partitions of the most elaborate and varied sculpture, and lying in the midst of a forest of pillars, rising to a vast elevation, and surmounted by a sort of *sky* of lofty arches and sculptured groins.

Although a congregation of many hundreds of persons had entered the choir, and occupied the central benches and seats, all the more ornamented and conspicuous pews, and the stalls, were still empty, many of them being guarded by officers with long rods, or silver maces, or other emblems of authority. About this time, however, a company of singing men and boys came in, dressed in white robes, and took seats in a central position, half upon one side of the area and half upon the other. They came in together, but unattended. In fact, none who had entered thus far were noticed at all, excepting one lady. She came in by a door in one of the sides of the inclosure, with a little lad by her side. She had a very pleasing countenance, and was simply, but beautifully, dressed. She stood a moment in a waiting posture in the open area, when a verger approached, and very respectfully conducted her to a seat nearly opposite to where I was sitting, in a conspicuous and decorated pew. She was the lady mayoress. It appeared that it was not proper for her to go to her seat without being conducted to it by a verger.

I had been seated on my bench but a few moments, having had barely time to make the foregoing observations, when a bell of far louder

and deeper tones than those which had been sounding, and on a different tower from them, though apparently at an equally lofty height, began to toll slowly and solemly. A moment afterward there was a movement near one of the great entrance doors, and presently a procession appeared, headed by an officer in uniform. This procession consisted of the magistrates of the city, the mayor, recorder, the sheriff, and the aldermen. They were all dressed in a peculiar costume, interesting and imposing in its effect upon any one who considers it as a dress which has come down, from age to age, to the present time, and which centuries to come will not, probably, change. These dignitaries were accompanied by officers bearing the *mace* and the *sword of state*. The mace was a massive rod surmounted by a crown, and richly carved and gilded. When the magistrates themselves were seated in their proper stalls, which were upon one side of the choir, and which were furnished with large quarto prayer-books, in gilded binding, placed conspicuously upon cushions resting upon a sloping support which passed along in front of the seats, the mace-bearers took their places in front of them, and deposited the emblems of their authority carefully in sockets arranged to receive them, in such a manner that the sword and mace together formed a cross. They remained in this position during the service.

The Court of Assizes being at this time in session, there was another procession of dignitaries to enter the church, consisting of the chief baron, and the other legal authorities, who were next escorted in with similar ceremony, and conducted to seats in similar stalls on the other side of the choir. The judge was dressed as we see represented in the pictures, with a full grey wig extending down in front

over the rest of his person, as singular as the costume of his head. In front of these persons sat a row of functionaries with clothes of a chocolate colour and of a quaint fashion, and trimmed with large cords and tassals of crimson and gold, each one provided with a gold-headed cane. Their hair and whiskers were all powdered, giving them the appearance of middle-aged men grown prematurely grey.

At length all these personages and their attendants were seated. A company of clergymen, five or six in number, members of the Cathedral, came in and occupied their appropriate seats, and the service began. Its various parts were read from various positions: the litany from one place, the communion service from another, and the prayers and portions of the Scripture from a third and fourth; so, that, though no one portion of the congregation could possibly hear all, each part seemed to have its turn, and every one, wherever he sat, found the officiating clergyman, for the time being, sometimes on his right hand, sometimes on his left, and sometimes behind him. The clergymen in changing their places—as in one instance they did from one extremity of the apartment to the other—were escorted by officers, to open a passage for them through the crowd; and they moved in a procession, thus attended, with great ceremony.

The sermon was by the dean, a venerable man more than eighty years of age, who presides over the Cathedral, and over the company of ecclesiastics who are attached to it. His train of thought was substantially this:

He said that it was much to be regretted that there was such a diversity of opinion on spiritual subjects among mankind, but that this diversity

probably had its foundation in causes which could never be entirely removed; that, among these differences, one of the most important related to the manner in which we were to regard the forms and outward duties of Christianity, in contradistinction from a mere inward faith. He said that Calvin, in his zeal to destroy the abuses which had crept into the Romish Church, advanced views of justification *by faith alone*, in which those whom he represented could not concur; that these views were founded upon a few detached portions of the writings of Paul, without properly considering the circumstances under which these writings were produced. Paul, in fact, was addressing a company of Christians, who, having been educated as Jews, were prone to attach too much importance to the burdensome ceremonies of that ritual, and now for us to apply his remarks to the rites and ceremonies of the Christian Church itself was perverting them entirely from their real design.

He condemned very decidedly the use, at the present day, of such terms as the *elect, chosen of God, justified by his grace*, as more applicable to some persons than others in the Christian community, and as implying a difference in their spiritual condition, and in their position in the sight of God. Paul applied these terms to Christians in contradistinction from *pagans;* and for us to use them in reference to *some* Christians as distinguished from *others*, is grossly wrong. In fact, those expressions have no applicability at all, at the present day, in such a community as our. *All* are brought up, from infancy, as Christians, now, and therefore there are none *chosen* or *elect* from the rest. This sentiment, he was aware, might not be very favourably received by all who heard him, especially by those whose spiritual pride led them to arrogate

these expressions to themselves, to the exclusion of others whom they consider less the favourites of Heaven.

The venerable prelate expressed these sentiments with great force and precision, and pronounced his discourse with remarkable eloquence and energy, considering his advanced age. The audience listened with the closest attention.

After the benediction, the general mass of the congregation moved out of the choir, and then the public functionaries followed, each escorted by the proper officers, as they had come in. I lingered a little behind the rest, and observed that a few persons were going toward that part of the choir where the altar was situated, while the others were retiring; I walked that way too. One or two clergymen were within the rail, and a small party were outside of it, as if preparing to partake of the communion. I took a seat at a respectful distance to witness the ceremony. A verger soon approached me with the question—

"Do you wish to partake of the holy sacrament?"

"No, I do not," I replied.

"Then you can't sit here."

I rose to retire, saying I was a stranger in the country, and had only wished to witness the ceremony.

"You can go and receive the sacrament," he replied, "if you wish—otherwise you can not remain."

I bowed and retired, thus losing, perhaps, the only opportunity I shall ever enjoy of obeying Christ's command to "Do this" from a service of gold. As I went out, reflecting on what would be considered in our country the extreme liberality of

admitting thus a stranger and a foreigner, withou any question or inquiry whatever, and at the discretion of a verger, to the table of the Lord, I turned to see how far this wide opening of the doors might operate as an inducement to mankind to come in. The number of communicants was *three.*

On going out of the church, I found that a very large portion of the congregation were standing on the steps, and platforms, and pavements, to see the lady mayoress enter her chariot, which was very gay, and was attended by three servants in splendid liveries. After this and the other carriages had driven away, the crowd, saying to one another, "Well, we have seen all that is to be seen," quietly dispersed.

As to the service of the Church of England, performed with all its rites and ceremonies in full, here in its own home, and in hands to which it has regularly descended from former ages, he must be of a very cool and mathematical temper, indeed, who does not feel, when he first witnesses it, a strong degree of pleasurable excitement. To *form* such a system of rites and ceremonies now, anew, for the present generation, might be absurd, but it does not follow that it is absurd to continue them in being, as already formed, and to pass them down, unchanged, to succeeding generations, as they have come down to us from those that are past. In fact, at the time when all these usages grew into being, they were, most of them, extremely well adapted to answer their ends. The great mass of the community were then incapable of religious *thought.* They were merely susceptible of religious impression; and this impression, the solemnity and sacredness

with which all the forms of worship were invested, and the sombre and imposing architecture of the temples in which it was offered, were well fitted to inspire. And, although correct ideas of the character of God, and rational views of the way to secure his favour, are better than a mere vague feeling of awe in his presence, still the latter is a great good in the absence of the former. The responses, too, by which all the worshippers are enabled to take an active part, and to render an audible aid in the supplications and ascriptions of the worship, were well adapted to assist the wandering mind to fix itself on the duty before it, in the rude and uncultivated state of society in which the method was devised. I do not mean that the usage is not well adapted to this purpose now, but only that it was eminently adapted to it then. Then the costumes by which the public functionaries were clothed, and in which they still continue to be clothed in this country, though the usage has been abandoned in ours; how vast an influence the custom must have exerted in past ages, in inspiring men with respect for the officers, and a willingness to submit to the law. It is of no use to say that men of sense attach no value to such things, for the mass of the population in a country as England are not men of sense; at least they certainly were not when these costumes were assumed. Beside, in respect to mere ministerial offices, it is doubtful whether even men of sense are not somewhat influenced by a garb. I think that even the sternest republican, who theoretically condemns all these things, would follow the directions of even a verger in this Cathedral a little more readily on account of his robe, coarse as it is. It is not merely, however, that the

costume is different from that of other men, but that it is one which a long lapse of time has consecrated to be the badge and token of a peculiar species of authority. The man who wears it seems visibly invested with the authority which it represents. Hence all *newly invented* costumes and badges are generally failures. *Time* is required to give them the associations on which their power depends. Until this is done, they mean nothing. Thus, a crown contrived *now* for the President of the United States, or any other similar badge of authority, would be simply a matter of ridicule; whereas the crown on the head of the British sovereign affords a real and powerful support to her authority. The reason is, that in this latter case the crown has been for ages a meaning symbol, until it has become, as it were, the visible embodiment, in the eyes of all men, of the vast prerogatives and powers of which it has so long been the badge and the emblem. We must not, therefore, hastily infer that because it would be unwise to originate and introduce complicated forms of worship, and badges and decorations in dress, in America, it is, therefore unwise to *continue* them in England.

As to the sermon of the dean, perhaps we ought to except in this, one of the great centres and fortresses of the English Establishment, a little exaggeration of the value of forms, and not judge it too harshly. But it seems to me that the permanence of the English Liturgy as a form of worship, whether in England or America, is most likely to be promoted by making it the instrument and the hand-maid of the spirit of piety, and not, as the venerable preacher seemed to me to make it on this occasion, the alternative and substitute for it. All those foundations for religious observ-

ances are fast failing from among mankind at the present age, except those which rest in the spiritual wants of the human soul; and the friends of such a service as that of the Church of England, while they revere its antiquity, and cling to its sacred associations, and see and prize its adaptedness to its ends, ought to watch against the dangers to which it may lead. We should remember that Jesus Christ, while on earth, demolished a divinely-appointed and splendid ritual, because its adherents had exalted the outward observances which it enjoined to a precedence over inward and spiritual faith; and that a similar corruption would call for similar destruction in any other.

No description can convey an idea of the imposing appearance of the vast pile of buildings, as you turn to take a farewell look of it before going home to the inn; nor can any engraved representation of it do this. There are a great many such engravings, some on a very large and expensive scale, but they all appear like mere mechanical drawings, suitable for an architect to study, but failing entirely to convey an idea of the moral and picturesque effect produced by the edifice itself, as it stands in its place, mellowed and softened by time, grey with age, enormous in magnitude, and surrounded by scenery of the most striking character, which seems to belong to itself, forming with it one unique and indescribable whole. As I rolled away a day or two afterwards, along the railway track, on my way to Edinburgh, I looked back towards the city, and saw the enormous mass of towers and pinnacles rising boldly above all the roofs of the city, which seemed like a floor on which it was reposing. A few miles further on the roofs had disappeared, and the tops of intervening plantations of trees formed the horizon; but the

Minster was there still, rising above all, only now apparently reposing upon a floor of foliage and verdure. Farewell, magnificent pile! There it has stood for centuries, and there it will stand, unchanged, for centuries to come. Generation after generation will pass away, but within its walls everything will continue the same. The same officers will come in the same costumes; the same vergers will attend; the same rites and ceremonies be performed; and a long succession of republican visitors will come across from the Atlantic to gaze, like me, upon the spectacle, and to go away, lost and perplexed, among the contending feelings which it is fitted to inspire.

V.

THE COLLIERIES.

Newcastle, July 21.

The River Tyne, in the north of England, flows eastward to the sea through a narow valley, and the *new castle*, which some king of England caused to be built upon its banks some centuries ago, was placed, as castles usually are, where the descent was most precipitous and the valley the narrowest. The new castle is now an ancient ruin; and the square tower, which is all that remains of it, is threatened with speedy destruction; for the great northern railway, in crossing the river on its way to Edinburgh, chooses the same point that the castle selected, and probably for the same reason, namely, that here the valley is narrowest and the banks high. A viaduct of prodigious elevation is

in process of building, which strikes through the ruins of a portion of the ancient fortress; and if it spares the old square tower, which, fortunately, stands just one side of the track, the forbearance will probably only prove a matter of form, for the thundering of the trains under the crazy walls will probably frighten away the old woman who now inhabits them, and soon after shake them down.

The town which sprung up around the new castle has become one of great importance on many accounts. One of the sources of its prosperity has been the immense quantities of coal which lie in very extensive strata, underground, throughout the whole region. They reach the coal by means of deep wells or shafts, called *pits*, and the whole country, for many miles around, is full of them. I wished to visit some of these collieries, and stopped a day or two in Newcastle for this purpose. I made several visits to them, wandering off generally alone, without any guide, for the purpose of having a better opportunity to make acquaintance with the people connected with the works. I proceed to give an account of one of these excursions, and shall notice a great number of little incidents and occurrences, of no importance in themselves, and even trivial in every other respect than on account of their aiding those who have never been in England to form a more vivid conception of daily life as it presents itself there.

I left my inn, and took the street leading to the river, as my route lay across it. The declivities on each side of the river are so steep that a carriage-road cannot ascend directly. The great streets, therefore, ascend in winding and zigzag courses; but there are narrower pass-ways, prac-

ticable for the donkey-carts, which are more direct; and there are others, steeper and narrower still, running down steps and under arched passages, for pedestrians alone. I chose the latter, and, in descending them, I paused several times in astonishment at the extraordinary aspect of the passage before me, and of the buildings overhanging it. Such dismal dens—such frightfully precipitous descents—steps worn shelving by countless footsteps—and buildings of the most ancient structure, originally massive and solid, but now tottering and blackened by time and decay. These passages turned and branched in every direction, and were connected with each other in a perfect net-work, so that it would have been impossible, once involved among them, to have found my way, if I had not known that, by constantly descending, I must at last reach the river. The buildings on each side rose to a vast height; sometimes each story jutted more and more over the narrow passage, and at length, like an arch, closed over it entirely. In the midst of these places, there would sometimes suddenly appear an ancient church, or an old tower, or the remains of a ruined gateway, or some other relic of antiquity; all, perhaps, turned into shops for selling boots and shoes, or residences for swarming families. Everywhere, in fact, there were crowds of men, women, and children. Every door and window, and branching passage, was completely full of life and motion.

At last I reached the river, and crossed it by an old and blackened stone bridge. I wandered on beyond, going toward a quarter where many columns and clouds of smoke were rising.

The coal of this region is all of the sort called *bituminous*, that is, it contains, although perfectly

dry to the touch, a bituminous or pitchy substance, which throws out volumes of dense black smoke in burning. So numerous are these smoky fires in the vicinity of Newcastle, that the whole country seems in a state of conflagration. I looked around me to see where the black columns and driving masses of smoke were most dense and continuous, and, pursuing my way in that direction, I passed along lanes and little road-ways into a region which seemed the very home and dominion of smoke and fire. The old walls were blackened. The roads and paths were dark as if macadamixed with coal. There was a small pond whose surface was smoking. It was supplied by a little rivulet of scalding water, which came meandering a long distance through the smutty grass, smoking as it came. Heaps of waste coal and ashes, burning with perpetual fires, lay at the doors of the furnaces, new additions being made at the top, while the heap consumed itself on the side and below. The grass was black; the weeds looked suffocated; the air was murky, and thick with smoke and ashes driven by the wind; and I could hear on every side the hum of wheels, and the blows of hammers, light and heavy, and all the other sounds which go to make up the din of heavy engines at work.

At length I approached a structure which appeared as if it might contain an engine for pumping water, thus indicating a coal-pit; for, as the water accumulates very rapidly at these great depths, the work of keeping the mines clear of it is one of the chief things to be provided for. The building was small, ancient, and dilapidated. It had a tall chimney, and by the side of the chimney parts of the ponderous machinery were visible above the open top of the edifice. There was a great beam, balanced by a very heavy box of iron weights at

one end, and carrying at the other end what I supposed to be the piston of the pump. It oscillated slowly, and with a heavy thump at each stroke, and seemed weak and tottering with age.

There was a old man seated on a little bench at the door of this edifice, and I went up and accosted him with the question whether this was a coal-pit.

"Na, sir there'll be na pit here, sir; its joost an ingine in the ould shaft."

"Then this is where you pump out the mine?"

"Ay, sir; or else all the pits aroond aboot would be droonded with the water."

I do very imperfect justice to the old gentleman's dialect by my orthography above. His pronunciation of the words, and, more than all, a peculiar accent and inflexion, made it extremely difficult for me to understand anything he said. What I have given above is only the substance of the very little which I could understand of a long reply he gave to each of my questions. I thanked him and put a sixpence in his hand, and this at once had the effect to make him still more communicative and obliging than before. He went with me around the works, and explained the operation and design of the machinery, and gave me much other information, most of which was completely unintelligible. I did, however, gather that the engine did not raise the water to the surface of the ground, but only up to a long subterranean channel, by which it was conveyed to the river; that it was impossible to descend to the mine at this place, but that at certain other pits, whose position he pointed out to me by means of the tall chimneys erected at the mouths of them, and which were visible where we stood, through the driving masses of smoke which filled the air, I should be able to descend.

I bade him good-morning, and walked along. The next thing which attracted my attention was an enormous mound of cinders, ashes, and waste coal, smoking and burning in various places. The slopes near the bottom of this mound were clothed with dusty grass and herbage, as if its foundations had been laid for some time. The sides were steep, and formed of ashes and cinders. At one of the sides, or, rather, at a sort of angle, there was an old woman slowly toiling her way up, by a kind of path, so far as anything like a path is possible up such a steep ascent, and through such materials. As I walked along, and gradually brought other portions of the hill into view, I saw several other women and children near the top, and on the declivities, poking among the smoking embers, as if in search of something. Presently, also, I saw a cart coming around a point of the hill, half way up to the summit. It moved along as if in a road, and, passing across that face of the mound which was toward me, gradually ascending all the time, it disappeared at the point opposite to where it had first come into view.

I inquired of two women who were sweeping out an oven built by itself, at a little distance from their cottage, what those people were looking for among the cinders. They informed me that they were looking for bits of metal, which they could sell for something to be recast; that the heap of ashes came from the iron-works close by; that the whole mass had grown up within the last seven years; and that a similar one had been removed at that time to make the railway embankment. They gave me, moreover, a sad account of the characters of the women on the mound, who, they said, were quarreling and fighting the whole time,

and filling the neighbourhood with their disturbances.

I walked around the mound to find the cart-path, and began to ascend. The side of the road toward the hill was walled up rudely, with masses of clinker and cinders. In some places grass was growing upon the slopes, and in others smouldering fires were burning. After a long ascent I approached a women sitting by the way-side, old, haggard, dressed in rags, and covered with smoke and dust. She had upon her countenance a stern, hard expression, and she eyed me with a look of suspicion, as if she did not know whether I was coming as a friend or an enemy.

It is not generally etiquette to bow to an English woman without having been previously introduced; but in this case I thought I would waive ceremony, and I bowed as I approached. She nodded in return.

"This is warm work for you, isn't it?" said I.

The old lady's countenance relaxed at finding an expression of sympathy in my talk, and we fell into conversation. She had a great basket of half-burned coal—a sort of coke—which she was carrying home to burn. Her apron, too, was charged with bits of what she called *metal*. I got her to let me see them, intending to buy one of them, as a specimen of the materials out of which extreme misery, in such a country as this, may get its food. My purchase, however, turned out to be more valuable than I expected; for among her treasures there was one little iron tripod, which I bought for twopence. When trimmed and brightened up, it will make a very respectable plaything for some child. I can hardly say, however, that I bought it, for the old lady said I should be welcome to it, if I wanted it, for nothing. I, however,

gave her the twopence, in exchange, for which she seemed very grateful.

I asked her if she did not get burned sometimes, and she replied that she did; and once she came very near being swallowed up altogether, where the fire had burned away underneath, without having disturbed the surface.

A little above this place there was another group, consisting of two women and two children, of perhaps ten or twelve years of age. As I came up to them, I accosted them, as I had done the good woman below, by saying that it must be warm work for them to dig among these ashes.

"Yes, sirr, and indeed it is; and the warrk is na the warst of it. What do ye think of a woman taking up of a brick and doing such a thing as this, sirr?" As she said this with great eagerness and volubility, she began to untie a handkerchief, with which her daughter's head was enveloped, the child looking up with an expression of feminine timidity and modesty, which I should hardly have expected to find under all that smoke and ashes.

"What should you think of an ould woman," continued the mother, showing me a great swollen contusion on the child's face and neck; "what should you think of an ould woman taking a brick and bating sooch a child as this in that way, sirr?"

"Ah!" said I.

"Yes, sirr, and knocking the teeth of her out of her head, too."

"Indeed!" said I.

"Yes, sirr; it is all the thruth, and it is that very woman out there, that you have been a talking to, that has done it; and a shameful thing it is for a brute beast, let alone a Christian."

In the meantime, the old amazon, who still kept her seat where I had left her, looked defiance and death at her accuser, and at the first pause replied—

"Then why dinna ye mak' your daughter learn better manners?"

Poor human nature! To think that a company, mothers and children, so abject in misery, reduced to the necessity of groping for the means of living, from day to day, in such a heap of burning cinders as this, could have the heart to embitter still more their wretched existence, by hating and devouring one another! I gave them some halfpence, and then continued my winding walk up the hill.

It was curious to observe, by-the-way, how the same feelings and ideas which characterize human life everywhere were represented among the inhabitants of this region. In the road below I had passed a group of girls dancing in a ring, and playing with great hilarity and seeming enjoyment, "Here my father sows his seed," &c. In another place, where barefooted women were hard at work, stacking up bricks in a brick-yard to dry, their children had a doll of rags, which they were hushing to sleep in their smutty aprons, with gestures of great affection for it; and at another still, where everything seemed to me utterly abandoned to smoke, dust, and cinders, I heard a voice as I passed, from the window of a cottage, addressing a boy in the road, "Get oop there oot of the dirt; that's the way ye lairn your little sister to sit doon there."

But I must get on more rapidly with my story, or I shall never get down into the coal-pit. When I came down from the mound, I wandered on in the direction which my informant at the old steam-engine had indicated. There was no regular road,

but only a sort of cart-path, winding its way wherever it could find an opening, among machine-shops, forges, lime-kilns, and blackened cottages. I inquired from time to time for "the William Pit," and received such answers as, "I dinna ken the William Pit, sir;" or, "Ye are varry right, sir; gang strite alang;" or, "There away at is, joost by the tallest chimberley." I found I was coming out very near the river, and at length arrived at a little village of shops and dwellings, standing by itself, which proved to be at the mouth of the "William Pit."

Near it was a tall chimney, shaped like the nose of a bellows, standing by itself, and rising to a vast elevation. I stood gazing upward at the summit of this enormous structure for a few minutes, and then turned to look at a ponderous steam-engine working a pump. The great piston-rod of the pump descended slowly and deliberately, and, after pausing a moment as if to take breath before lifting its heavy load of water, it rose slowly, but with an expression of most determined force. It moved so deliberately, as to make only about six of its lifts in a minute. My attention was next attracted to a large raised platform, with many structures and much machinery upon it and around it; and a multitude of men and boys, black with coal-dust, were busy upon it, trundling little waggons of coal to and fro, and upsetting them upon inclined planes, by which the coals were shot down to great railway waggons which stood below, in long rows, to receive them. There were two great iron wheels in the air, above the platform, with a long, rope-like band passing over them, and descending into an opening in the platform, which appeared like the mouth of a great well. The wheels were turning swiftly round, and the band

on one side descending, and on the other ascending, when I first observed the, apparatus. A moment afterwards a great cage came up suddenly to view at the end of the ascending rope. It had a cylindrical roof over it, which was dripping with water. It was open at the two ends, and contained within two of the little waggons above referred to. They might be three feet long, two wide, and two high. They were upon wheels, the wheels resting upon rails in the bottom of the cage. These rails were ni such a position, that when the floor of the cage came up to the platform, the rails formed a connection with similar ones laid in the platform itself, so that the little waggons could be trundled out at once, and discharged down the inclined planes as before explained. The cage being thus unloaded, empty cars were immediately run into it, a handle was pulled, and the cage instantaneously began to descend with great velocity, the rope, or band, on the other side rising as rapidly. I watched it a few minutes, in order to judge, by the time which elapsed before it reached the bottom, how deep the shaft must be. It ran with great velocity, and, to be within bounds as to time, I will say that it continued to run *a full minute*, when another cage appeared at the other end of the rope. This second cage delivered its load, and set out upon its return, as the other had done, and without a moment's delay.

This was, as I inferred, the *shaft*, down which I was to descend. After some inquiry among the workmen, I found the officer in command, called the *viewer*, who said if I would go to a house which he pointed out to me, I should find Andrew Curtis, who would go down with me. I went, and found a very comfortable dwelling, and extremely neat and tidy within. I soon made the arrange-

ment with my guide. "But ye'll want some claes," he said; "gang oop stairs with my missus, and she'll soon put you to rights."

I followed the good lady to a very pleasant-looking sitting-room up stairs, and she brought from a closet my accoutrements for the expedition. There was a striped shirt, very coarse, but clean, which I was "to pit aboon my ain;" and so with all the other articles, ending with a leather cap shaped like a bowl. The woman left me after giving me my clothes, and having dressed myself according to the directions, I descended the stairs, and my guide, who was a large, good-natured sort of man, surveyed me from head to foot, and said, "Ye'll not do to gang into Newcastle in that fashion. I'm thinkin'."

We walked along towards the shaft, passing by a great blacksmith's shop, where the tools were made and repaired, and a wheel-wright's, where the manufacture of the waggons, and other such appendages to the establishment, was going on. Our road to the establishment lay up one of those great heaps of burning coals and cinders which I have before described. I asked my guide if the fire was always burning upon it. "Yes," said he, "always; you can't put it out." He pointed to the tall chimney, which, he said, was "a very pritty bit of wark." He said it was three hundred feet high, twenty feet diameter at the base, and eight at the summit, where it was capped with stone. It had stood, I think he said, fifteen years, and was as true and straight at ever. He asked me to look up, and try if I could see a hole in the stone border, or cap, at the summit. I could just perceive a little speck. He then explained that the lightning had struck the chimney some years before, and knocked out a piece of stone of nearly a ton weight,

and yet the mark was scarcely visible from the ground.

We now advanced towards the shaft, and when the loaded cars were taken out of a cage which then came up, I stepped in upon one side, and my guide upon the other. My guide at this moment got into some discussion with one of the coal-men upon the platform upon some question of business, in which they seemed not to agree, so that another of the workmen directed me what to do. "Step right in," said he, "and take hould of this bar." The cage was high enough for me to stand upright in it; but there was a round iron bar, wet and rusty, passing across from end to end, about as high as my shoulder, I put my arm over it, and feeling that I was hanging over the top of a hole, eight hundred feet deep, stood waiting for the signal for them to let us drop.

I say to let us drop, for to go down perpendicularly eight hundred feet in a minute, more or less, is literally falling, though, perhaps, not falling quite so fast as one would without any means of retardation. I was, of course, naturally anxious to have the operation proceed; but, unfortunately, my guide, and his interlocutor on the platform, could not come to an agreement on the point at issue between them. With his hand on the lever which was to let us go, he remained some time discussing the point; and I, not understanding at all the merits of the question, of course had nothing to do for my amusement but to speculate on the nature of the sensations which I was about to experience, and the consequences to all concerned, if the rope or any of the machinery *should* happen to give way.

At last the signal was given, and down we went. The sensation was precisely that of falling from a

great height. It was down, down, down, until at last all daylight disappeared, and then down, down again in darkness. At length we began to hear voices reverberating through the shaft. I asked if they were from above or below. "From below," said the guide. They grew louder and louder. We could hear the trundling of cars, and men shouting to horses, with cries rendered loud and resounding by the reverberations and echoes. At last we suddenly stopped with a loud clanking noise, produced by the striking of our cage upon the iron fastenings at the bottom. We stepped out of the cage upon the floor of the mine. I could see nothing but a few luminous points, made by lamps and candles, and rows of white teeth and shining eyes, in the midst of black faces grinning here and there, and peering at us out of the darkness.

"Come here a bit," said my guide, "and sit ye doon on *this*, till ye get the sun oot of your eyes."

So saying, he led me a step or two, and putting his hand upon a damp and blackened beam, which he showed me by the light of a taper, attached mysteriously to the wall, motioned to me to take a seat. I at first hesitated, forgetting, for the moment, that I was dressed for the occasion.

"Sit doon quick," said he; "here comes a horse."

A thundering sound rising here above the general din, marked the advance of a train of cars, drawn by a horse, cheered on by the outcries of an invisible boy. The form of the horse gradually revealed itself, and then the little cars, ten of them in a row. They had come, loaded with coal, to be drawn up where we had descended.

My guide began to talk rapidly with the men around us, but in a language of which I could not understand a single word. They brought him a key, however, with which he unlocked a chest, or something which, as far as I could see, was a chest. It was full of little candles, six inches long, and as large as a *very small* little finger. He put some of these candles into a tin box which he got from the chest, and then took some soft clay, and began to mold it about the end of one of the candles for a candlestick. "You use candles, I see," said I. "Yes," replied he, "twenty-four to the pound; they're better nor rushlights. But I'll give *you* a lamp; I don't think you can carry a candle."

But I insisted on trying. One of the men showed me how to place my candle between the fore and middle fingers of the right hand, and to fill up all the remaining space between the fingers with the clay. It was placed in such a manner that the lighted part was on the *palm* side of the hand, and very near the fingers, the rest of the candle projecting on the other side. Thus the clay, instead of being at the end of the candle, was very near the lighted part. I did not understand all this at the time, though I afterward found that by this arrangement the flame was sheltered by my hand and the clay from the currents of air drawing through the mine.

In the meantime, as by degrees "the daylight got out of my eyes," I began to see where I was. There was a vaulted archway of masonry over head, and here and there openings, likewise arched, but dark and gloomy in expression, and nothing to be seen within them but luminous points, dim, few, and far between. We arose and began our subterranean tour. My guide informed me that the *drifts*, as they are called, or horizontal passages, run off

in various directions for three quarters of a mile. It seems the coal lie in thin beds—that of this mine being about six feet thick—which beds are nearly horizontal, and extend to vast distances in every direction. Of course, to work one of the beds, they first sink a well, or *shaft* as they call it, down to the bed; then they dig off in various directions in the bed, sending up the coal which they obtain by the excavations. They cannot take away all the coal of the bed, for this would deprive the superincumbent rock of support, and it would come down and crush them. They are obliged, in fact, to leave much more of the coal than they take away, taking care always that the passages which they cut are far enough apart to secure effectual support for the strata above. In some cases, where these precautions have not been effectually taken, the strata fall in from above and make great mischief. In one instance, a tract of land, *two miles square*, fell in, with a noise and commotion like that of an earthquake, in consequence of excavations four or five hundred feet below.

There is another circumstance which affects very much the manner of cutting the passages in one of these beds. There issue from the coal all the time copious streams of gas, which, when it accumulates in sufficient quantities, and gets mixed with common air, becomes highly explosive; and if, under such circumstances, it gets enkindled by the torch or candle of the miner, the most terrible consequences sometimes ensue. To guard against this, it is necessary to have the mines at all times perfectly ventilated. To secure this ventilation, they have another shaft, besides the one where the coal ascends, and near the bottom of this second shaft they keep enormous fires perpetually burning. The smoke and heated air from these fires pass up

the shaft, which thus forms a chimney *eight hundred feet high.* The draft of such a chimney is, of course, extremely great; and the passages cut in the coal are so planned, and so connected, that the supply of air for these fires must come through every part of the mine before it can reach them, thus keeping every part thoroughly ventilated. In other words, the passages are so connected at their extremities, and separated at every other point, that the air must come down the main shaft and be drawn through them all before it can reach the fires. This now can only be done by means of long passages, which no side openings, or with such only as can be closed up. And this renders it impossible to adopt what might otherwise be the simplest plan, viz., a system of general excavations in every direction, leaving only detached pillars of coal to support the strata above.

We set out to explore one of these long passages. The way was narrow, seemingly but just wide enough for a couple of rails extending along the track, for the little wagons, or "toobs," as the guide called them, to be drawn upon. I carried my candle, and the guide took what he called a lamp. It was a little tin bucket, open at the top, and provided with a common bail for a handle. At the side near the bottom was a tube, branching out a little way, which contained the wick. This wick was very large, and blazed and smoked like a torch.

We walked on for some distance, when at length I heard the thunder of a railroad train coming up behind me. It is true, the locomotive was but a horse, and the cars were empty and small, but it made as much noise as any railroad train I ever heard, in consequence of the reverberations and

echoes of the dismal den through which it was moving.

"What's this," said I, "coming to run over us?"

"It is the horse," said the guide, very coolly, and walking on. There seemed to be no possibility of turning out of the way, as the drift seemed barely wide enough for the track. However, a moment before the horse overtook us, we found a sort of shelf in the coal upon one side, where we clambered up while the train came on. The boy who drove it had a dim lantern in his hand, by the light of which we could see him grinning a good-natured recognition of the guide as his unearthly convoy thundered by.

We scrambled down from our place of refuge, and walked on. A fresh breeze was drawing along the drift, in the direction in which we were going, so that with all the contrivances for assisting me, I found it very difficult to preserve my light. I asked my guide what he should do if both lights were to go out. He said he should just light them again at the nearest light he could find. As we advanced trains of cars continually met or overtook us; and the lights were here and there hung at corners and forks in the roads, which branched in every direction, though the openings were sometimes closed by great wooden doors, to regulate the ventilation. At length my guide stopped a moment, and said that he should think we were now just about under the Tyne. The drift, or *main*, as they call one of these underground streets, which we were pursuing, took a northerly direction, and, as it commenced on the south bank of the river, of course passed under its bed.

Half a mile further we came to part of the mine where the thickness of the bed of coal was not

great enough for men and horses to work, and their places were taken by boys and Shetland ponies. We came into a sort of circular apartment, where some of these boys were eating their luncheons. We could see them very indistinctly, on account of the dimness of the light. The little savages had no clothing except an apron and a jacket without sleves, both made, I should judge, without needles, and *tied on*. They looked bright and active, and worked away with a hearty good-will. They seemed pleased to show off their ponies and their little trains of cars before us. Their dexterity in handling their little candles, with a ball of clay on the end of them, was surprising. They would stick one of them on a post or on the wall as they went by, and then, after delivering their full cars and taking empty ones, they would catch off their candle on their return, and stick it on the return car again, without stopping their motion.

These boys are paid according to the number of "toobs" which they get down from the extreme ends of the drift, where the coal is hewed out from the mine, to the place where the larger boys and men take them with horses. The ponies draw two tubs and the horses ten. Each man or boy puts his *token*, as they call it, which is a little ticket of tin or leather, upon each tub which he forwards. These tickets contain his initials, and they are all taken off at the mouth of the shaft, and preserved till night, when they are counted and sorted, and the amount of work which each one has performed is ascertained. As each tub is transported first by the pony, and then by the horse, there will be, of course, two tokens upon each. The men who hew out the coal are also paid by the quantity they get, and if there are stones or slates mixed with it,

the parties responsible are fined. The men are all paid once a fortnight, and the last payment required £300.

My guide gave me this information as we pursued our way, interrupted continually by the coming and going of the ponies and their cars.

At one time I remarked to him that all this scene was new to me, as I did not live in England. I was a foreigner. "Ah!" said he, "indade?"

"Yes," replied I; "I am from America."

He stopped suddenly in his walk, turned round and faced me, and said, with an accent of the greatest astonishment and pleasure, "*Indade!* from Ameriky?" Presently he resumed his walk, but continued to ejaculate, "Indade! Then it is from Ameriky that ye'll be. Well, Ameriky will be the first-rate country of the world in somebody's day, I reckon." He continued extremely interested in this topic; made a great many inquiries, and received, perhaps, as much information from me, about the workings of our institutions, as he gave me about the mine. He like Benjamin Franklin very much. "I have bought his life three or four times," said he; "I lend them, and then they don't bring 'em back again, you know."

Talking on in this way, we at last reached the extremity of one of the branches of the mine. Here we found a man at work with a pickaxe picking down the wall of coal before him, while the boys shoveled it up into one of the tubs or cars ready there for its reception. The black and narrow boundaries of their scene of labour were revealed by the flickering light of a lamp hung against the wall, and by the taper-like candles of the boys, stuck upon the carts by means of the bits of clay. The party engaged at once in rapid and

spirited conversation with my guide, who was a sort of overseer among them. The relations between him and them appeared to be of a very friendly character, and the whole scene, as soon as one becomes a little accustomed to its dismal blackness and gloom, seems one of contended and happy labour. The men had their frolics and jokes, their forms of etiquette and politeness, their pride and love of display ; and, in fact, they manifested all the usual phenomena which social life developes in man. We visited several other branches, where at the extremities they were working the coal, and witnessed at each the same scene. At one of them, during a momentary pause of the conversation, I thought I heard a hissing sound. On listening, I perceived that it came from the surface of the coal in the walls around me. It was the gas coming out through the pores and crevices. On a close examination, I could perceive little spots of frothy effervescence produced by the issuing of the gas through the moistare of the coal. The only safety in such a place as this is in the arrangements for ventilation, by which a constant current of air, circulated through the passage, prevents the explosive compound from accumulating in such quantities as take fire from the lamps of the miners.

As we continued our walk, after visiting these stations, trains of cars, drawn by the ponies, were continually coming and going, and we got out of their way by stepping sometimes into some niche, left in the wall by an old drift, which had been closed up, and at other times upon the side track ; for in some places the tracks were double. Occasionally, where there was apparently no opportunity of escape, the guide would hasten on a little for a few steps, and come to a place of safety just

in time. He knew exactly where to find these retreats, being perfectly familiar with every portion of the mine. Sometimes he would call to the boys to stop, and sometimes they would stop of their own accord, at a place where we could easily pass; and then, showing us a row of white teeth and bright eyes, gleaming out of a face black as the walls of their prison, they would chirrup cheerily to the pony, and drive on.

At one place my guide wanted to leave me for a few minutes, and he asked me "to sit down there a bit, and he would be back directly." I took my seat, clay and candle in hand, and he went away in the direction of some sounds of voices and labour, either distant, or deadened by intervening walls. He was soon lost to view, and I sat contemplating the scene. The walls of my dungeon were black; the roof was of a crumbling, slaty structure, which, showing here some signs of weakness, was propped up, as was not unfrequently the case, with small wooden posts. I was eight hundred feet below the ground, and nearly a mile from any possible egress, with a river, loaded with shipping, over my head, between. A cool breeze was drawing along the shaft, which manœuvred in every way to get my light put out, but without success. At length my lost conductor returned, and we proceeded on our way.

When we had nearly completed our circuit, and were returning to the place of entrance, though by a different route from that by which we had left it, my conductor said, "Now we will go and see the furnace;" and, at the same time, he led me through a sort of side passage to a great wooden door, which completely closed the way. We could hear the wind drawing briskly through the crevices of this door, and I expected

that, as soon as it was opened, the draft would be very strong, so as inevitably to extinguish our lights. But instead of this, on opening the door, there was a dead calm. We proceeded, shutting the door after us. The man explained the phenomenon by saying that there was another door at a short distance ahead, so that when one was opened the other "took the weight," and prevented a draft of air; for it was necessary to prevent the furnace getting a supply of air from this passage, which was a sort of cross-way, as it would tend to diminish the circulation through the whole extent of the mine. We soon came to the second door, where the wind was whistling as in the other, and, on opening it, there was the same calm. We closed this door after us and went on.

We soon saw a great glowing light before us. Advancing to it, we came to a large vaulted apartment, lighted magnificently by two great blazing fires. These fires were at one end, on ponderous gratings, five feet from the ground, at the entrances of two arched passage-ways, looking like the mouths of enormous ovens. The fires were of coal, and they blazed with great fierceness and heat, being fanned by the strong currents of air which came from the passages leading here from all parts of the mine. The bright flashes of the flame illuminated these passages a little way with a lurid and flickering light, and beyond, the view was lost in vistas of blackness and gloom. At the mouth of one of these drifts, or mains, was a little windmill attached to an iron rod fastened into the wall. It was revolving with inconceivable velocity from the effect of the current of air.

The apartment was, perhaps, twenty feet square. We took our seats on a low bench at the further side of it; and even there the heat and glow of

the fires was as great as could comfortably be borne. There was a great heap of coal upon the paved floor, ready for replenishing the fire, and an old man, with his shovel in his hand, sitting upon it, resting a moment from his work. Here he remains in solitude for twelve hours, except so far as his solitude is relieved by such chance visitors as we were, and then his place is taken by another man, who feeds the fires for twelve hours more. They keep them thus burning night and day, perpetually.

There was a Davy's safety-lamp hung upon the wall, which they use when there is reason to fear that the gas has accumulated in any part of the mine so as to make it unsafe to take a common lamp there. The safety-lamp is covered and protected by a cylinder of wire gauze, which, singularly enough, is found to prevent the passage of the flame. They always keep one of these lamps ready for use, and it is even found necessary to use, it in exploring the mines in the morning before the workmen commence the labours of the day.

We left the bright fires of the furnace-room, and, passing through another passage, different from the one by which we came, we returned to the place where we had descended. We mounted as rapidly as we had gone down, the sensation being, as far as I could judge, precisely that of being taken up in a balloon which had lost its ballast, and was running away with the aeronaut with a much swifter flight than was agreeable.

I will add, in conclusion, that the whole region round about Newcastle, and up and down the Tyne, is entirely undermined with excavations like these; so that there is a great lower world every-

where here, as well as an upper, busy at their toil from morning till night. The Tyne flows through this region; and all the way between Newcastle and the sea it is thronged with shipping which comes to carry away the products of the mines and manufactures. At the mouth of the river is an old town called Shields, built upon the cliffs. There are broad, paved streets, parallel with the river, at various levels, and *stair-way* streets, or alleys, descending from one to the other. At one place a broad gravelled walk, or road, is formed, as it were, for a promenade on the brink of the precipice. On one side of this promenade are houses and gardens; on the other there is a parapet, over which you look down upon tiled roofs and quaint chimneys—paved court-yards at different levels, and narrow flights of old stone stair-ways, leading to the streets below. From this terrace you enjoy a splendid prospect of the mouth of the Tyne and the adjacent coasts of the sea. At the time when I was there this prospect presented a very animated scene; a fresh breeze was blowing down the river, and the current was setting outward strongly too, the water rippling and foaming over the shoals and sand-bars. The narrow mouth of the little river, on which I looked down as upon a map, was choked up with brigs and schooners, struggling to get in against the wind and tide, by the help of small black steamers which were towing them. Other vessels were moored along the shores to great red buoys, shaped like a child's top without a peg, which float point downward in the water in great numbers. The shores of the sea were varied with high cliffs and jutting promontories, with here a lofty monument, and there a ruined castle crowning them, picturesque in the extreme. Before me, on the opposite shore, under

the cliffs, was a beautiful beach of bright yellow sand, left broad and smooth by the retreating tide, with multitudes of fishing boats drawn up upon it. A great many others of larger size were at anchor just in the offing, and near them a fleet of merchant vessels, waiting for steamers to tow them in. Far and wide beyond extended the broad expanse of the German Ocean.

VI.

ENTRANCE INTO SCOTLAND.

August 14.

I ARRIVED at the ancient town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, one evening, a little after nine o'clock, by the train from the south. I had been sitting for three hours in my comfortable arm-chair in the car, admiring the extreme verdure and richness of the scenery through which we had been passing. Broad daylight continued till we arrived, although it was after nine o'clock. My only companion in the car was a gentleman, who occupied the corner diagonal to mine, and who spent the time in reading. In fact, travelling in the first-class cars on an English railway is a very solitary sort of grandeur. You have a luxurious seat, magnificent scenery, and the satisfaction, whatever that may be, of feeling that you have classed yourself among the aristocracy; but whether your car is full or empty, you are generally pretty effectually isolated from all mankind.

I knew nothing about Berwick, or *Berrick*, as

they call it, except that I had always understood that, from some unaccountable caprice of the English Constitution, or of English history, it did not belong either to England or Scotland, but stood mysteriously on the frontiers, independent of either. I wanted, however, some more practical knowledge than this to help me to find comfortable quarters at a comfortable inn, coming into a strange place late at night. However, my experience is, that in such cases as this it does but little good to inquire. One cannot well inquire without exposing the fact that he is ignorant and a stranger; and then there are so many thousand ways by which he may be accidentally or intentionally misled, when he is known to be helpless, that I have generally found it best to throw myself upon the current, and just be borne wherever it carries me. The traveller, at any rate, saves by this plan a vast amount of solicitude, and much perplexity in balancing contradictory accounts; and so he can give himself up, as I did, the last fifty miles of travelling in England, to the undisturbed enjoyment of the pleasures of his ride, instead of worrying himself all the way about what is to become of him at the end of it.

Amid the noise and confusion of the station on the English side of the Tweed, where the train had to stop, because the viaduct across the river is not completed, I accordingly had no means of guidance, and fell into the hands of an omnibus conductor, who asked me first if I was going to Edinburgh, to which I said, "No; and then if I was going to the Red Lion, to which I said, "Yes." I took it for granted, by his asking the question, that the Red Lion was the place where such a traveller as I would be likely to go. My trunk was soon upon the top of the *'bus*, as he called it, and I was inside,

and we were off before half the passengers for the Edinburgh train had shipped their luggage.

It was now growing dark, but we could see before us an old grey bridge of many arches, crossing the river not far from its mouth, and beyond the bridge a hill, covered with the brick walls and red tiles of quite a large town. It was some distance from the station to the town, and it was getting towards ten o'clock by the time we entered the streets, which looked ancient and somewhat strange to American eyes, on account of the absence of everything like verdure. As soon as we came within the walls, which we did by passing under an old gateway, we left the *country* entirely. There are no yards before the houses, and no rows of trees in the streets. It is all pavement, side-walk, and wall, with nothing green for the eye to rest on anywhere. There were, however, indications of some unusual excitement in the streets. Great numbers of men, women, and children were assembled here and there, and flags were flying at some of the windows. It was the canvassing for an approaching election.

We came up into the centre of the town, where an old church-like looking edifice stood in the centre of the street, and, turning here, we entered another street, where the indications of the excitement were still greater. The groups here and there were illuminated by the flashes of bonfires. At a little distance before us a great crowd extended nearly across the street, but it seemed to consist mainly of women and children. They were thronging around a door, over which, from the windows above, two flags were flying, and their attention seemed to be attracted by something going on at one of these windows. It could not be an address, for nothing could be heard, as they

were rending the air with their shouts and outcries. The coach pushed on until it got into the very midst of this scene, and then stopped. In a word, the house with the flags at the windows was the Red Lion.

Just at this moment a bonfire, which I had seen in a side street close by, came advancing through the crowd in the shape of a rolling tar barrel, all in flames, but still retaining its form, and strength enough to roll. The men and boys pushed and kicked it along into the midst of the street; and as it would every now and then take a sudden turn, and move in an unexpected direction, putting every body to flight, the reader can easily imagine what shouts and outcries, and screams of fear and of laughter, were added to the tumult. I had just stepped out of the omnibus, but the burning football came rolling on, until it was stopped by the steps where I was descending, and I had to retreat to my place again, till it received a new impulse and went away.

"This is the Red Lion, sir," said the conductor. "Which is your luggage?"

He then took down my trunk, which was not very small or light, and put it upon his shoulder, I hoping to get through the crowd under cover of it. Directing him, therefore, to go on, I followed, through a tumult of screams and outcries which might have terrified bedlam. We got through, however, to the door of the inn. This door was open. It led directly from the side-walk, with but one step, into a narrow passage which conducted into the interior of the inn. I pressed into this opening, and as soon as I had entered, I turned around, and took my stand in the doorway, to survey the scene.

It seems that one way by which candidates for

membership of the British House of Commons endeavour to secure their election is by throwing halfpence, two or three at a time, out of an inn window, to be scrambled for by the children, large and small, which such a temptation collects. The street before me, as I stood in the doorway, was thronged with ragged boys and girls, with a great many men and women among them. They had their faces all turned up to the window over my head, and were holding their caps up to catch the halfpence; filling the air, in the meantime, with loud and shrill cries of "Here they are!" "Here they are!" "This way, sir!" "Here, sir!" Every now and then a few halfpence would come down—their descent being made known by a jingling sound upon the pavement—when immediately all the boys at the spot would plunge together in a heap, pushing, scrambling, feeling around the pavement, and elbowing and crowding each other with all their force. Children eight or ten years of age would disappear entirely under the heap, which tumbled in upon the top of them, emerging again in a few minutes, when the struggle was over, apparently unhurt.

The distribution of the halfpence at length ceased, and the crowd of children about the door was gradually changed into one of larger boys and men, in a peasant-like dress, who began to call for more tar barrels. They jammed up about the door, four or five strong, athletic-looking men, who seemed to be leaders, being in front, and filled the night air with shouts and calls. Whenever the candidate or his representative appeared at the window above, or the waiter of the inn at the door below, to know what they wanted, they would shout, a hundred voices together, "*Tor borrills!*

we want more tor borrills! Give us some shilluns to buy some more tor borrills!" For a long time the answer was, "No more tar barrels to-night; to-morrow night you shall have a plenty." But the cry continued as fierce as ever, "*Tor borrills!* we want more tor-borrills!" The leaders in front, with their arms braced against the posts of the door, held back with all their force, to prevent being crowded into the inn, while those behind pressed forward, and jammed to and fro, with all violence, as is customary with mobs on such occasions. With the exception of a visit now and then from the waiter, I had the passage-way to myself, with a good opportunity to survey the scene; and occasionally, when the storm of uproar lulled for a moment, to have a little conversation with the leaders before me. I asked them what was the name of the candidate. At first they did not understand me; but one of them, correcting my pronunciation by saying *con*didate, they said, "Oye, oye;" and all began to answer the question, though they could not agree in their replies, for one corrected the others until they had given me three different names. "What do you have to give for the tar barrels?" "A shillun a piece." "And are you all voters?" "No, sir; no, sir," said they. "Then how does it help the candidate to get votes, giving you tar barrels?"

I got no answer to this question, whether it was because they did not understand the philosophy of the English elections very well, or because a new burst of vociferation here interrupted the dialogue, I can not say. Their importunity, however, at last triumphed. A gentleman from above came down and gave them four shillings. There was a great struggle among them to decide who should be intrusted with the money. The most grasping

and rigid fist, as usual, carried the day, and away the leaders went, followed by the mob, raising loud shouts of exultation up the street. A short time afterward, as I was coming up the side-walk from the opposite direction, I saw them returning. The street ascended by a very gentle slope. At the end the view was terminated by the gate-way leading out of the town, which consisted, however, only of two arched passages through the wall. The crowd were pouring through this opening, and moving down the street with loud shouts and outcries. In the midst of them, moving on as they advanced, there was a bright flame, flashing sometimes high above their heads, and sending out volumes of thick smoke. As they came on I could see through the openings in the crowd the form of the barrel which they rolled along, in a zigzag direction, from side to side of the street. Crowds of women and children stood upon the side-walks, watching its progress, and retreating as it came near them; this produced some sudden flights, as the course which the barrel would take could not always be predicted long beforehand. The rolling light, with the crowd who were urging it on, disappeared at last behind the dark walls of the town-hall, which stands in the street in the direction where they were going.

Nothing can be more romantic and beautiful than the situation of the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, as I viewed it on the following evening, just after sunset. It stands on the northern bank of the river, which here enters the sea abruptly, and between bold and picturesque shores. The town has been a famous scene of contest between the English and the Scotch; and the remains of its old fortifications make its environs exceedingly beautiful.

The ramparts are made of earth, and faced with walls of masonry, both on the inner and outer sides, and are broad enough for several roads and paths, at different levels. These ramparts, as is usual with the remains of ancient fortifications of considerable extent, furnish most delightful promenades. The slopes are all grassed, and have sometimes gardens and trees upon them. The direction of the walk, and the views presented, are continually changing, so as to afford a constant and charming variety to the eye. Now you ascend to a bastion which has been carried up to a high elevation, where you look down upon smooth roads along the shore, and distant beaches dotted with boats and men; and all around you, nearer, upon a picturesque combination of walls, buttresses, parapets, and green slopes. There is a long break-water 'extending to a great distance into the sea, on the northern side of the entrance of the river, to protect it from the north-west winds. There is a road upon the top of this break-water, with minute objects, too distant to be clearly seen, moving along upon it. It has a light-house at the end.

Descending from this elevation, you have before you a long graveled walk, from which you look down on one side into the city, and on the other to a broad expanse of green fields waving with grain. Groups of children are playing every where upon the grass; men are lying upon all the little summits, enjoying the evening air; parties of women and girls are taking in the clothes which they had spread here upon the grass to dry. As you pass along, you find descending paths by which you can go down into the city, or you can continue your walk upon the ramparts till you come round to the river. The town being north

of the river, and the ramparts north of the town, if we commence our promenade as I did at the eastern end of them, that is, toward the sea, we shall of course complete our circuit by arriving at the western end, where the line of fortification comes to the river.

The town itself is on the side of a hill, and the fortifications behind it are higher than the town; and I found, as I advanced toward the west, that the ramparts did not descend as they approached the river, but were continued at the same height to the end; so that at last, when I came to the end of my walk, I found myself upon a broad and lofty mound, towering, in embankments, slopes, and walls, a hundred feet above the water of the river. There were various roads and pathways, and flights of steps at different levels, giving to the whole an aspect of great variety, and producing a highly picturesque effect. At a little distance up the stream was a steam-engine driving piles for the viaduct of the railway. It must have been nearly a mile distant, but it filled the evening air with its echoes. There was a long bridge below—of stone, brown and venerable—with waggons and foot passengers going to and fro. The shores in every direction were lined with smooth beaches, with boats drawn up upon them, and children playing in the margin of the water; and all around were smooth, green hills, with that peculiar softness of verdure which belongs to fields which have been tilled for centuries. It was now half-past nine o'clock, and the twilight was beginning to fade away. The evening air, calm and still, was filled with the hum of voices rising all around; and now and then a distant shout from the heart of the city seemed to denote that another tar barrel was in motion.

As I stood upon the grassy ridge which formed the summit of the mound, there were two other gentlemen near, obviously travellers like myself, who were likewise surveying the scene. English etiquette forbade either of us speaking to the others. The presumption would be, in general, that any person who should address a casual remark about the scene before them to a stranger, under such circumstances, was an inferior endeavouring to push himself forward to the notice and acquaintance of a superior, and the intrusion would be repelled accordingly. I do not say that it would always be so regarded, but so generally that they who are at all sensitive in respect to the intercourse and courtesies of life are safer in not making the experiment. It is a curious example of the many minor differences in manners between the two countries, that, while in America it would be rude for two gentlemen to stand silent when meeting under such circumstances as this, in England it would be rude for them to speak.

I do not wish to be understood as finding fault particularly with the English character in this point. There is a necessity for caution and reserve in respect to forming new acquaintances in all densely peopled countries, which does not exist among a scattered population like that of America. A great many Englishmen who censure the freedom of manners and intercourse in America, and Americans who complain of the reserve and restraint which they encounter in England, do not sufficiently consider the important reason for the difference in the usages of the two nations. All the arrangements of travelling, the customs of the hotels, and the manners and usages of the people in the United States, except in the large cities, are such as to facilitate your becoming acquainted with

your fellow-travellers, if you wish to do so; whereas in England all these things are such as to enable you to keep most completely separated from them. The reason is because travellers in the one country *wish* to know and to become known. They depend on this as one of the chief sources of the interest and pleasure of the journey. In the other country they wish to avoid making new acquaintances. They have too many acquaintances already. They have been in a continual round of company, perhaps, for months, and travel for the sake of rest and retirement. There is thus a reason for the difference which prevails, a reason justifying it in the main, though undoubtedly each country often carries its own peculiarity too far.

I had one more view of the beautiful scenery of Berwick-upon-Tweed. I went one morning across the river to see them fish for salmon. Berwick is, in fact, the head-quarters of the salmon fishery in this region, and derives a great income from it. The salmon used formerly to frequent several other rivers here, but they have in great measure forsaken all but the Tweed. The reason is, that the Tweed and all its branches come from a most lovely region of country, on the southern border of Scotland, which is of a different mineral formation, and has no beds of coal under it. There can, therefore, be no manufactories, no mines, no tall chimneys, no smoke. It remains, accordingly, a beautiful rural region, consisting of gardens and fields of grain along the streams, and of pastures for sheep and cattle on the hill-sides. The railroads avoid it, and the old abbeys, and churches, and castles remain undisturbed. The air is pure, and tourists flock to it in great numbers to see Melrose, and the Yarrow, and Abbotsford. The water, too,

is pure and sweet in the river, and the salmon go up and down as of old.

The fortifications which I described above as extending on the land side of the town are continued along the bank of the river, by a plain but substantial wall, a short distance from the water. Outside of this wall are the quays and wharves. In going to see the fishing, I passed this wall by a narrow arch-way, and went on toward a rude and primitive sort of wharf, where a little steam ferry-boat was to take me across the water. The boat was intended for foot passengers alone. It was very small, being but about ten feet wide. It had no cabin. A boy, with what they call a setting-pole, that is, a long pole with an iron point in the end, pushed the stern of the boat around in the shallow water, so that I could step on board from some steps which descended from the wharf, for the tide was low. The little engine began its work, and we were soon moving swiftly over the smooth and glassy water, in a diagonal direction toward the opposite shore.

We landed upon a long, sloping stone causeway, built out into the water; on leaving which, I found myself upon a sandy beach, with great numbers of fishing-boats drawn up upon it. I pursued my way eastward, that is, toward the sea, as I had seen, while crossing the water, that the boats still engaged in fishing were in that direction. As I approached the junction of the shores of the river and of the sea, the scenery was picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. There was a broad expanse of sandy beach, of a very irregular form, and indented by little bays and inlets from the river and sea; the water in these inlets being clear, and the bottom covered with pebbles and sand. It was a warm summer's morning, and there

were little groups and parties rambling about the shores, and children everywhere wading in the water. The English coast was to be seen stretching away for many miles to the southward, with an outline of lofty cliffs and promontories above, and a beautiful beach below. The beach was dotted with moving figures as far down the coast as the eye could distinguish them. On the river side the boats of the fishermen were sleeping upon the water, while the fishermen themselves, except two to each net to watch, were sleeping more literally, stretched out at length upon the sand.

It seems that, in setting the nets, they begin at the shore, strike out a little way into the water, and then turning *down* the stream (I mean the stream of the tide, whichever way it may be flowing), they carry the net along for the rest of its length parallel with the shore. Of course, the lower end of it is at a distance from the shore, the opening thus left being intended to admit the fish. The net being thus arranged, two boats are stationed outside of it, at a distance from each other, and the upper edge of the net is held by a man in the bows of each boat, raising it for this purpose, at these points, a little out of the water; so that if any fish come into the net they can *feel* them, and give the alarm. There is a rope attached to the lower end of the net, by which it is to be drawn in to the shore when fish are felt. The net is loaded at the lower edge by leaden sinkers, and it has cork floats upon its upper edge; by this apparatus it is kept in a perpendicular position in the water. The cork floats upon the surface of the water like a row of little blocks, and indicate to the observer on shore the position of the net.

The men had been fishing nearly all night, and all except the two in the boats at each net were

lying, tired and sleepy, on the sand. In fact, while the men were waiting for fish to come to their net, the whole picture was one of stillness and repose. The water was smooth as glass. The little groups wandering about upon the beaches were too remote to be heard, or their voices came to the ear in a very subdued and softened tone. There was no surf on the seaward beaches, but only a very gentle dash of water now and then from the swell. Across the river we had the town of Berwick, with all its walls, and fortifications, and towers, extremely varied in their aspects, and relieved here and there by masses of foliage behind them in the city, showing that my statement that there is nothing green within the walls must be received with qualification. To the west of the town the soft and smooth green hills rose above the highest bastions, and to the east was the long mole, or pier, extending for half a mile into the sea, and terminated by the lighthouse erected at the further end.

While seated on a stone upon the beach, admiring this scene, you would suddenly hear a cry from one of the fishermen standing in the boats. The party of sleepers would instantly spring to their feet, and the boys among them, seizing stones from the beach, would throw them into the water at the place between the lower end of the net and the shore, to frighten the fish from any attempt to escape by the way that they had entered. In the meantime, the men putting the line over their shoulders, walked laboriously up the sandy slope, to draw the net in. The result would be sometimes a few salmon, and sometimes nothing at all. The net would then be stacked up again upon the stern of the boat in such a manner, that, in rowing along upon the water where they wished to set it,

it would draw itself off as the boat proceeded, and thus deposit itself properly in the water for a new trial. The fishermen would then return again to their positions of repose upon the sand, as before.

After spending a day or two thus in Berwick-upon-Tweed, I set out for Edinburgh. The shores of the sea, north of Berwick, are bold and picturesque, and the great Northern railway runs very near to them. After passing for a short distance through a beautiful rural district, we come out at once to a splendid view of the sea, from the summit of a range of cliffs a hundred feet high. These cliffs are the termination, toward the sea, of a beautiful region of elevated but level land, lying north of the Tweed, and called The Merse. It is extremely fertile, and is cultivated everywhere like a garden. It continues its smooth and beautiful surface to the sea, where it is bounded by the cliffs, which form the shore. Deep chasms and ravines indent these cliffs, and promontories project from them, so as to give every variety to their forms; and the railway passes along the shore so near that it would seem to have been the special design of the engineer to secure to the travellers all the magnificence of the view. From our seats in the cars we have the smooth and richly-cultivated fields on one side, waving with grass or grain; and on the other we look down upon the ocean, lying at a great depth below us, and spreading away to a very distant horizon. The road is made so near the brink of the cliffs as just to go clear of the chasms and indentations which we look down into as we whirl rapidly by. At one moment we saw a narrow cove, far below, with a boat drawn up upon a sandy beach; a moment afterwards we pass a rugged and preci-

pitous chasm, with the surf dashing upon the rocks at the entrance of it. Then, perhaps, we come into the view of a wider bay, with a winding shore and beach, terminated at the further end by a bold, rocky cliff, with seabirds sailing about it. The great elevation from which we looked down upon these scenes as we went on our journey, and the rapid motion by which we flew along, made the effect extremely imposing. We soon left Berwick far behind us, and found that we had fully and fairly entered Scotland.

VII.

ARTHUR'S SEAT AT EDINBURGH.

August 15.

It is less difficult to form some distinct conception of Edinburgh than of most other cities, without having seen it, on account of its being so strongly marked in position and character. You must, at the outset, imagine a modern-built, handsome city, on level ground on one side, and an ancient and venerable one on a long and elevated ridge on the other, with a deep glen or valley between them, and high hills and mountains around. The new town is on the north; the old town toward the south. The valley, of course, runs nearly east and west.

Of course, the southernmost street of the new town runs along on the brink of the valley. This is Prince's Street, the great street in Edinburgh, and, on many accounts, one of the most picturesque

and striking streets in the world. On one side of it are handsome shops, hotels, and public edifices, constructed of stone, and in the most substantial and elegant manner; on the other side is a broad side-walk, with a lofty iron palisade, separating it from the valley.

The valley itself presents a very picturesque appearance, the view being varied by the several structures connected with it, or rising out of it. At the east end is a bridge passing over it, and connecting the new town with the old. This bridge, however, is nearly concealed from view, being almost surrounded and covered with stately edifices, which form a sort of architectural isthmus, connecting the two masses of building on the two sides of the glen. Not very far from the bridge, proceeding westward, we come to the splendid monument erected to the memory of Walter Scott, which stands upon the edge of the valley, on a level with Prince's Street, on a foundation raised for the purpose. There are one or two other imposing public edifices and churches, in similar positions along the open side of Prince's Street, which give great effect to the view, without, however, at all shutting it in. Between these buildings we look down to the great public gardens, and to courts, and streets, and railway-stations, which fill the declivities and bottom of the glen, and over them all to the ancient buildings of the old town, on the long ridge beyond. They look like a range of lofty cliffs, cut perpendicularly into chasms and square projections, and, when lighted up at night, the effect from Prince's Street is imposing in the extreme.

This long ridge, thus covered with ancient and lofty edifices, is not level upon the top—I mean in the direction of its length. It commences at the

eastern end, on a plain, and rises gradually until it comes to the point where the bridge from the new town crosses to it, which may be about the middle of its length. From this point it continues to rise, and here it first comes into view from Prince's Street. As it passes along parallel to Prince's Street, the ridge becomes higher and higher, and its sides steeper and steeper, until finally it terminates abruptly in a mass of perpendicular precipices, with Edinburgh Castle on the top. Of course, standing any where in Prince's Street, we have a splendid panorama in view. We have the elegant range of buildings, with spires and monumental columns towering above them, behind us; then we have the valley before us, with the few detached public edifices on the margin of it, and the imposing range of antique structures on the ridge beyond, terminated at one end by the bridge, and at the other by the long walls and the lofty towers and battlements of the castle.

The reader, by attentively considering the foregoing description, will acquire, in some respects, a more useful practical idea of the leading features of Edinburgh, than by merely inspecting a map; because a map can give no idea of differences of level, on which, in the case of such a city as Edinburgh, every thing depends. These differences of level give to all the views which you have, in rambling about the city, the most striking and picturesque effect. And then, besides these remarkable features, there are hills just out of the town, from which you obtain very extended and diversified prospects. One is called the Calton Hill. It rises at one end of Prince's-street, namely, the eastern end. Its lower declivities are ornamented with gardens and terraces, and ranges of beautiful buildings, and its summit is covered with monu-

ments of a great variety of form and structure, which are, of course, to be seen from all parts of Prince's-street terminating the view in the direction in which they lie. The other hill is a vast congeries of precipices, glens, and summits, which lies beyond the old town, though it can be seen from most parts of Prince's street, towering above the lofty houses. The highest summit is called Arthur's Seat. A range of cliffs, less elevated, facing the city, is called the Salisbury Crags; and along at the foot of the crags, though still at a great elevation above the surrounding country, is a broad gravel-walk, often called Scott's Walk, because it was one of Sir Walter's favourite promenades.

But I shall probably better succeed in giving the reader an idea of this scenery by asking him to accompany me on an excursion, and describing such scenes and incidents as really occurred to myself in my rambles. I set out, then, one evening, with a companion, from my hotel in Prince's-street, and went eastward along the street, with the monuments of Calton Hill before me at the extremity of it. After proceeding a few steps in this direction, we came to the bridge, which here turns off toward the old town. Coaches were standing at the corners of the streets, with such names as Melrose, Abbotsford, Stirling, and Loch Lomond upon them, making us feel at every step that we were really in the heart of Scotland. At the shop windows were countless contrivances of jewelry and fancy boxes, with the tartan plaid imitated in enamel or lacquered-work, and shawls in great variety, each ticketed with the name of the clan whose colours it bore. Every thing spoke of Scotland.

At last we came upon the bridge. Looking

down over the parapet, we could see streets, markets, and railway lines far below. On the right, Prince's-street is seen extending westward, until it is lost in the distance; and on the left the cliff-like range of lofty houses in the old town, rising higher and higher toward the west, until they terminate in the towers and battlements of the castle.

The reader will recollect that the crest of the ridge on which the old town is chiefly built is not level, but ascends gradually from the east until we reach the castle, where it terminates in abrupt precipices. Now there lies along this crest a street, which is, in fact, the principal one in the old town. From it narrow lanes, and passages, and stair-ways lead down the slopes on each side to the valleys. This street is called the High Street at the upper part, and the Canongate at the lower. It is one of the most remarkable thoroughfares in Europe. The buildings bordering it are very lofty, and as they extend down the slopes on each side, being accessible there by the narrow passages and stairways I have already referred to, and as they are all densely peopled, and, moreover, as all the thousands of men, women and children who occupy them seem to pour into the High Street for a lounge and promenade every pleasant evening, the spectacle which strikes the eye of the traveller, when he first comes into it from Bridge street, is truly astonishing. The evening of our walk it was fuller than usual, it having been market-day, and the whole space between the walls of the houses on each side, both pavement and side-walk, was one dense mass of human beings, all in the very humblest rank of life, and exhibiting every possible phase of raggedness and poverty, and yet all occupied, interested, and apparently happy. The children were ragged

and dirty in the extreme, but altogether too plump and merry to be pitied.'

We might have turned up the street toward the castle, but the way to Arthur's Seat was in the other direction, and led us down the street, which became more narrow, more ancient and blackened by time, and lower and more degraded in population as we descended. At last, however, as we approached the end, the scene seemed to change again. The crowds of people diminished. The houses, though they continued to look old and venerable, were more neat. The streets and passages seemed to have a more quiet air, and began, in fact, to look almost deserted, when suddenly, at a little turn at the foot of the hill, we came to a broad, level, and paved area, on the opposite side of which a spacious building rose before us. It had round towers at the corners, and a broad architectural front, with a soldier in uniform walking to and fro before a great gateway in the middle. It was the palace of Holyrood House, the residence of Mary Queen of Scots.

In fact, the whole scene was now entirely changed. We had before us, and around us on every side, an enchanting picture of rural beauty. The palace is situated in the midst of parks, intersected in every direction by gravel-walks, and ornamented with groves of trees. Immediately in the rear of the palace is a beautiful garden, inclosed with a high iron palisade. Within this garden are the ruins of the old abbey, now roofless and falling. Hundreds were walking to and fro along the gravel-walks, or reclining upon the grass, giving to the whole scene an air of great animation.

But the most imposing part of the view, after

all, was the mountain mass which rose from the plain at a little distance. Its slopes were beautifully green. Scott's Walk could be traced for a long distance under the crags, with parties of ladies and gentlemen here and there ascending and descending. Above this walk were the cliffs, and the lofty peak, called Arthur's Seat, towered above the whole. Between them were vales and dells, and grassy slopes, of the softest and most beautiful green, dotted every where with figures, sitting, walking, climbing—in a word, in every attitude of motion and of repose.

There is a great variety of route offered to the choice of the promenader in looking up the ascents before him. He can take Scott's Walk, and have a good road, and a regular, though steep ascent; and he will enjoy, from the higher parts of the walk, a magnificent prospect of the city and of the surrounding country in *one direction*. Of course, his view in the other will be cut off by the crags which tower perpendicularly behind him. Or, by going a little further back, and taking a more circuitous and rougher path, he may mount to the crest of these crags, and look down upon the smooth walk, a hundred feet below him. In this case his view will be far more extended, but it will not be entirely unobstructed, as Arthur's Seat rises higher still further behind, though there is a broad and deep valley between. Or, thirdly, he may undertake to scale Arthur's Seat itself, which is hard climbing, but there is presented from its rocky summit an entirely unobstructed view.

In one part of these hills, a little out of either of the routes I have described, is an old ruin called St. Anthony's Chapel, which the visitors to these scenes generally turn aside to see. There is also, in the path-way leading to Arthur's seat, near this

chapel, a little spring, where three or four boys and girls usually stand with tin mugs, and come running down the hill with their mugs full of water, to offer to any parties whom they see approaching having the air of strangers. For this service they expect a penny.

I went to this spring one evening when these children were gone. There was a large, roundish stone, such as the geologists call a *boulder*, in the path, and below it a smaller, flattish stone, in which a small bowl-shaped reservoir had been hewn to receive and hold the water. Another stone, a little upon one side, was of the right size, and in the right place, to serve for a rude seat. A path-way branched off from the spring to the ruins of the chapel, and another, better worn, led up a sort of ravine, in the direction of Arthur's Seat. On all the paths, and upon every rock and cliff around, figures could be seen of persons walking, climbing, or at rest, enjoying the evening air.

Sometimes you arrive here later in the evening, when the children who supply the visitors have gone. You then meet others, a barefooted old woman, perhaps, from the High Street, or a child from the Canongate, who have come for water to carry home. The child brings two tin pails, and dips up the water from the reservoir with the covers. She talks broad Scotch to you, in answer to your questions. You tell her it is a great way for her to come for water, and she replies, "Ay, sir; and I ha' been here ance afore the day." She lives, she says, "just yonder in the Canongate, with her grandmither;" and goes to school, where she learns "to read and count." She will give you a drink of the water from her tin cover, and thank you very cordially if you give her a ha'penny in return.

In ascending from this point, we see before us a wild scene of hills and glens, with rocky summits and ranges of cliffs here and there, giving a very varied and picturesque expression to the whole. The views in every direction among these glens are very striking to American eyes, the valleys and slopes are so exceedingly smooth and green. Wild territory like this in our country is *wooded*, and covered with loose stones, and rough and ragged irregularities. But *these* declivities have been in the possession of man for a thousand years, and have become as smooth, at least in appearance, as seen from the various eminences, as a lawn. Sheep-paths traverse them in all directions, enticing adventurous climbers into various situations of difficulty and danger, where sometimes it is equally impracticable to advance or retreat. I attempted the ascent one evening at sunset with a lady, who, having just returned from Switzerland and Italy, where she had been scaling the Alps and Vesuvius, was a good climber. We would attempt a path ascending diagonally up a very steep slope, two or three hundred feet high. We could go on very easily until we had attained an elevation of a few hundred feet, but after that, as we proceeded, the depth below us began to look very profound. We had only a very narrow path, growing, too, continually narrower as we advanced. The slope below us, down which we every moment were threatened with sliding, had nothing to intercept our descent to the bottom of the valley. Above us the same slope extended for the same distance, until it was terminated by a range of rugged cliffs, which frowned upon us very sternly, and seemed to make it very doubtful whether we could find our way to the top, if we should succeed in gaining the summit of the slope. After pausing here in un-

certainty for a few moments, we would retrace our steps until we had found some place of greater security, and then, diverging to a new point of departure, we would make a new attempt in a different direction. All this while the whole scene around us was dotted with other parties making similar attempts. We could see them at a great distance, slowly creeping along a path, or scrambling down what seemed to us a perpendicular precipice, or sitting on the rocks to rest from their previous toil. During all this time the evening air was filled with the sound of distant martial music. It came to us from a piper across the widest valley; but the question which, of several black points moving slowly along the grass there, was the piper, the distance was too great for us to determine. The music of the Scotch bagpipes is too hard and metallic to be pleasant when near, but when heard in the evening from a distance, across a wide glen, especially if it be a Scottish glen, the effect is very agreeable.

After various attempts of the kind I have described, in paths of our own selection, we at length so far succeeded as to attain the main route halfway up to the summit. This route, which we now thought it prudent to follow, led us around upon the back side of the principal hill, where we had views of new glens, new precipices, and new vistas of the cultivated lowlands and leas far beneath us. There were plenty of wild flowers. Every crag was ornamented with the "Blue Bells of Scotland." There was a small, delicate daisy too, which I did not pay particular attention to at the time, but which was brought to my recollection the next day under these circumstances: I went, in company with a gentleman of Boston, into the library-room of the University, a spacious and

magnificent hall, containing a hundred and twenty thousand volumes. At the upper end was Flaxman's statue of Burns. It was a beautiful embodiment of Burns's mind and character: the rustic expression of the ploughboy in the dress, and all the simplicity, beauuty, and soul of the poet in the countenance. As we took our seats on chairs, which the attendant placed for us at the best point of view, my companion, looking at the expressive form before me, asked me if I remembered Burns' lines to the mountain-daisy; I did not, though I immediately remembered the mountain-daisy itself, which I had seen upon these hills the day before. He began to repeat to me the following lines, very characteristic of Burns, and admirably in keeping with the *expression* of the statue. I listened to them with a mingled feeling of interest in their beauty, and of surprise that a mind which had been so engrossed, during a long life, with public duties and cares of a high and responsible character, could still have room for such kind of treasures as this among its stores. To perceive the force and beauty of the lines, they must be read aloud, and the words enunciated in the most distinct and deliberate manner.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Wee, modest, crimson tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure*
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
My bonnie gem.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted† forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above thy parent earth
Thy tender form.

* Stoure, dust in motion. † Glinted, peeped.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield.
But thou beneath the random bield *
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie† *stibble-field.*
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card‡
Of prudent lore,
The billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate of *suffering worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink;
Till wrenched of every stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

But to return to our excursion. The summit of the hill is a conical peak, with steep grass slopes on one side, and rocky precipices, nearly perpendi-

* Bield, shelter. † Histie, dry.

‡ Card.—Referring to the compass card, on which the points of the compass are marked to guide the helmsman.

cular, on the other. The road leads up on the grassy side by means of rude steps, worn, apparently, by the feet of a continued train of visitors. At the top is a small level area, blackened by the effects of a great bonfire made here several years ago, to celebrate the landing of Victoria on a visit to Scotland. Around this area are several crests of rock, rising a few feet above it, on the highest of which a small post is set, supported by iron braces. We took our seats on the brow of the hill, where there was a little shelter from the wind, which, as usual on such peaks, blew strong and cool. After a few moments a lad approached us, and, in a very respectful manner, said, pointing down to the plain below,

"Wad the ladie like to see Jeanie Deans's cottage, which is described in Walter Scott's novel of the Heart of Mid-Lothian? Yon is it—the double cottage, by the roadside, with the tiled roof."

We looked in the direction he indicated. There were several smooth gravel-roads winding around the base of the mountain, parallel to each other, and with soft green slopes between them. At one place among these roads we saw a simple cottage, or, rather, two cottages together, with red tiles upon the roof, and a small, square garden, inclosed by a hedge, behind it; that is, behind it in respect to the road, which was beyond the cottage, but on this side of it as it respected us.

"And there," said he, pointing to a little group of buildings further along the road, and a little more toward the city, "is the house of the Laird of Dumbie Dykes. The village yonder"—here he pointed in an opposite direction, to a place a mile or two distant in the country, the surface of which all appeared, from this point, like a most rich and fertile plain, divided by hedgerows and lines of

plantation, and sprinkled everywhere with hamlets, and villages, and beautiful country seats—"Yon village," said he, "with the old square tower among the trees, is Libberton, where Reuben Butler lived, who was engaged to be married to Jeanie." Then, turning to the city, which lay spread out, or rather piled up, before us, "The old Tolbooth," he continued, "or the Heart of Mid-Lothian, as it was called, was there, near that low steeple in the High Street. This broad water at the north is the Frith of Forth. The large island in the middle of it is Inch Keith, with the light-house upon it. This town upon the shore is Leith, a mile and a half from Edinburgh; and that is Leith Pier which ye see extending out into the water. Those hills to the south are the Pentland Hills, and that high land, futher east, is the Lammermuir, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's novel of the Bride of Lammermuir."

All this, and a great deal more, in answer to our various inquiries, was said by our informant, in a very pleasant Scotch tone, but in good English words. It was a striking tribute to the universality of the interest which Scott's genius has awakened in the human mind, that these guides may always safely infer that whoever comes to the top of Arthur's Seat, from what nation or land soever, the surest way to interest them, and establish a claim upon them for a little fee, is to pass by the palaces, castles, towns, churches, abbeys, and all other objects of magnificence and splendour, and show them, first of all, where to look for Jeanie Deans's cottage. If he had begun by telling us about the palace of Holyrood House, or Stirling Castle in the distance, at the north, we should have declined his assistance, and saved a shilling. But "Wad the ladie like to see Jeanie Deans's cottage? Yon

is it, by the roadside," was irresistible. We were, however, very much pleased with our young guide, and got him to show us down the hill by circuitous and precipitous paths, in a quarter which we had not before explored, and at length parted with him at the bottom of the hill.

In fact, there is a charm about the Scotch dialect to one who, after having been from childhood accustomed to it, in reading and hearing read the writings of Burns and Scott, now for the first time listens to it in real life, which makes you glad to stop and talk with any one who uses it, whether what they are saying is of any importance or not. I always stopped at the spring, going and coming, to have a little talk with the children there; and a few halfpence distributed among them always seemed to make the interview as pleasant on their part as it was on mine. One evening, in going up, I heedlessly distributed in this manner all the halfpence I had. On returning, at the close of the twilight, one little boy and his sister were there alone, waiting in the hope of getting one halfpenny more from some lingering wanderer like myself. The boy met me some way up the path, with his "Wad ye like a little water, sir, fra the spring?"

"Yes." I was thirsty and wanted some water; but I did not wish to take it from his mug without giving him his halfpenny. Besides, I had a *quaich* in my pocket, which I had purchased that day for a souvenir of Scotland, and I wished to introduce it to its function by using it first at St. Anthony's Well.

A *quaich* is a cup peculiar to Scotland, used by hunters and pedestrian travellers. It has a flat handle on each side, so that one person, dipping up water with it from a spring by one handle, his

companion, standing by, may conveniently take it by the other. They are made of various materials; some of horn, some of wood, some of silver, of plain or of ornamental workmanship. I saw some made of a beautiful wood, which they said was Queen Mary's yew, a tree which she planted in her garden at Holyrood. Others are of oak, from the beams of the old Heart of Mid Lothian, saved when the building was taken down. Both of these kinds were mounted and tipped with silver. I had obtained one of these quaichs made of horn, when in Scotland before, and it had been for many years my constant companion in rural excursions and summer journeys, until it was worn out in the service. But it had been at once so useful, and so pleasant a memorial of Scotland, that I determined to replace it by one of a more permanent material; and, after examining a great many in the various shops, I had at last made my selection, and was to use it now for the first time.

So I told the little water-bearer who came up the hill to meet me, that I had given away all my halfpence in coming up the hill, and that, besides, I had a quaich to drink from in my pocket. When I came down to the spring, I talked some time with him and with the little girl, who afterward proved to be his sister. She corrected herself sometimes in her Scotch, turning it into English for my accommodation; as, for example, translating "I dinna ken," into "I don't know." I found they had earned "three pence ha'penny" by their attendance at the spring that afternoon, and I finally settled the difficulty of not being able to pay them, by giving them a silver sixpence and taking all their copper in exchange. They received it very joyfully, though they were very particular to have it understood that they did not

exact any pay. "Didna I tell ye, sir," said the boy, "that ye suld be welcome to the drink without ony ha'pence?" This, in fact, he *had* done up the path, as the little rogues always do, knowing well that they lose nothing by civility.

VIII.

HOLYROOD.

August 16.

QUEEN MARY'S bed-room, in Holyrood House, is, to a great many persons, the most interesting place that they visit in Scotland; and scenes and places most interesting to be visited are very often the least interesting to be described. Notwithstanding this ground of discouragement, I will endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of the scene which presents itself to the tourist in entering these ancient rooms.

It will be recollected that the palace is at the *foot* of the High Street, as the castle is at the *head*. In going to either, you cross the bridge which leads from the new town to the old, and then, ascending Bridge-Street, you turn to the left down the High Street, in the opposite direction to the one leading to the castle. I have made several visits to these rooms. In the one I am about to describe I was alone. On reaching the bottom of the High Street, or, rather, of the Canongate, which is the name given to the lower part of the High Street, I emerged into a broad, paved square, with the front of the palace on the further side of it. On the right was a fine view

of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, with a broad park intervening. On the left were old walls and buildings, forming a part of the city extending towards the Calton Hill.

If the reader wishes to form an accurate conception of the locality of Mary's rooms, let him consider carefully the following description, from which, I think, he will be able to identify the windows of her apartments in any engraving of the palace. The front toward the city, that is, the front which is presented to view as we come out upon the open area, above referred to, in descending the High Street, has two square towers projecting forward at the two corners. Of course, the space between these projections forms a sort of recess, in the middle of which is great arched doorway, by which we can gain entrance into the palace when the ponderous gates are open.

These two towers, which project thus at the extreme right and left of the front of the palace, are not perfectly square. Their general form is that of a square; but there are round towers at the corners of them, or, rather, rounded projections, large enough to contain small rooms, which are accessible from the larger rooms in the body of the tower. Mary's rooms were on the second story, and were situated as above described. Her bedroom was in the body of the tower, with another larger room, an ante-room, behind it. She had a little dressing-room in one of the round towers; the inner one, that is, the one toward the main entrance of the castle; and in the outer one she had a little private room, where she was at supper with Rizzio when he was murdered. These rooms, in which everything remains as it was in Mary's day, constitute the great point of attraction at Holyrood House.

There are, however, two other objects of attraction. One is the ruins of the Royal Chapel, which was originally built with great magnificence, but is now roofless and desolate. It is in the rear of the palace, and projects to the northward, so as to be connected with it by only one corner, where there was a private staircase, which led up through the northern wall of the building to Mary's apartments. This chapel, though now in ruins, contains many memorials of its former elegance and grandeur.

The other source of attraction in the edifice is the suite of rooms occupied by Charles X. of France, who was expelled from that country by the famous revolution of July, in 1830, by which Louis Philippe was placed upon the throne. Charles X. occupied a range of apartments on the opposite side, diagonally from the tower in which Mary's apartments were situated. These apartments are nearly all alike. The beds remain, and some old-fashioned furniture. The floors are bare, and the whole scene has a deserted and desolate appearance. They are of no interest to any one who has seen how such suites of rooms are ordinarily arranged in European palaces, except as the place where an unhappy monarch and his family wore away the years of their exile.

And now to return to the great square in front of the palace. Soldiers were walking pompously to and fro before the great door. At a little distance outside of them, two or three carriages, belonging to parties of visitors, were standing in the square, with coachmen and footmen in livery. I passed by the soldiers, and entered by the great archway, which conducted me quite through the front of the edifice into an inner court, which was surrounded by the buildings of the palace. Here was a piazza, covering a broad, paved walk, which

extended entirely around this inner court. I was met under this piazza* by an agreeable-looking young woman with her bonnet on. It is a curious example, by-the-way, of the changes which the laws of propriety undergo, in different latitudes, that in Scotland it would not be proper for a young woman, of this rank in life, to appear without a bonnet in any situation which is at all of a public character. They wear bonnets when attending behind the counter in a shop. In France it would not be proper, that is, it would be presumptuous for her to wear one at all, even in the street. Thus in Edinburgh they are always covered; in Paris, never.

The young woman asked me if I wished to see the apartments, and, on my answering in the affirmative, she directed me to a party who were just then going up the staircase, nearest to Mary's rooms. This staircase was contained in a third round tower, back of the one containing Mary's little supper-room, half way between it and the front of the chapel. The party had been to visit the chapel itself, and were returning along the piazza, inside the court, when I entered. I followed them up the staircase, but, instead of entering at first into Queen Mary's rooms, we turned the other way, and entered into a very spacious hall, which occupies the whole length and breadth of the building on that side of the court, extending back from the tower containing Queen Mary's apartments to the chapel. The walls were of oak wainscoting, with windows only upon one side, toward the inner court. On the opposite side was a range of very wide panels, with smaller ones between. Each large panel was occupied by a full length portrait of a Scottish monarch, comprising on one side and one end the whole Stuart

dynasty. These portraits are of full length, and each dressed in the full regal costume of the day to which it pertained. The paintings are old, and darkened by time. The smaller panels are likewise filled with paintings, heads and half lengths only, portraits of the distinguished men of the several reigns. The respectable-looking woman who guided us through this gallery, gave the names of the kings, successively, as we walked along, and now and then some particular of the life or character of each; but all the interest of the whole collection, for most eyes, as I should judge, from observation of some hundreds of visitors whom I have seen pass down the hall, is concentrated in the three middle paintings of the row, Queen Mary herself, preceded by James V., her father, and followed by James VI., her son. Though Mary's portrait is old, and darkened like the rest, the bloom and beauty of the original beam out still, in strong contrast with the warlike aspect and armour of the fierce soldiers who precede and follow her. Hers, too, is the only female face in the line; and the most careless saunterers through the gallery always pause a moment thoughtfully before the portrait of the queen. It is inscribed, in ancient letters, MARIA STEWARTUS.

At the end of the gallery the party which I had fallen into were ushered through a door turning to the right, which was to conduct them to the apartments occupied by Charles X. As I had seen these apartments before, I told the guide I would remain in the gallery until she returned. They accordingly went away, the door closed after them, and I remained in the great hall alone. There was no furniture of any kind, except a row of plain benches, covered with red cloth, which were placed against the sides of the room

all around. I took my seat upon the bench which was opposite to the portrait of Mary. After the sound of one or two distant doors, sending a reverberation by their shutting along the palace walls, ceased to be heard, all was still. Every thing around me spoke of ancient times; and there was nothing to dispel the illusion by which, in such a situation, one forgets the present and throws himself back into the past, when he is isolated entirely from the one and wholly surrounded by memorials of the other,

There seemed to be concentrated a long period of history in the three portraits before me. James V., Mary's father, was at war with England at the time of her birth; and, unhappily, had a quarrel with his own nobles at the same time. He was perplexed, distracted, and in despair at the difficulties of his situation. Finally, he organized an army, his nobles joining with him for the purpose; and, as he had not confidence enough in them to intrust any of them with the command, he appointed one of his own personal favourites to lead them. This threw his whole force into confusion. The English attacked and routed them with a very small force, and the poor king fell into a state of extreme melancholy and depression, and died most wretchedly. He was dying in this state when Mary was born.

Of course, the queen before me, in the range of paintings, was an infant when the original of the portrait preceding her ceased to exist. Mary was queen when she was but a few days old. I had her before me in the bloom of womanhood, as she appeared probably about the time that her son was born. That son came next in the panels; not as an infant, however, but in full maturity, his coun-

tenance marked by years and care. This was the James who became King of England, as well as Scotland, on the death of Elizabeth, he being the next heir. In him, accordingly, the English and Scotch *crowns* were united, though the *kingdoms* remained separate for some time afterward, each having its own parliament and making its own laws. As there had been no James before among the English kings, he was James *I.* of England, though James *VI.* of Scotland, and is generally designated in history by this double name. The union of the Scotch and English crowns, which took place in him, is a great epoch in the history of Great Britain.

The party returned from exploring the apartments of Charles X. much sooner than I wished to see them, and we began to ascend together a winding stair in the round tower, which I have before alluded to The staircase was lighted by very narrow loopholes cut in the walls, which were of great thickness, requiring very deep embrasures. After ascending a little way, we entered the first of Mary's suite of rooms. It was, of course, the back room, or ante-room, referred to in the general description of the arrangement of the rooms already given.

On entering the room, every one is immediately struck with the extremely antique expression which characterizes the whole aspect of the interior. An old bedstead, with curtains and counterpanes discoloured and tattered; ancient-looking pictures, small and great, upon the walls and in the recesses of the windows; quaint and old-fashioned tables, supporting images and ornaments quainter still; and high-backed chairs, covered with ancient embroidery, the colours, some faded and some deepened by the long lapse of years, and all looking

fragile and ephemeral in the extreme. We often see in these old countries relics some centuries old, but they are generally in the shape of something substantial, which might have been expected to have survived the ravages of time. Old oaken carvings, statues, inscriptions, or scultured images in stone, meet us everywhere among ancient ruins. But the print, scarcely framed, which a lady hung up at the window of her bed-chamber, her work-basket, her bed, with its pillows and its curtains, the cushioned chair in which she was accustomed to recline, frail memorials like these, which nearly three centuries have done their best to consume, constitute a very extraordinary spectacle.

By this time there were twenty or thirty persons in the room, ladies and gentlemen, the company being formed of several parties combined. The conductress passed through them to the front, and began pointing out the various objects of interest in the room.

"That grate," said she, "is said to be the first grate introduced into Scotland. It was brought with Queen Mary when she came from France."

It will be remembered that Mary was sent to France to be educated, when she was very young. She attracted great attention while there, being universally admired for her beauty and accomplishments. She married the son of the King of France there, who was thus her first husband. He died, and Mary, in the midst of her affliction and sorrow, was compelled, by political influences, to return to Scotland. She came very much against her will; but queens can seldom have their own way. The grate was a large iron one, all in ruins. It stood upon the hearth of a great open fire-place, the sides lined with glazed tiles and—

But here my observations of the fire-place were cut short by,

"These chairs, ladies and gentlemen, were used by Mary herself. That double one was for herself and Lord Darnley, as you see by the inscriptions upon it."

It was a large arm-chair, wide enough for two persons to sit in. It had a decayed and old-fashioned, rather than an antique look, but was evidently intended for a splendid throne in its day. It had royal emblems embroidered in the covering, and the initials of Mary and of Darnley. Lord Darnley was Mary's cousin, and he became her husband not long after her return from France.—At first Mary regarded him with strong affection, and was disposed to associate him with herself in the government; and this double throne, as it were, was made under the influence of this regard. Her feelings towards him, however, soon changed. There are two sides to the question of the cause of the change. Lord Darnley had a young Italian, almost a boy, in fact, in his service, whom Mary subsequently made her private secretary. He was a gentle, affectionate, beautiful boy. Mary became very strongly attached to him. He wrote for her; he taught her Italian: he played to her, for he was a skilful musician. Now one opinion is, that this young man—his name was David Rizzio—acquired too strong an ascendancy over Mary's mind, and that he used this influence himself directly to Lord Darnley's disadvantage, or else that, through the natural influence of such an imprudent attachment on the part of a wife, she gradually lost her regard and affection for her husband. The other opinion is, that Lord Darnley lost the love and esteem of his wife by his own inherent faults and deficiencies of character, which gradually revealed themselves

after his marriage. At any rate, Darnley and his friends imbibed the opinion that David Rizzio had supplanted him in the affections of the queen, and they afterwards killed him.

"And this chair," continued the conductress, pointing to another near the double chair of state, "was embroidered by Mary herself."

We began to look at the embroidered covering of the chair.

"This picture," resumed the conductress, "is a representation of Mary in her execution robes, as she was led out to be beheaded by order of Queen Elizabeth, after an imprisonment of eighteen years."

Thus we passed along from one object to another, slowly enough, apparently, to satisfy most of the company, but so fast that I remained in the rooms while three or four successive parties came and went, before I could sufficiently examine them all. After thus surveying the ante-room, we went forward through an open door, which conducted us into Mary's own bed-room. The apartment was not large, and everything had the same darkened and time-worn expression with the room which we had just passed through. The bed was small and low; it had four very tall posts, and a dark-red canopy above. There was a certain elaborate workmanship about the coverings and curtains which indicated that it was intended to be somewhat magnificent in its time; but it had nothing of the elegant splendour in which a royal couch is decked at the present day. There were the same frail-looking pictures hung about the walls, and antique furniture at the sides of the room, as in the other apartments. The walls themselves were all covered with tapestry: the gobelin tapestry, manufactured near Paris. This tapestry

hung like a loose curtain all about the room. On raising it, we brought to view the bare, smooth stone surface of the wall behind.

If the reader will call to mind the description I gave at the outset of the position of this room, he will recollect that it occupies the centre of one of the projections from the front of the building, the ante-room being directly behind it. Of course, the ante-room had windows in the sides, and in the front a door, leading into Mary's bed-room. This bed-room itself, however, had its window in front, being the middle window in the flat part of the projection, and it can probably be identified by this description on any view of the palace to which the reader may have opportunity to refer. As we advanced to look out at this window, we found of course, that it commanded a view of the large, open square in front of the palace. As the walls of this part of the palace are very thick, the window recess was, of course, very deep. The sides of this recess were ornamented with engravings and specimens of embroidery which Mary herself had, perhaps, placed there. At one corner of this recess was the Queen's work-table; there was a box upon it, which the conductress opened. It was a work-box, spacious, and undoubtedly costly in its time, and enough like the work-boxes of the present day to be the type and progenitor of them all. There was the glass on the under side of the lid, the silk lining now decayed and torn, the pin-cushion filling one compartment, and other compartments empty, but intended to hold whatever, in those days, took the place of the thimble, the emery-bag, and the spool. There was in this box a beautiful miniature of Mary at the time of her marriage with Lord Darnley. The conductress took this picture out, and hung it upon a particu-

lar hook in the light of the window for the admiration of each successive party. The English visitors looked at it in silence; the French, of whom a party of a dozen came while I was there, filled the air with the exclamations, "*Ah! voila la reine!*" "*Ah! qu'elle est jolie.*" "*Elle est bien belle, Louise, n'est ce pas?*"*

There was a broad and shallow, and very delicately constructed basket shown us, which, tradition says, was used by Mary to hold the clothes of her infant son, the one who afterwards became James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland; and other similar memorials, which it was impressive to see, but would be tedious to describe. We will, accordingly, pass on into the two little rooms before referred to, which, it will be recollected, are in the round towers, built at the front corners of the great square projection, in the body of which the ante-room and the bed-room are situated. Of course, access to these towers must be obtained in the front corners of Mary's bed-room. We advanced first into the one on the left hand, that is, on the left hand as we approached the front of the room in the inside. It would, of course, be in the right-hand tower of the left square projection, to any one looking at a view of the building, or at the building itself, in front. The room was small —very small and square—notwithstanding the circular form of the tower on the outside. It was the queen's dressing-room. There were some old-fashioned, high-backed chairs there, covered with some sort of woollen stuff. There were two flower-stands, the stems for the support of which were quaint-looking figures, standing upon the heads and shoulders of each other in ludicrous attitudes.

* Ah! here is Queen Mary! Ah, how lovely she is! She is very beautiful, is not she, Louisa?

There was a looking-glass upon the wall; it was oval in form, and without a frame. The back was covered with a metallic plate, which was just brought over the edges in front. The reflecting powers of the surface were nearly gone.

We left the dressing-room, and crossed the bed-room again toward the door which led into the little cabinet in the other tower. Here were two doors, in fact, side by side; one led into the little cabinet; the other led into an opening in the wall, where was the staircase leading down along the whole northern side of the building into the chapel; this was the private staircase leading from the chapel to Mary's rooms, which has been already alluded to. Of course, the door at the head of it not only opened into Mary's bed-chamber, but it entered there close to the side of the little cabinet in the north-western round tower.

Lord Darnley and some of his friends formed a secret plan to assassinate Rizzio one night when he was at supper with the queen, with one or two other friends, in this little cabinet. They brought an armed force into the inner court of the palace; they crept up the private staircase, a ferocious man named Ruthven at their head; they came out into the bed-room, and some of them broke into the cabinet. A horrible scene of terror and suffering ensued. Rizzio fled to Mary for protection. She did all in her power to protect him, but in vain; they wounded him and dragged him from her; they took him out through her bed-room into the ante-room, and here they plunged their daggers into him and through him, again and again, committing fifty murders on one poor, helpless boy. The conductress took us to the place, and showed us certain dark discolourations in the floor and in the door-posts, which have been

shown as the traces of his blood, from the time of his assassination to the present day.

There is a portrait of poor Rizzio hanging up in the little cabinet. In looking upon the juvenile beauty of his face, every body acquits him of crime. At one visit, I heard a very inflexible moralist, of the purest Puritan blood, say he did not blame Mary for loving him. On the table, in this little room, or, rather, closet, lies the armour which Lord Ruthven wore on the night of the assassination: the iron breastplate, the heavy leathern boots, the gauntlets, and other equipments of an ancient soldier. The room has never been occupied since this terrible assassination took place. Crowds, of course, began, immediately after the event, to seek admission to the scene of it, and the long train of visitors has continued, with little interruption, ever since. The lapse of three centuries has but increased the numbers who take an interest in these rooms, and deepened the emotions with which they regard them.

I went down to the chapel, and wandered a while among the ruined aisles. It is full of tombstones and monuments, with inscriptions effaced by time. In one corner is a tomb where the Scottish kings were interred in leaden coffins. In Cromwell's time they wanted the lead for bullets, and put the bones upon the shelves which the coffins had themselves originally occupied, where we now see them by looking through the iron grating of the door. I lingered here after the party had gone; and in the interval which elapsed before a fresh supply of visitors came, I talked with the conductress who has charge of this part of the edifice, about the duties of her place. She seemed fatigued with the incessant calls upon her time and strength which the showing of the buildings

made. "It is very hard work," she said; "sometimes, too, they go away without paying us, and sometimes they laugh at us, and that makes us feel discouraged." In return for my expressions of sympathy and good-will, she helped me to get down some branches of an ivy plant which was growing upon the mullions of the eastern window, high above my head, and which I told her I should carry away as a precious relic. As I came out she showed me the entrance to Queen Mary's private stair-case, which led, as has been before remarked, from the chapel to her bed-room; and in a narrow passage leading from the chapel to the court of the palace, she pointed with her foot to one of the stones of the pavement beneath which the body of Rizzio was buried.

IX.

LINLITHGOW.

August 17.

Mary, queen of Scots, was born in her father's palace at Linlithgow, about twenty miles west of Edinburgh, not very far from the Forth, which here flows eastward into the sea. Linlithgow is, however, not directly upon the river, but some miles south of it, upon the shore of a little pond, or *loch*, as it is called. The pond is about a mile long from east to west, and the town is all built upon one street, which runs parallel to the shore of the pond, on the southern side, at a little distance from the water. Between the village and the pond, and

about opposite to the middle of it, is a large knoll, which projects a little, like a promontory, into the water. The palace was built upon this knoll, which had a flat surface upon the top of it, of about an acre in extent, which the palace and its courts almost entirely occupied. On the southern edge of it, however, where the avenue to the palace ascends from the village, an ancient church was built, which, together with the palace, and the walls and gateways connected with them, form now a venerable pile of ruins, in a romantic and beautiful position; and which are visited by many travellers, both on account of their intrinsic beauty and of their historical interest, more especially on account of the circumstance that they contain the apartment where poor Queen Mary was born.

We had learned the above facts from books, and, wishing to visit the ruins, we took places in the Edinburgh and Glasgow railroad train; and after half an hour's ride from Edinburgh, we were set down at the Linlithgow station, our party being left there by the train almost in solitude. The station was very near the eastern end of the town, and the inn was close to the station. If the reader will remember this, and if he has observed attentively what was said about the relative position of the street and the pond, and more especially still, if he will find Linlithgow and its little lake upon some map of Scotland, he will be assisted to obtain correct ideas of its geographical relations, which will enable him to understand, much better than he otherwise would do, the description which follows.

When we set forth from our inn to go to visit the ruins, we found ourselves in a broad and winding street, having an entirely different character

and expression from those of American towns. There was a macadamized carriage-way in the centre, upon which, however, a carriage was very rarely seen. There was a very broad paved side-walk upon each side, bounded by rows of stone houses, or, rather, cottages, close upon the street, without yards, or any thing green in front of them or between them. The street was, in fact, perfectly imprisoned between two continuous walls formed by the fronts of the houses. The buildings had a very venerable appearance, being quaint and antique in their forms. Here and there was an ancient looking structure, surmounted by an image of stone, and with a small pipe in the side of it, from which water was issuing; and girls were there with their pails to get water. Children were playing in the door-ways of the houses, and peasant-like looking women were sitting or standing at the windows, to observe the party of strangers as they passed. With these and similar exceptions, the street was empty and still.

We walked along, perhaps, to near the middle of the street, in respect to its length, when we came to an old octagonal structure, with grotesque sculptured figures all around it, each spouting water from its mouth, the streams being collected below. Here a street branched off at right angles, and, turning into it, we found a short and gentle ascent, terminated by an ancient gateway, with the lofty walls of the palace rising beyond it. We walked up the ascent, and approached the great gateway, where we were received by a very respectable-looking woman, who has charge of showing the place. We met some other visitors here, so that our party amounted now to five or six in number.

We were still outside of the palace, the gate-

way admitting us only to an inclosure in front of it, or outer court, as it might be called. The walls of the palace were before us. They were very picturesque in form, and covered with the crumbling and mutilated remains of ancient sculptures and inscriptions. Weeds and briers were growing in the windows and crevices. The roofs were gone. The whole had a very sad and sombre expression, which was increased by the melancholy sighing of the wind in the trees, aged and venerable, which were growing around. Between the trees we could see the waters of the little loch and the smooth green fields beyond.

We approached an arched door-way in front of the palace. It was closed by great doors, which our attendant opened. This admitted us into a large square court, surrounded by the buildings of the palace. This court was covered with a rank growth of grass. A mass of sculpture in ruins stood in the centre, which was originally a fountain. A little lamb, as perfect an embodiment of youth and beauty as the palace itself was of age and decay, was tethered to a little iron stake put down in the grass, so that he could feed in a circle about it. The lofty and roofless walls rose high all around us, the very picture of gloomy grandeur. There were inscriptions, and escutcheons, and relievos carved upon them everywhere. There were old niches, whose tenants—the images of saints and martyrs—had long since tumbled out and disappeared. And there were headless trunks, and noiseless heads, and fragments evidently something once, but perfectly shapeless now, which were still clinging to their positions; and long grass and tall bushes waved in the wind along the tops of the wall. On the whole, it was a scene of melancholy

desolation, of which they who have not seen such ruins can form but a very faint idea.

At each of the corners of the palace was a large tower containing a staircase, by which access was obtained to the apartments above. Our conductress led the way to one of these, and our whole party began to follow, except one gentleman, who, being not fully recovered from a recent illness, said he would not attempt to mount the stairs, but would remain below in the court and "talk with the lamb." The good lady, then, asking us to wait a moment, produced from some unknown quarter an antique chair, which we placed for our invalid on the sunny side of the fountain, and we then followed our conductress again to the arched opening in the tower. We came at once upon an old well-worn flight of stone steps, broad, massive, and solid, which ascended spirally within the tower. After mounting a while, we crept through an open door-way, and found just room to stand upon some little platforms of stone remaining in window recesses and corners, with weeds and grass growing upon them. After helping the ladies in—who advanced timidly to so narrow and precarious a footing—we found ourselves in a position where we could look up and down between the lofty walls, and trace out, by various architectural indications, the forms and character of the apartments which must have anciently existed there. The roof was gone, and so were all the floors; but we could replace the latter, in imagination, by means of the rows of holes where the beams had entered. There were also large sculptured fire-places here and there upon the walls, and niches, with and without the remains of the statues in them. From these and various other remarks, it was evident that there had been one spacious and highly-de-

corated apartment in this part of the palace. Our conductress told us it was the banqueting hall.

We crept back to our staircase, and soon found our way to another part of the palace where some of the floors remained, over which we strolled along through corridors and arches, surveying the various apartments as our conductress pointed out their uses. One was the great hall of parliament, where the old Scottish kings used to summon their counsellors together, and where, doubtless, there had been held many a stormy debate. There were remains of great magnificence in the architectural decorations around the doors, windows, fire-places, and upon the walls. Another apartment was the kitchen, with a most capacious fire-place—perhaps ten feet by six—under the chimney. Here we could stand and look up into the enormous flue, tapering gradually to a great height, the grey stones showing no marks that smoke had ever ascended.

In this manner we passed along from one old ruined hall to another, until we came, at length, to the western side of the palace. Here there was an apartment of which the floor was entire, being built of stone, and supported by arches. It was the room in which Queen Mary was born. Poor Mary! At the time of her birth her father was dying, far away; so that she began, in the very beginning of her life, with that sad series of calamities and misfortunes which followed her to the end.

We looked about upon the herbage upon the floor for some daisies to carry away, as memorials of our visit. Our conductress brought us a wall-flower, which grew in the crevices between the stones. We went to the window where, perhaps, Mary's mother first held the infant up to see the

light of day, and endeavoured to awaken its senses to the beauties of the outward world. The window commanded a wide prospect of the loch, of the village, and of the surrounding country. The world must have looked very lovely here to the infantile eyes which gazed upon it; though it clothed itself for her, in the end, in such sombre colours.

We had a still better view of the lake, soon afterward, from a sort of bow-window opening from a small cabinet, where private interviews were granted by the king. The prospect was very lovely, but it had a mournful expression. The loch seemed forsaken; it was very small. It would, even in America, have been called small as a pond, and a part of its surface was covered with aquatic grass and rushes. There were swans floating upon the water, and plunging their long necks among the sedges. At a little distance from the shore was a very small island, covered with willows—so small as to seem like a little green tuft growing out of the water. On the other side of the loch there were smooth green fields, sloping from a gentle elevation down to the water's edge, with here and there a foot-passenger walking along the shore. It was all beautiful, well justifying the following lines from Marmion, which are copied into all the guide books:—

Of all the palaces so fair,
   Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
   Linlithgow is excelling.
And in its park, in genial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune:
   How blithe the blackbird's lay.
The wild buck BELLS from thorny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake;
The saddest heart might pleasure take
   To see a scene so gay.

Our conductress next directed us to a staircase, where she said we might ascend to the top of the walls, at one corner of the palace, where an ancient watch-tower still remained, called Queen Margaret's bower. She herself remained below, and we, after mounting a long time, found ourselves upon the top of the main walls. Here, though the roofs around us were chiefly gone, there were small platforms and ramparts still remaining, which afforded us considerable space for clambering about. They were, however, all covered with vegetation; grass, and weeds, and briers grew everywhere. I gathered a sprig from a wild rose which I found there, waving its tall branches in the wind.

From one broad platform here, wider than the rest, a straight flight of steps led up to the watch-tower, which was perched on high, and appeared to have a very unstable foundation upon such crazy walls, and at such a vast height, and especially at a time when, as was then the case, a very high wind was blowing. There was a modern iron railing on one side of this staircase, and nothing at the door but a fearful prospect down into the deep and dismal abysses which yawned everywhere around us among the walls of the palace. We ascended, however, and entered the bower. It was a small hexagonal sentry-box, with a stone seat or step all around it inside, and narrow windows or loop-holes looking out at each of the six faces. Here, we are told, Queen Margaret watched for her husband coming home from the battle of Flodden.

This watch-tower, like all the rest of the palace, had been mended by the insertion of modern stones, wherever it could be strengthened and supported by such a repair. On one of these stones was cut

in letters, so sharp and well-defined as to show them to be of very recent date,

> "His own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's bower,
> All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.".

When we came down to the court-yard again, we found that our invalid friend had disappeared. We presently heard his voice on the top of the walls, in the opposite quarter from which we had descended. We talked with our conductress until he came down again, about the mutilated and crumbling images and inscriptions about us on the walls, and about her little lamb, Prince Charles, sole tenant of the palace. Our party were soon all collected again, and we came out through the great gateway by which we had entered, leaving the fleecy prince his palace and his solitude;—the humble but beautiful successor of a long line of very rough and restless kings.

The palace stands upon a little hill, or knoll, between the village and the lake, so that in leaving it we make quite a descent to return to the town. There is a similar descent on the three other sides toward the water, the swell of land being a sort of promontory projecting into the lake. The grounds on these three sides are varried with terraces and embankments, rounded by time, with the remains of old walls peeping through them here and there. They are shaded, also, by scattered trees, ancient and venerable. We returned to stroll about these grounds at sunset. Everything had a sombre air, exactly in keeping with such a ruin. A solemn stillness reigned over the whole scene. The green fields beyond the water, though luxuriantly fertile, seemed deserted and desolate. The swans looked lonely on the lake, and the sound of the wind in

the trees above us had the expression of a mournful sigh.

Beyond the village on the other side, opposite to the palace, the great Edinburgh and Glasgow railway runs along, through a region of fields, and modern-built villas. A canal accompanies it, which, with its basins of water, its tow-paths and bridges, assisted to give variety and beauty to the scenery presented to view in walking there. There are, however, long high walls and ranges of village buildings which intercept the view of these modern works from the palace and from the village street. On our return from our evening walk to the palace, we went around the village, and came home along the southern side, between the village and the canal. After rambling for some time in narrow lanes, among gardens and cottages, with now and then a quaint-looking church among them, we came to a little bridge, from the top of which we could see, on one side, the railway and the canal, with all the new and modern-looking structures connected with them—the gliding boats, the station-houses, the lines of telegraphic wires, and the thundering trains of cars—and on the other, the ancient village, and beyond it the clustered walls, and towers, and spires of the palace and church, embosomed among the ancient trees on the borders of the water. How strong was the contrast! The age that is past and the age that is to come were visibly embodied before us, side by side; the chivalry, the wars, the superstition, the romantic sorrows and sufferings of the one; the science, the energy, the industry, and the comforts and conveniences of the other; and so strong are the illusions of the imagination in such a case, that it was hard to resist the desire

that the railway and all its appurtenances might disappear again, and the palace be restored.

We remained in Linlithgow over the Sabbath. On Monday morning, just before leaving town, I went to take a farewell view of the palace. I did not find our conductress at her post, but there was a little girl there whose province it was to show an ancient church, which stands between the palace and the village, where they keep a chair that Mary sat in, and the font from which she was baptized. I sent this girl to find the keys of the palace, and in the meantime I entered the outer court-yard and went up to the porch before the main entrance. This porch, perhaps about fifteen feet square, was open in front, the doors by which admission was gained into the building being on the back side, in the line of the main wall of the palace. An old man, evidently blind, and apparently insane, was walking to and fro, talking to himself inarticulately. I at first thought him insane, but there were two children, of very tender years, seated at the threshold of the porch, very near him, and playing together with such an air of confidence and safety as seemed to forbid the supposition. They were pulverizing little fragments of soft stone, using a cavity in the door-sill, worn by footsteps, for a mortar, and pebble stones for pestles. I accosted the children, when the old man immediately stopped in his walk and looked, that is, turned his head, toward me. I entered into conversation with him, and found him not insane, but a sensible old soldier. He had lost his eyesight thirty years ago, in campaigns against Napoleon in Egypt, "by the opthalmy," as he said, a disease which all who have read the histories of those campaigns will remember prevailed very much among the soldiers while marching over the sands of the desert.

My little messenger at length returned, but without the key, as she had not been able to find the woman who had it in charge. She herself, however, undertook to show me about the grounds; so we passed through an iron gate, and walked about between the palace and the lake, on the open grounds which I have already described. These guides have generally a certain round of statements to make to you, beyond which they know nothing. All attempts to get any information beyond these limits are vain, resulting only in replies, of which my conversation with this girl is a pretty fair illustration. I knew that the land around the palace, which, though inclosed, was still open to the public by gates and stiles, and seemed to be a sort of common, was called *the Peel.* I asked the girl—she was twelve or thirteen years of age—why they called it the Peel.

"Sir?" "What does Peel mean? Why do they call it the Peel?" "I dinna ken, sir; they joost ca' it the Peel; and those hills across the loch are the Glororan Hills." "Glororan? How do they spell Glororan?" "G, l, o—I dinna ken, sir, joost how they spell it. And that hoose yon is—" And so she went on to tell me about the distant houses in view.

We went round the corner of the palace to the northern side. There were the remains of some kind of a structure, about twelve feet from the side of the palace, and three or four detached arches, or flying buttresses, as they are called, springing from it over to the wall of the building. As we walked under these arches, my young conductress continued, in her peculiar Scotch accent,—

"And this is the Dry Wells." "The Dry Wells!" I replied, stopping and looking about in vain for any appearance of any wells. "I do

not see any wells." "It's joost the Dry Wells." "But why do they call this place the Dry Wells? were there ever any wells here?" "I dinna ken," she said, going on as if anxious to get me away from the place; "they always ca' it joost the Dry Wells. And all that green brae," pointing to the eastern slope of the little swell of land on which the palace was built, "is the Giant's Grave." "Ah! was there a giant buried here?" "I dinna ken, sir; it is joost the Giant's Grave. And now I will show you the Lion's Den."

When she mentioned a lion's den, I thought I had now found a subject on which she would have something more to say than merely to repeat a name; for if any thing would awaken the curiosity and interest of a child, it would be this. But I found it was all the same. She led me along the top of a broad wall. The top was covered with grass and weeds, through which, however, there was a well-worn foot-path. At the end of this path we came to a round cavity like a well, walled up from the surface of the ground. We looked down into this cavity, which was ten or twelve feet deep; my guide saying, in the same tone as before, "And this is the Lion's Den."

"The Lion's Den!" I replied. "I think you must have made a mistake. This must be one of the dry wells." "Na, sir, na; it is joost the Lion's Den; and down at the bottom there is a sma' hole in the wa', where the boys can creep in and out." "Indeed! Well, it is a curious place; do you suppose, now, they ever kept a lion here?" "I dinna ken, sir; it is joost the Lion's Den."

I rambled about a little longer, but the hour was approaching for my departure by the Glasgow train, and I was obliged, though very reluctantly,

to leave the scene. The water of the lake was calm and smooth. The morning air was still. The old grey and crumbling walls seemed to repose camly in the summer's sun. Everything was beautiful; but the mind was continually recurring to the mournful story of Mary's life, and vainly endeavouring to form a picture of her infantile form reposing in her mother's arms, and looking out upon the lake and the meadows. As you say to yourself, these are the very fields, and this the very lake that she saw, and here, over our heads, is the very window from which she saw them. the whole landscape assumes a melancholy expression. The fields look sad, the lake forsaken, and even the venerable trees seem deserted and lonely. Poor Mary! Her memory spreads a sad and sombre atmosphere over every scene connected with her name.



X.

ENTRANCE INTO THE HIGHLANDS.

August 18.

In the western part of Scotland there is an extended mountainous region, intersected by numerous lakes and by deep bays from the sea, which allures a great number of tourists by its wild and picturesque scenery. This district has the name of the Western Highlands. Among its numerous sheets of water there are two lakes more celebrated than the rest, Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. Loch Lomond is easily accessible from Glasgow,

and Loch Katrine from Edinburgh. The passage across from one to the other is not more than four or five miles in length, but it is through a glen so wild, and by a road so rough and steep, as to be impracticable for regular coaches. The tourists who wish to visit these Highlands can set out from Edinburgh or Glasgow, and reach one or the other of these lakes by a very pleasant drive, and pass along the lake, whichever one they have reached, by a still more pleasant sail in the little steamboat which plies upon it; and then they have to go as they can, by droskies, ponies, or on foot, across from one lake to the other.

Loch Katrine, as will be seen from a map, is at right angles to Loch Lomond, and its extremity is nearly opposite to the middle of the latter lake. The steamer passes up and down through the whole length of Loch Lomond, stopping each way to take in the passengers who come across the glen from Loch Katrine. Our party entered the Highlands from the Edinburgh side. Our plan was to go through Loch Katrine and the glen, until we reached Loch Lomond, and to form our subsequent arrangements after our arrival there.

We travelled from Edinburgh very leisurely up the valley of the Forth, as broad and beautiful and rich a valley as the imagination can conceive. Distant mountains, drawing gradually nearer and nearer together as we approached the head of the valley, bound the view to the north and south. Between these mountains is a broad and luxuriantly fertile district, in some parts level, and in others gently undulating, covered with cottages, gardens, parks, villas, and plantations of trees, which continually vary the scene and present everywhere new pictures of peace and plenty.

The town and castle of Stirling stand on a rocky

hill, which rises like an island from this scene of fertility and beauty. We can see the grey towers and battlements of the fortress crowning its summit for twenty miles around. We spent a few hours in rambling about the castle itself, and over the long gravel walks winding about the declivities of the hill, and then took our seats upon the outside of the coach and went on. We rode at a hand-gallop, over a smooth and level road, for twenty miles further, when we reached what seemed to be the head of the valley. The mountains, which had been drawing nearer and nearer, now almost entirely hemmed us in. We ended the ride by driving, just after sunset, into a long street of cottages, with walls, some gray, others white, and roofs either thatched or tiled. The doors and side-walks, and, in fact, half the street, were all filled with the cottagers, and their wives and children, enjoying the evening air.

At the end of the village was the inn. Dark mountains rose behind it and around it on all sides. In front, in the centre of the valley, flowed a small river, meandering its way toward the fertile plains through which we had been travelling. We dismounted from our high seats and entered the inn; and, after getting possession of our quarters for the night, we sallied forth to take a walk, and see a waterfall not far off among the mountains.

We walked first back through the village, taking a boy from the inn door for a guide. We turned off from the street at last, and began to ascend, by a rough bridle-path, up one of the lower slopes of the mountains behind it. The land was destitute of trees, but it was covered with dense herbage, which gave it a smooth and not uninviting appearance. We had not proceeded far before we met two young girls who were coming down from

the pastures above. They were barefooted, but in other respects were comfortably enough dressed. They answered my salutation, as we passed them, first in English, and then in some words which I did not understand. I asked our little guide what they had said. "Oh," replied he, "only 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' in Gaelic." "Ah!" said I, "do they speak Gaelic?" "Yes, sir," said the boy; and then, addressing the girls, who had now come near to us, and were looking up with bright and beaming faces, he added, "Sing the gentlemen a Gaelic song." "Yes," said I, "let us hear it; sing away."

The children looked as if they were all ready to sing at the boy's invitation; but they did not begin until it was ratified by mine. The instant, however, that my words were uttered, they dashed together at once into the song. Their voices were clear and full; the air was simple, but very spirited and expressive, and required a rapid enunciation of the words, which they articulated with great distinctness, and in most perfect time. While singing, they turned away a little, from an instinctive modesty, so as to avert their faces from us; but as soon as their song was over, they turned to us again, and looked up with countenances beaming with an expression of satisfaction and enjoyment, and answered all our questions frankly and without fear.

We gave them a penny a piece, and asked them to go on with us to the waterfall. They very readily accepted the invitation, and kept with us for the remainder of the excursion, running to and fro, leaping over the brooks, pursuing each other around the tufts of heather, laughing, singing, and caroling like birds all the way. We were joined afterward by two more, who with the boy made

five, all under twelve years of age, who seemed to talk Gaelic, laugh Gaelic, and sing Gaelic all the way. The distance was a mile and a half; and what with their running, and jumping, and unnecessary clambering, and pursuing each other in endless circles and figures of eight, they expended strength enough for four times such a distance, and yet appeared to have just as much strength and elasticity at the end as at the beginning. They amused us all the way by their quaint answers to our questions—their simplicity, combined with quickness and intelligence, and by their boundless and irrepressible glee.

It was nearly dark before we reached the waterfall. We found a deep chasm, with sides ragged and irregular, and made picturesque by a growth of trees which were just numerous enough to adorn, without concealing the features of the scene. We scrambled down half way by a rough and irregular path. Below this the chasm became a fissure, or, rather, congeries of fissures extremely broken and irregular. At a narrow part of this fissure three small logs had been placed across it, fifty feet, it was said, above the water; and short boards were nailed across the logs, to walk upon—far enough, however, from each other to allow of a full view, through the wide crevices, of the foaming torrent below. Two poles for a railing completed this rustic bridge.

We went across it, though I thought the passage required some courage in the lady of our party. We clambered along the rocks upon the other side, until we reached a projecting shelf—a sort of Table Rock—below the fall, where we looked around upon a scene extremely wild, and which would have been desolate and gloomy had it not been for the glad and merry voices of our Gaelic chil-

dren, who climbed about the rocks, and ran up and down the declivities in ceaseless activity and joy.

The next morning at nine o'clock we found ourselves seated, with a dozen other passengers, in an open car before the inn door, ready to continue our journey up the valley, which becomes, from this point, a narrow glen. The covered coach goes no further. In fact, as almost every one who visits these Highland regions does it for the purpose of enjoying the views of the scenery, the passengers would not ride inside a coach if the opportunity were offered them. After a great deal of arranging and adjusting of persons and baggage, we set off, strangers to one another, yet all obviously in pursuit of the same purpose, as almost every one had a guide-book, or a map, or a copy of the Lady of the Lake in his hand. The mountains on each side of the way were dark and beautiful, wooded below, and covered on their higher declivities with a thick growth of heather and ferns, which gives them a spendid velvet-like clothing, variegated with the richest shades of brown and green. The sun and the clouds threw the shadows across these slopes in such a manner as to exhibit their changing forms, and vary continually their aspects and we advanced up the glen. At last, however, one of these mountain clouds, darker than the rest, sent us down a shower. Guide-books and maps immediately gave place, by a very sudden transformation, to cloaks and umbrellas. The shower lasted as long as it continued to be amusing, and then the sun came out again, and the umbrellas went down. In the meantime, through rain and through sunshine the horses cantered on, up hill and down, over a road extremely narrow, but extremely beautiful and smooth. There were

scarcely any human habitations to be seen, excepting here and there a little hamlet of half a dozen ancient cottages of stone, with brown walls and green roofs, made green by the waving grass which grew upon the ancient thatching.

The road which we were travelling passes along the shores of two small lakes, and at the end of the second one, called Loch Achray, it enters into a narrow and most romantic gorge through the mountains, called the Trosachs. In the middle of the gorge, which is about two miles from its commencement, the road is suddenly terminated by a sheet of water, which fills the whole breadth of the glen, from rock to rock, on either side. This is the commencement of Loch Katrine. There has been a narrow pathway hewn out—in some places entirely out of the solid rock—along one of the shores of Loch Katrine; but for all purposes of travelling, the road terminates at the loch, and a little steamer comes there to receive the travellers. There is, however, no place for an inn at the landing. The nearest convenient place for a human dwelling is at the other entrance of the gorge, where, in a very picturesque and beautiful situation, is a refuge for travellers, known among the Highlanders, and marked upon the maps, as the *Ardcheanochrochan* Inn. As this, however, is a name which none but a Highlander can pronounce, the inn is commonly known among tourists as the Trosachs Inn. Those who wish to stop at this pass make this inn their home. Others go on through the pass to the landing, and enter the steamer at once, which is there about the time of their arrival. If the coach arrives first, the passengers climb about the rocks, and walk along the shores, if the weather is fine; and if it rains, as it generally does among these

mountains, they seek shelter in an old stone boat-house, and sit wretched and forlorn, on planks or spars lying there, and wishing that they were comfortably at their own homes again.

We were to stop at the inn, at the entrance to the pass. It was in a very romantic situation.—There was a beautiful garden before it, enclosed with stone walls. The inn itself was built substantially of stone, and consisted of a square edifice flanked by a large round tower, so that it looked quite like a castle. There was a large porch before the door, completely enveloped and concealed with ivy and other climbing plants.—Around and behind the house there was a little village of cottage-like buildings, with walls covered with ivy, and roofs thatched, some of them arranged around a sort of court-yard, in which various foreign-looking carriages were standing. High mountains rose beyond; and there was a deep ravine, through which a large brook came tumbling down the rocks behind the inn, and then, turning to one side, passed across the road under an arched bridge. In front, beyond the road, were green fields where the hay-makers were at work, and beyond the fields the little Loch Achray, already spoken of, was spread out before us, with wooded banks, and a road winding under the cliffs, along its margin.

The inn is a sort of general rendezvous for tourists, and parties are continually arriving and setting off, of every rank and grade, from students travelling on foot, with knapsacks on their backs, to noblemen in sumptuous carriages, and with liveried attendants. The pass of the Trosachs is one of the most famous passes in Scotland, and, in fact, it is not unworthy of its fame.

We walked and rode several times through the

pass from the inn to the steamboat-landing on the lake. The road winds between steep and rugged mountains, generally among forests, where woodmen were at work cutting down trees which had been marked for this purpose. As you approach the lake, the glen becomes more wild, and the mountains more precipitous and more lofty. Loch Katrine commences between two of the loftiest peaks, called Benvenue and Benan. Benvenue is an enormous mass, clothed with a dense covering of heather and ferns, which gives to its furrowed surface a very rich and soft expression, and makes it extremely beautiful when the sun shines obliquely along its sides. Benan is like Benvenue, except that a great conical and rocky peak towers upwards at its summit. The reader must not understand that Benan and Bevenue are single and isolated ranges. These names mark only the highest points of great ranges, behind which the waters of Loch Katrine, winding tortuously, insinuate themselves as far as to the middle of the ravine which separates the mountains from each other.

We left the inn in sunshine. When we reached the lake the mountains were enveloped in clouds, and we were driven into the boat-house by showers of rain. Half an hour afterward we were climbing up the precipices on one side of the lake, looking down upon its dark waters far below us, and quoting the Lady of the Lake, of which this end of the loch was the scene. Roderic Dhu's Watchtower is a rocky hill, a sort of spur from Benvenue, rising some hundred feet from the margin of the water, on the southern side. Around a promontory is an island called Ellen's Isle, which tourists often visit in boats kept for the purpose by boatmen belonging to the inn. These boats have a very picturesque appearance in such a wild spot, as we

looked down upon them at one time from the little eminences at the foot of Benan, to which we had ascended, and where, reclining on the soft heather, we could survey the magnificent scene around us in comfort and at our leisure. The steamboat came in at that time, too, and, after lying fifteen minutes so close under the cliffs at our feet as to be entirely hidden by them, and filling the valley with the blasts of her steam, she came forth into view again, and paddled away with her dozen passengers, under the rocks and around the promontories, until she was lost to sight beyond Ellen's Isle.

We embarked the next day on board this little vessel. It was the smallest steamer I ever saw afloat. It was, in fact, an open boat, long and narrow, with a little engine in the centre, and seats around the sides. It is true, there was a sort of canvas canopy over the seats in the stem, with windows in the sides, but there were no decks, except a partial one about the engine, where, perhaps, ten persons might stand. The cylinder was of fourteen inches diameter, and about two feet stroke; but it performed its work very well, and carried us rapidly along, sometimes through sunshine, sometimes through misty clouds, which came rolling down upon us from the declivities of the mountains, and sometimes through pouring showers of rain.

At length we landed, and then commenced the journey over the *portage* to Loch Lomond. Some of the company set off briskly to walk, with knapsacks on their backs, or bags strapped to their sides; others mounted ponies; and others, forming parties for this purpose, got into *droskies*, a sort of two-seated gig; and thus we set forth, a very miscellaneous-looking procession, travelling forlorn and disconsolate through mud and rain.

The results of weather records which have been kept in the Western Highlands show that it rains, on an average, two days out of three throughout the year. It is true that the proportion is greater in the winter than in the summer months; but in the summer months, according to our experience, it rains about two days out of four; and all travellers visiting these regions ought to take this into the account beforehand, for then the evil is much more easily borne. Nor is it, in fact, altogether and wholly an evil. A mountainous glen has a wild and sublime expression when storms are driving through it, entirely different from that which it possesses when in sunshine and repose. Sometimes a mass of mist, advancing slowly, brings out to view new forms and new outlines, as it cuts off in succession those which were more remote, or shades them differently from those that are near, thus giving a depth and a distance to the background of the picture which would not otherwise have been seen. Sometimes a black cloud hangs lowering over a dark gorge in the mountains, concealing the summits from view, but heightening the sublimity of the scene by adding its own gloom to that of the fearful ravine over which it reposes. At one moment our attention is attracted by a white cloud, lying like a cap upon the summit of a lofty peak; and at another, by great masses of vapour scudding swiftly along the face of a declivity, or reposing quietly in the bosom of some elevated glen, where they increase rapidly for a time, with signs of great internal commotion, and then as rapidly melt away and disappear.

We observed these phenomena, which continued to present themselves, with intervals of sunshine and brightness, as we rode through the glens.

We were surprised to see how destitute they were of human dwellings. Not only here, but in all the other Highland valleys which we afterward visited, the land seemed almost entirely destitute of inhabitants. In attempting to conceive of one of these glens, the reader must dismiss from his mind all ideas taken from New England scenes; the cheerful "openings" of the settlers; the enclosed fields and pastures; and the group of barns and sheds about the farmer's dwelling. Instead of all this, you must imagine a great valley many miles in extent, but all naked and open to your unobstructed view; the steep and lofty declivities on each side covered with a rich, smooth, and soft carpet of grass and heather, over which are thinly scattered the sheep and the cattle, to which man has everywhere given way. Along in the bottom of the valley runs a smooth but very narrow road. You pass here and there a solitary hut of stone, with a few small patches of cultivation around it. There is sometimes a second hut for a cow-house, but as often, perhaps, one roof covers both the cotter and his cow. You meet no cart or team in the road, and no farmer's waggon. There are tourists and sportsmen, some on foot, some in private carriages, and some in the mail-coaches and in *cars*. Here and there you come to an inn, with several cottages in its neighbourhood; and when you enter it, you are surprised to find how well they can supply you with the comforts and elegancies of life. In fact, the whole land is given up to sheep, and cattle, and grouse, and to sportsmen and tourists, the sole occupation of the cottagers being to take care of the one, and that of villages to provide for the other.

I stopped at one of the huts I have described. It was the residence, my drosky driver told me, of

an old woman more than seventy years of age, who lived there alone, dependent on the parish for her support. She had company while I was there, a neighbour having called in to see her. I call her a neighbour, though I think the nearest house was a mile distant. The old lady had a cow, and I called for a glass of milk. There was but one room in the hut, though a portion of it was divided off by tattered curtains for a bed-room. It was very dark within, and everything was blackened by smoke. The fire was on a stone upon the floor; there was a small kettle over it, held by a chain which was supported at the upper end by three poles, forming a sort of tripod over the fire. What became of the smoke above I do not recollect to have observed.

Many travellers are much surprised, in first visiting the Highlands, at finding so thin a population, and so few traces of the ancient Highland manners. We form our ideas from histories and and tales, which refer to a period now a hundred years gone by, and are surprised not to find these conceptions now realized. The Highlanders continued under their chieftains, and organized as clans, until about a century ago, when the British crown passed from the house of Stuart to the house of Hanover. The clans resisted this change, and, consequently, came into conflict with the English Parliament. Their attempt to support the Stuarts was finally put down, in so far as military operations were concerned, at the great battle of Culloden, near Inverness, in the north of Scotland; and, to prevent a renewal of such contests, the English government passed laws, from time to time, the effect of which was first to destroy the jurisdiction of the chiefs, and then to deprive them of their wealth and consideration in their

clans, and, finally, to bring in other persons as purchasers and grantees of the lands, until the whole system was changed, and it lives now only in lingering memories of the past, and in song. The clans are all intermingled and scattered; the chieftains are nearly forgotten; the dress is seldom seen, except as a sort of spectacle on occasions of ceremony; and the whole population have become the shepherds and herdsmen of English and Scotch proprietors, or, rather, of the *tacksmen*, who hire the grazing of the land. Many things make it a striking and interesting region to visit. The smoothness of the roads, the abundance of conveyances, the comforts of the inns, and the strange wildness of the scenery, all conspire to fill the country, every summer, with tourists of every degree—from the queen who penetrates far into the land on the locks by her royal yacht, to the student who walks from glen to glen, with his knapsack on his back, and his guide-book or his spy-glass strapped to his side.

The sportsmen constitute another class who visit these regions in clouds. The hills and moors are covered with a sort of bird somewhat similar to the partridge, called the grouse. The right to shoot them is reserved by the proprietor, generally, for his own use, or that of his friends; or, if he lets it, it is generally to some different party from the one who "takes the grazing." The twelfth of August is the day for the shooting to commence; before that time it is prohibited by law. When the day approaches, large numbers of the gentry from the south flock northward, with dogs and guns, to be ready "to take the moor" the moment the shield of parliamentary protection over the poor birds is withdrawn. The proprietor of an estate builds for his accommodation, during the shooting season, a

sort of summer-house, called a shooting-box. This dwelling is furnished with all sorts of implements of hunting and fishing, and constitutes the place of repose for the party at night, and their refuge in storms. Some of these hunting-boxes are very plain and primitive structures; others are spacious and costly; but all arranged and furnished in a wild and rustic style, in order that the noble occupants may find in them, for a few summer weeks, a spirited and piquant contrast to the elegancies, refinements, and splendours, with the sight of which they become satiated and tired during the rest of the year, in their castles and halls in the country, and in their gay saloons in London.

XI.

LOCH LOMOND.

August 19.

The reader must imagine me seated in a very little chamber in the garret of an ancient stone cottage, called Rowerdennan Inn. The room is approached by a rude stone staircase on the outside of the building. Half of the floor of the room is occupied by two beds, placed head to head, opposite to the door. The roof inclines each way, leaving only a narrow place in the centre where one can stand upright. In one of these sloping sides there is a sliding window of two panes, under the light of which I am writing. The house is in the middle of a small tract of smooth and fertile

land, and is surrounded with little gardens, fields, trees, and cottage-like looking sheds and barns—the whole lying on the shore of Loch Lomond. There is a little bay, with a winding sandy beach, bordered by rocky points and promontories. A broad foot-path leads from the rude stone pier, which projects from this beach into the water, up to the inn. As I stand at the door of my chamber, I see the smooth surface of the lake spread out before me, and dark mountains towering all around till they are lost in misty clouds. We are *told* that we are at the foot of Ben Lomond; but the clouds have drawn a veil over all the lofty peaks around us, as if to withdraw them for a time from view, in order to give the more humble summits their share of attention and honour.

We came in sight of Loch Lomond at about the middle of its length, by the way of a high mountain pass from the eastward. When we arrived at the end of this pass we looked down from it to the lake, which was spread before us far below, in the bottom of a long and narrow valley. We were travelling in a *drosky*, which is a sort of open car with two seats. Heavy clouds and mists were rolling along the glen, and hanging upon the declivities of the mountains, bringing out to view, however, rather than concealing their forms, by revealing one outline after another as they moved along. The scene was very picturesque, but very uncomfortable; for the rain poured down at intervals in merciless torrents, from which our umbrellas afforded very ineffectual protection. The magnificent prospect, however, of the lake, and of the dark and deep valley in which it was reposing, was rendered more sublime by the grand and gloomy effect produced by the clouds and showers.

Travellers riding in the rain, however, are

generally much more interested in the prospect of an inn than in prospects of the picturesque; and we were chiefly pleased with the lake's coming into view, on account of our expectation of finding shelter down upon the shore of it. It was but a quarter of a mile further down the hill, and we were congratulating ourselves with the thought that our comforts for the day were over, when the drosky stopped, and, on inquiring what was the matter, our Highland coachman told us that we could not ride any further. The road down to the shore was too steep for wheels to descend. As we had a lady in charge, not much accustomed to roughing it, this was not very agreeable news. There was, however, no help, and, umbrellas in hand, we descended a very steep and slippery road for a long and tiresome way, which, at least, helped us to realize how deep is the vast ravine at the bottom of which the dark waters of Loch Lomond lie.

We found the inn at a moderate elevation from the beach, on a sort of shelf of land, surrounded by forests, and overtopped by the steep declivity which we had descended; and with nothing to enliven its absolute solitude but a great cascade, which came foaming and tumbling down a rocky glen by its side. As I have before stated, Loch Lomond extends from north to south. The point at which we had approached it was near the middle of the eastern side. We expected a steamboat to come up the loch from the southward, and there were twenty or thirty wet and weary tourists like ourselves awaiting its arrival; some drying themselves at the kitchen fire; some standing upon a little lawn in front of the inn watching for the boat; and some, regardless of the rain, were rambling about upon the shore, or leaping from

rock to rock at the foot of the waterfall. The stream was swollen by the rain, and the cataract formed quite an imposing spectacle.

At length the little steamer came gliding into view around a prominent point of land across the the lake, its last landing-place, before coming for us, having been upon the other side. Our company moved down towards the shore, followed by porters loaded with luggage. The trunks and carpet-bags were put on board a boat, which was lying at a rustic pier. The passengers crowded in after the luggage, the ladies taking their seats in the stern, and the gentlemen standing as they could, wherever the trunks and the oarsmen left them room. In this condition we pushed off slowly toward the steamer, which inclined towards the shore to receive us. We drew up alongside; we exchanged a boat-load of embarking for a boat-load of landing passengers, the steam-pipe keeping up a deafening noise through the whole transaction, as if the engine were impatient of delay. The boat pushed off; the steam-pipe was hushed; the paddle-wheels recommenced their revolutions, and we found ourselves ushered into a new and peculiar scene.

The steamer was small, and was evidently constructed especially for the accommodation of tourists who travel to *see*. There was a narrow saloon occupying the whole length of the boat, behind the engine, as wide as a railroad car, and twice as long. There were haircloth seats all around the sides of the saloon, and a table at one end, which, so far as it extended, filled up the whole interior. This little saloon was all the boat; the structure not being large enough to allow of either a deck above or a cabin below. It had windows along the sides, from which, in rainy weather, the tourists,

shut up within, could look out upon the mists and clouds driving along the declivities of the mountains, between which the narrow loch lies imprisoned.

There was, however, a little raised deck further forward, with seats around it sufficiently capacious, perhaps, to accommodate a party of twenty. This platform, being higher than most other parts of the boat, afforded a fine view of the loch and of the adjacent shores; and the settees upon it were generally well filled with gazers, both in sunshine and rain.

In this boat I afterward made several voyages on the lake, and it must be admitted that the series of views which its shores present constitute a very extraordinary spectacle. As it first strikes the eye, one's impression is that the loch is simply a long and narrow sheet of water, bordered by lofty mountains which rise abruptly from the water's edge, and are endlessly varied in contour, but all clothed to their summits with a rich, soft, and velvet-like covering of deep green and brown. The whole scene, though inexpressibly beautiful and grand, seems at first an absolute solitude. On a more careful inspection, however, we perceive that the shores are more distant than we at first imagined, and that there is a border near the water, where there are glimpses here and there of a smooth and cultivated field, and now and then a cottage. And when, in consequence of some curvature in the direction of the loch, our course lies, for a few minutes, nearer than usual to the shore, we can distinguish a road winding along, not far from the beach, with a carriage alternately appearing and disappearing among the trees; and scattered sheep and herds of cattle come into view,

grazing, sometimes at great heights, on the declivities of the mountain.

The steamer, in the meantime, advances in a zigzag direction from one side of the loch to the other, to touch at points where ravines, running off at right angles to the shore, open a way for a road to some other loch or distant glen. Where such ravines open upon the shore, there will generally be a little tract of cultivated land, with a landing and an inn, and perhaps an old stone cottage or two besides. The entire absence, however, of all indications of business or traffic at these points seems very strange to American eyes. The wharf is always a mere rustic pier for foot passengers to land upon from a boat. The only goods received or landed are aristocratic-looking trunks, portmanteaus, and bonnet-boxes; and the travellers are all tourists, in search of the picturesque, with maps, spy-glasses, and guide-books in their hands, and having, in all respects, the air of a party of pleasure. There is, in fact, no business, as there *seems* to be no local population. The few faint traces of the presence of man along the shores have to be sought out with scrutiny and care. To the general view the whole scene appears a wild, but rich and luxuriant solitude, which must be beautiful in sunshine, and certainly is sublime when enveloped, as we saw it, in clouds and storms.

From one of the landings above described, where I stopped to spend the night, I strolled out after dinner, that is, just in the edge of the evening, to take a walk along the shore. The narrow strip of habitable land, which was scarcely to be perceived from on board the steamer, expanded, when I came to walk upon it, into a broad region of fields and groves, from which sometimes neither the mountain on one side, nor the lake on the other, could be

seen. At a little distance from the inn, I overtook a peasant girl, very neatly dressed. She had, what was a little unusual, a bonnet on her head, and she carried a basket and an umbrella in her hands. As I came up to her, just after crossing a brook which came tumbling down the mountains in a foaming cascade, and was here crossing the path on its way to the loch, I observed that she stopped, and was stooping down, as if doing something about her feet. I at first walked slowly, to give her time before I should approach, but she continued intent in her stooping posture, and I began to imagine that some accident might have happened to her foot. I asked her if anything was the matter; and she replied, very naively, that "there was na' onything the matter," she was only "taking off her shoes and stockings, because they hurt her feet." The road was very rough "a little further alang," and she could "gang better barefoot."

This mode of facilitating one's passage over a rough and stony road was somewhat new to me.—Without, however, concluding to adopt it myself, I waited a moment for her, and we walked along together. She answered all my numerous questions about her condition and mode of life with great frankness and propriety, but yet with the utmost modesty and delicacy of behaviour. We came at length to a little stream, broad though shallow, which flowed across the path. "Dear me," said I, "what shall I do now? I cannot get across this water."

"Na," said she, "you canna get across here; but stop, I'll pit a stane for ye."

She walked through the water very composedly, and placed stepping-stones for me, after which we went on again together.

Our path led us sometimes close along the

shore, sometimes a little further back, through groves of trees planted by the proprietor. The scene was everywhere beautiful; and, though we sometimes lost sight both of the loch and of the mountain, we were never out of hearing of the waves dashing upon the beach of the one, or of the cascades descending the declivities of the other.—At length, after following the path diagonally up a gentle slope, with a field of oats above and below, we came, at the top of the declivity, to an ancient Highland cottage, with grey stone walls and thatched roof. A woman, very neatly dressed, and with a very intelligent, and even handsome countenance, stood at the door. Two or three of her children were near her. One of them was a beautiful little girl of seven, with her hair hanging in curls upon her neck, and arranged in a manner to show that maternal pride, as well as other human instincts, might flourish in a Highland cottage. My good-natured conductress was going further. I accordingly bade her good-bye, and stopped myself at the cottage-door.

After some minutes' conversation with the mother and her child, on the great flat stone which served both for step and platform, I was invited to walk in and rest myself. I readily accepted the invitation. The room was very small, and I had to stoop to enter. A pet lamb, full grown, a dog, and a kitten ran out as I went in. The floor was of flat stones embedded roughly in the ground. There was no chimney, though there was a fire in the back part of the room, built against a large square stone, placed there to sustain it. There was a rough sort of ceiling overhead, formed of poles laid close together from the top of the wall on one side to the other. Directly over the fire there was a large square opening in this ceiling,

through which most of the smoke from the fire disappeared, but what became of it above I could not see. Down through this opening a chain descended, and a kettle was hung from it over the fire. The fire itself was made of small dry sticks which the boys in America would have despised as materials for even a bonfire.

In conversation with my hostess, I remarked very freely on every thing I saw, comparing the arrangements of her cottage with the corresponding particulars in dwellings of a similar class in America. I told her of houses made of logs, of the capacious fire-places, and of the great piles of wood heaped up before the farmer's doors for the supply of their winter fires. I told her that in many parts of America the forests were so abundant that the trees were cut down and destroyed to get them out of the way, adding, that I supposed that here they were not allowed to cut the trees. "Na, na," she replied, "we dare na coot a tree. We should be driven oot of the land entirely, and be fined forby."

The children had the hooping-cough. The boy, five or six years of age, ran to cling to his mother during the paroxysms of coughing, and looked timidly at the stranger, and turned his head away from all my attempts to win his confidence with precisely the air and manner of a sick child on the banks of the Connecticut or the Androscoggin. The mother, too, had lost one child not long before, and she stated the fact to me with the same tones of voice, and received my expressions of interest and sympathy with the same indications of gratification and pleasure, as are prompted by the maternal heart in every quarter of the globe, showing that, whatever differences there may be in

other things, disease and death are everywhere the same.

On my return to the inn, which seemed, now that the evening had come on, very solitary and still, I met a young gentleman, who had apparently just arrived. We fell into conversation, and finally made an arrangement to ascend Ben Lomond together the next morning, if the weather should prove favourable. He was obliged, he said, to leave the place at half past eleven by the steamer, which was to pass at that hour; and, in order to be able to return from our excursion at that time, we found that it would be necessary to set out very early. We finally separated, and retired for the night, after making an arrangement with the waiter to be called at half past five, "if the weather was fine."

I awoke, or, rather, half awoke at five, and hoped that it was raining. On listening, I found that it was not actually raining, but the wind was whistling through the crevices in my little skylight window, as described at the commencement of this letter, with a very ominous sound. To make sure of my right to go to sleep again in peace, I rose and looked out. The sky was half covered with clouds, but they "had lifted" from the mountains, and a fresh wind was blowing down the loch, rippling and darkening the surface of the water. A cloudy cap was resting on one of the peaks in view, indicating a storm. Nevertheless, the summons came. We took a hasty breakfast, and, following our guide, we commenced our ascent.

Ascending mountains is pretty much the same thing in all countries, excepting Scotland. Scotland is peculiar in this respect, viz., that, after leaving the narrow region of fields and farms

which lie in the valleys, there are never forests, or even trees, to confine the view, and yet every mountain side and every glen is clothed with as rich a verdure and beauty as any forest can give. In all the mountains around me, as I sit writing these paragraphs on the landing of the stairs by which I ascend to my little garret-chamber, there is not a rock or a stone to be seen. A soft, rich cushion of green aud brown covers the whole, beautifully variegated with the different shades of verdure, which grass and heather in their various combinations assume, and by the changes of light and shade produced by the undulating surface, and by the movement of the clouds.

As we ascended the lower declivities of Ben Lomond we had these views presented to us in every direction. We soon began to look down upon the lake. Our inn was seen, with its yards and gardens, in a little dell, a gentle swell of land lying between it and the loch. There was the little bay, too, extending up near to the inn, with the winding beach, and the boats drawn up upon the sand, or moored to the little pier. As we rose higher the whole southern half of the loch came gradually into view, expanding wide, and dotted with islands; and the northern part, narrow, dark, and deep, and hemmed in with lofty mountain slopes of the richest green on either hand. My companion asked the guide where the floating island was, and quoted to me an old Highland saying about Loch Lomond, that it was

"Famous for three things:
Waves without winds,
Fish without fins,
And an island that swims."

There were various opinions about the fish al-

luded to in this ancient distich. Some thought it referred to one animal, and some to another. The guide insisted that it was "a kind of sarpent, half the length of my stick—a striped kind of baste, swimming through the wather." The floating island was only a bank of sand, which was covered with something green in summer, but was submerged in winter when the water is high. By thus disappearing, and afterwards returning to its place, it obtained the credit, in ancient days, of sometimes floating away. As to the waves without winds, the guide insisted that such a phenomenon was often witnessed. It is probable, however, that in that part of the distich there is more of rhyme than reason, though not much of either.

Stopping occasionally to talk about such things as these, we slowly ascended, opening new glens, and bringing new lochs and new mountain summits continually into view. We reached, at length, the brow of a broad projection from the mountain range, where our attention was attracted by a heap of stones, a sort of rude monument, such as is often made in the Scottish Highlands, to commemorate any remarkable event of mere local interest. Such a structure is called a *cairn*. This cairn was built in memory of a young American lady's adventure, in spending a night upon the mountain here alone. Our guide told us, that in coming down the mountain the party stopped here to rest. The young lady rambled away a short distance, and before she returned, the others, supposing that she had gone on, proceeded after her, but, not finding her, they returned to their resting-place, and made diligent search all around it. A mist came on, and the young lady got completely bewildered and lost. Guides and shepherds, summoned from below, spent all night in the search,

but she was not found until the morning, when they discovered her in a sad condition of exhaustion and terror, in the midst of a bog, and entangled among the rocks and heather.

We found sheep scattered over all the declivities of the mountains, even to the very summits. They belong to a tenant who leases all the land for miles up and down the loch from the duke who holds it as proprietor. This tenant leases the cottages and the small fields about them to the cotters, making of the rest a great grazing farm, which he stocks with sheep, and manages through the cotters, whom he employs as shepherds and labourers. The guide beguiled the way, as we slowly toiled up the mountain, by explaining to us how the shepherds managed the flocks—how often they came up the mountains to see them—and how often, and for what purposes, they collected them together. As we passed on in this way from height to height, the views in every direction extended until we had almost a third part of all Scotland under our eye. Off to the south was Arthur's Seat, which we had climbed at Edinburgh, and between it and us there lay the broad valley which we had been travelling for so many days. There was Stirling Castle, rising on its rocky hill from the midst of verdant fields and meadows, like a fortress on an island. There were the lakes, whose shores our road for the last two days had skirted; and near us Ben Venue and Ben An, in the midst of fifty other similar peaks, lifted their dark-green heads to the skies.

At length we approached the summit. Very near the highest point was a hut built by a corps of sappers and miners in the British service, who occupied the mountain for some time as a station

for a trigonometrical survey. There was a large cairn on the very summit, built so substantially that the traveller might mount to the top of it in pleasant weather, and thus add some dozen feet to the elevation of his point of view. The weather was very pleasant for us. The cool breeze of the morning had died entirely away; the air was calm and serene, and the rocky and moss-covered summit seemed to smile in the rays of the summer's sun. The atmosphere was unusually transparent. "Ye can see," said the guide, "a long distance the day. There are a few clouds high, but they dinna hinder the seeing. Ye have a very nice kind of a view the day."

The guide delivered the usual lecture on geography in pointing out and naming the various lochs, and peaks, and castles, and towns which were visible from the summit, and then laid down upon the moss-covered rocks to rest and sleep, while we wandered about at our leisure and surveyed the scene.

My companion, who was a Scotchman from the Lowlands, was very much interested, as, in fact, I myself also was, in looking down a vast precipice on the northern side of the mountain, where, in the bottom of a deep, dark glen, a little stream meandered to and fro among the moss and heather. We could see the little spring where it issued from the ground, and could trace its course, gradually enlarging as it advanced, for many miles; it was the river Forth, the stream whose broad estuary, north of Edinburgh, forms the harbour for half the commerce of Scotland. Loch Lomond was on the other side, and far off at the southern end of it, among the islands which there covered its surface, we could distinguish a small, dark spot, with a little tuft of cloudy vapour floating above it:

it was the steamer commencing its voyage up the lake. The tourists on the little raised platform upon its deck were probably gazing upon the peak where we stood, though unable, at that distance, even to distinguish the lofty cairn which crowned its summit. We rolled stones down the precipices, until far beneath us we saw a sheep bounding out to a projecting shelf of rock, and then gazing up at us with an attitude and look expressive of astonishment at our recklessness. After this reproof, we occupied ourselves with the more harmless amusements of studying the geological character of the rocks, and gathering the small and delicate white flowers which we found here and there in the short grass, to preserve between the leaves of our guide-books, as souvenirs of the ascent of Ben Lomond.

On coming down the mountain, we met, perhaps a mile from the summit, another party ascending. They were mounted upon ponies, and had stopped at a spring to rest and refresh themselves with a drink. The lady of the party looked a little anxious and fearful. We endeavoured to dispel her apprehensions by stating, what was true, that she would find the path smoother and better for the remainder of the way. They drank from my silver *quaich*, which the guide admired, saying, it was "a very braw one," and then passed on. In resuming our march, we attempted to ascertain from our guide what was the plural of the word *quaich*, which is Gaelic. At first it was difficult to make him understand the question, being probably not much accustomed to trouble his head with philological inquiries among those mountain solitudes. "What is the plural of *quaich*, guide?" said we.

"He did na ken; he did na exactly understand."

"Why, suppose there were two of them," said my Lowland companion, holding up the quaich; "suppose there were two of these, what would you say?"

"Oh, *ta*," replied the guide: "joost *ta*."

"Yes, *ta* is two; but what be the other word? *ta quaichs?*"

"Na, na, joost *ta quaich*. There's na *s* till it. Ye see the Gaelic is different a' thegither. Ye wad na believe how different it is, unless ye understood it."

As we continued our descent, Donald told us that there was to be a wedding across the loch that afternoon, and that he was to be "best man," that is, groomsman. The bride and bridegroom lived together down the lake, on this side, and the minister some miles down on the other. The minister was to come across the water, and the bridal party were to come up and cross in boats, thus meeting the minister half-way. With a little encouragement on our part, the guide gave us an invitation to go to the wedding. The Lowlander afterwards made some inquiries at the inn, and found that there would be nothing unusual nor improper in our accepting the invitation. So we ordered an early dinner as soon as we arrived at the inn, and prepared ourselves to join the wedding-party immediately afterwards.

We were notified of the approach of the cortege by the discharge of a gun. On going out into the yard, we found a large party of peasant-like looking men and women, all neatly dressed, and standing quietly in the road-way which passed behind the inn. They were in two groups, the bride being the centre of attraction in the one, and

the bridegroom in the other. The "best man" and his assistants were carrying about a small waiter with three or four wine-glasses upon it, filled with whisky. Each of the company took a glass, and drank, sometimes a small part, and sometimes the whole; while the bearer of the waiter continually replenished the glasses from a bottle which he carried in his hand. The whole scene was enlivened now and then by the report of the musket, which was borne by a young man of seventeen, and discharged from time to time, at his discretion.

The company soon afterward moved toward the beach. The bride's party went first, and the bridegroom and his company followed at a considerable interval. They embarked in two different boats, placing *us*, that is, my Lowland companion and myself, in very honourable seats, near to the bride. The Lowlander entered with all his heart into the gaiety of the occasion, talking their dialect, and in precisely their tone, now teazing the bride about "her mon," who was coming on, as if in brisk pursuit, in a boat behind, and now attempting to make a new match between the bridesmaid, who was one of the chambermaids of our inn, and Donald, the groomsman, our monutain guide. This last plan, however, did not seem to succeed; the bridesmaid declaring, with a countenance of mingled pleasure and confusion, that she would not agree to any such plan. He endeavoured to overcome her objections by, "Ye surely canna refuse such a canny lad as he. I can recommend him till ye. We ken him weel. He guided us up Ben Lomond the morning."

At length we landed. At a little distance from the beach was a building, half ferry-house, half inn, where we were to meet the minister. We went

into one of the rooms of this house, and took our seats in chairs all around the sides of it. After a few minutes a fiddler came in, and four of the company took their places upon the floor to dance a reel. The belles wore their bonnets, and the beaux enforced the emphatic passages of the music with a loud clapping of hands, and sometimes with sort of sudden outcry, which appeared me like anything but an expression of gaiety and joy. After the first dance was over, they came to us and insisted on our leading off the second reel. On my representing to them that I was entirely unacquainted with the Scotch dances, being a foreigner, and that, of course, I should only throw them into confusion if I attempted to to join them, they kindly excused me, but my companion took his place at once, and performed his part much to their admiration. One after another came and sat by me, to gaze upon and praise his performance; though I think that his triumph was due in part to the lightness of his footing, as he was laden only with ordinary travelling boots, which appeared very light and graceful, in contrast with the heavy, iron-guarded shoes of the Highlanders. The dance continued for some time, until suddenly an arm, belonging to somebody outside the house, was thrust in at the open window, toward "the musicianer," as they called him, with a "*Hush! he's coming!*" The music stopped. The dancers ran to their seats; and the room was instantaneously still. This sudden pause, however, ended in a burst of laughter, as it proved to be a false alarm. The arrival was not that of the minister, but of the "tacksman." This is the name given to the great farming tenant, who leases the land from the ducal proprietor, and employs the shepherds and labourers to tend his flocks and

herds that graze upon it. The tacksman remained outside, talking with those who were there, and so the dancing was resumed.

The minister came at last, and he and the tacksman entered together. The marriage ceremony was performed, and the whisky was passed around again, being offered first to the minister and the tacksman, and then to us. The minister then called for the music and dancing to be resumed. I introduced myself to him, and he, appearing pleased to know personally one whom, as he said, he had long known by name, introduced me to the tacksman. We three, thenceforth, formed a little party by ourselves, and sat together and talked about the manners and customs of our respective countries while the dance went on. They varied the entertainment by singing at intervals Gaelic songs, with strange, old Highland ceremonies.

The minister and the tacksman left us before long to return down the shore of the loch; but my companion and myself, being obliged to go back by the boats, had to wait till the bridal party were ready to return. When the hour arrived it was after nine o'clock. The evening twilight was far advanced, and the broad sides of the mountains were dark and sombre. The water was ruffled by a fresh evening breeze. Our company was full large enough for the boats; and as they had all been drinking whisky for three hours, as it seemed to me almost incessantly, I thought I perceived some expression of solicitude upon the countenances of one or two, who seemed to have, or, perhaps, rather to assume, the charge of the expedition on the return. One boat, after being filled, with much noise and clamour pushed off over the swell, rolling somewhat unsteadily with its heavy burden. We were taking our places in the

other, to follow them. The oarsmen were impatient, being ambitious to overtake the other boat, while the passengers looked anxious and uneasy, apparently afraid of the consequences of a race under such circumstances. The young man who had assumed the command of the boat came to the stern, where I had taken my seat with the bride and the guests, and endeavoured to restrain the eagerness of the rowers by calling out to them, as we pushed away from the pier,

"Canny, Angus! canny, Donald!" (Canny means *quiet, steady*). "Canny, canny! tak y'r time; there is nae hurry in the wark."

Angus was a strong, athletic young man, who pulled one of the forward oars, and was very eager to overtake the boat before us, which was now dimly seen at a distance, through the twilight, upon the dark water. The entreaties of the helmsman had, however, but little influence in restraining his impatience; so it was "Canny, Angus! canny, Donald! tak y'r time!" all the way across, these exclamations alternating with jokes and laughter shared with the bridal party around him, or good-natured conversation with me.

"And wad ye recommend to me to gang to Ameriky?" said he. "When I turn ould, like this man"—pointing to an old patriarch on one of the thwarts near us, the father or grandfather of half the party—"wad I be independent like? Canny, Angus! canny, canny! tak y'r time."

"I think," I replied, "that a man who goes to America makes often a great sacrifice of comfort and of feeling for *himself*, but it is better for his children."

This sentiment was received with expressions of very hearty concurrence all around me. It was, "Ah, there ye'r varry right;" and "Ay, it's joost

that," ending always with "Canny, Angus! canny, canny! ye'r pulling her head all aroond. Look afore ye, and see where ye are ganging."

We arrived safely at last, and landed on the little pier, or jetty, projecting from the beach in the little bay. There had been an arrival at the inn, by which it had been filled unusually full. Every place where a bed could be made up was occupied, and a large family party were taking supper in the only public room. Every body was speaking for one of the four ponies belonging to the inn, to ascend the mountain in the morning. Those who had not been early enough in their applications were disappointed and vexed, as the prospect was unusually promising for a pleasant morning; and they were calculating and debating the question whether a second party could ascend, after the first should have returned, and yet be in time to take the steamer. Groups of travellers discussed all these and other plans, and talked of their various intended tours, seated in each other's bed-rooms, or standing on the door-steps, or in the court-yards of the inn. The groups of the bridal party, in the meantime, remained in the road, passing round the whisky to all who would drink it, and firing the gun. At ten o'clock they disappeared, and the weary travellers in the inn went to bed, with heads full of mountain excursions to be made on the morrow, the plans all entangled, conflicting, and impossible. When the morning arrived, however, the questions were all settled in a very summary manner. Not a mountain was to be seen; driving mists hid everything from view. A heavy gale of wind was blowing up the loch, bringing with it almost incessant showers of pouring rain. The enthusiasm for ascending the mountains was universally changed into an impatience,

scarcely less eager, to get on board the steamer and be taken away to some new scene. The sky brightened toward noon, but it made no change in this desire. We stood upon the steps of the doors talking about our various routes. Among others, there was a minister going to assist his brother minister, in a distant glen, to administer the communion. It seems that this ceremony is performed in each parish but once a year, and then it is the signal for a general gathering from all the region around. On such occasions the neighbouring pastors come to render assistance. The minister, in this case, was hesitating whether to go on foot across the mountains, by a short road, or, to go up the lake a few miles by the steamer, to a landing where he would find a more open road, and some sort of conveyance. He was asking the innkeeper's advice on the subject, and received for his reply,

"It is na for ye to cross the hills the day. If it had been a fine day it wad hae been much shorter for ye; but the moss is very wet the day, and there are some burns to cross, which will be swelled wi' the rain."

Notwithstanding this advice, the minister offered to try the rugged road, if I would accompany him. This proposal I was very reluctantly compelled to decline, having cut my boots to pieces by rambling over the rocks and mountains, and it was necessary for me to make the best of my way out of these solitudes to some town where I could replace them. How much more independent and free was the peasant girl, my companion of the previous evening, who could walk through the rough mountain passes with feet either covered or bare, but all the better if they were bare.

We were all, accordingly, soon embarked in a little boat, and were floating on the swell of the

loch at a short distance from the shore, waiting for the steamer, which was rapidly drifting towards us, her paddles still, and her steam-pipe blowing a deafening blast. The trunks were hurried on board; the passengers followed. We found ourselves ushered at once into the midst of a new company of a hundred tourists, all admiring the scenery of the lake, and studying out the localities with their guide-books and maps. In twenty minutes the scene was changed as suddenly again. We were disembarked at another inn, on the opposite shore, where a glen from the westward opens into Loch Lomond, through whose narrow defile the road to Inverary finds its way. I bought a pair of Highland shoes, the soles studded with iron nails, at the post-office! I rambled two or three hours up and down the shores of the lake, talking with the cottagers. At three o'clock the steamer returned and landed another company. We mounted upon the top of the coach, the coachman filling up the inside with the baggage. The inside of the coach is always held in very low estimation by tourists among the Scottish Highlands. We ascended a narrow dell, which opened a passage through the mountains to the west, and took leave of Loch Lomond for ever. We rode rapidly through glen after glen, and wound around the heads of loch after loch, which here run up from the sea, the view shut in everywhere with the broad and lofty slopes of the mountains, all smooth and green to the summits, the whole presenting everywhere a scene of inexpressible grandeur and beauty, and yet of absolute solitude.

And yet, solitary as these glens around Loch Lomond appear, there are three classes of inhabitants distinct and very strongly marked. First, there are the proprietors, generally noblemen, who

possess the land in large tracts from ten to fifty miles in extent. There is a duke on one side of Loch Lomond and a marquis on the other, to whom the rest of the population, tourists, and all, look up as to a species of demigods. They live in splendid country seats, in the midst of beautiful parks and pleasure grounds. These noblemen generally spend the winters in London, and the summers in receiving company of their own rank at their estates, or in visiting at the castles and halls of other grandees. Next comes a class of such men as the tacksman, who leases a certain portion of the land as a grazing farm, the attorney, who transacts the legal business, and the clergyman. They perform no manual labour, they dress like gentlemen, and have an air of cultivation and refinement in their intercourse with society. They look up, however, with a sentiment of the profoundest awe to the duke, or to Sir John, and there is a certain subdued expression in their air and manner, an appearance of restraint and studied propriety of demeanour, as if they felt all the time that there was somebody above them whom they must be careful not to displease. They have, however, the opportunity, in their turn, of looking down, and they preserve with great tenaciousness the broad line of demarkation which separates them, in social position, from those that are below. This class consists of the great mass of the cultivators, the "cotters," the labourers, the shepherds. They occupy a position far below. A large portion of the proceeds of their labour goes up to those above them. They receive, however, a consideration in return. They are free from all that solicitude and care which being a *principal*, as an American labourer is, in owning the land he works, always entails. They have nothing to do

but to go on their simple labours all their days, just as their fathers did before them. They have no hope of rising; but then they have, on the other hand, no fear of falling. The rents which the tacksman has to pay to the noble proprietor of the soil, from which he builds his palaces, and ornaments his grounds, and defrays the heavy expenses of his London residence and his continental tours, forbid his paying to the labourers more than enough for mere food and shelter. In a wild and mountainous region like this, in America, there will be no ducal residence, no parks, no pleasant drives, no assemblages of gay and fashionable company, but every cultivator of the soil has each his own home; he has floors to his rooms, feathers instead of chaff for his bed, glass for his windows, a horse and waggon for his drives of business or pleasure, and books and newspapers for his winter evenings. Both nations are equally proud of their respective systems. The Englishman points with triumph to the castle, the parks and hunting-grounds, and the splendid equipages of *one*, with a feeling, too, of pride and pleasure, which never seems the least alloyed by his being himself utterly excluded from any share in all this splendour, and despises what he calls the dead and monotonous level of democracy. The American is proud of the sturdy independence and thrift of *the thousand;* the intelligence, the comforts, and the freedom which reign in all their homes, and looks with contempt on what he calls the useless pomp and parade, and the idle luxury of an aristocracy. The Englishman seems to experience a feeling of protection and safety in having somebody above him to whom he can look up. He enjoys the feeling of reverence for a human superior. The American, though he will submit to the ills of

poverty, sickness, and affliction, will not brook any pressure upon him by the hand of another man. He takes no pleasure, therefore, in looking up to aristocratical grandeur; while the Englishman considers such a summit as essential to the completeness of human society, as its glory and its crown.

Pondering on these thoughts, we rolled on over the smooth and level road, along beautiful shores and through the grandest defiles, until at length we reached the splendid castle of the Duke of Argyle, and his beautiful little village of Inverary.

XII.

STAFFA AND IONA.

August 21.

THE mountainous conformation of the land which forms the Scottish Highlands does not terminate at the sea-shore. It extends, half submerged, far out into the Western Ocean, the sea filling the valleys, and surrounding and isolating the peaks, and ranges, and elevated tracts which rise above the waves as islands, and all of the most picturesque and beautiful forms. In studying the Highland scenery of Scotland, therefore, these Western Islands must be included.

You pass among them, in many cases, through narrow straits and passages, which would have been Highland glens were it not for the intrusion of the sea. In other places there are broad bays and sounds, with peaks and precipitous masses of land rising here and there above the water. Of course, the views are everywhere picturesque and

striking. In fact, the islands and the Highlands are only parts of one and the same great scene of mountains and seas intermingled together, the only difference being that to the westward of a certain line the water predominates, and to the eastward the land.

The larger of these islands contain towns and villages, and often a considerable rural population. The smaller ones, though they have no human dwellings upon them, are still parts of farms, and are inhabited by sheep or herds of Highland cattle. The graziers bring these cattle to their isolated pastures in great flat-boats, and when near the shore they tumble them out into the water and let them swim to the land. In some of the islands are great tracts of heather, where the *grouse*—birds resembling the partridge—breed, and the proprietors come, with some of their friends, in the proper season, to shoot them; in fact, the grouse seem to take precedence over man in many cases. Two English gentlemen were conversing, in my presence, on the subject as we were sailing along the coasts of one of the largest of these islands. One of them remarked to the other that the population did not increase at all. "A large number emigrated not very long since." "Why did they emigrate?" asked the other. "Oh, the duke compelled them. He does not want the population to increase. He wants to keep it a quiet, still place for shooting!" However strange this may sound in the ears of an American, I assure the reader it is considered all very natural and proper in Scotland.

There are two of these islands which are special objects of interest, and are visited as such by tourists from all parts of the world. They are situated very near each other. One is Iona, which

was in early times the great headquarters and seat of Christianity and of learning. There remain upon it, to this day, the ruins of a Cathedral, a church, a nunnery, and the monuments of a long line of Scottish kings, who were buried there. The other, a few miles distant from it, is Staffa. Staffa is a small island, but high. One end of it is formed of an immense congeries of basaltic columns, rising out of the sea, and supporting a great bed of rock, which is covered above with soil and vegetation. Among these columns is a cavern several hundred feet in length, whose sides are composed of the columns, and whose floor is formed of the boiling surges of the sea. These two islands are but a few miles distant from each other, and are usually visited on the same excursion. They are both small, and they lie about fifty miles from the shore, with larger and more mountainous islands between.

The rendezvous for tourists in making this excursion, and, in fact, for the steamers passing up and down the western coast of Scotland, is Oban, a little town of white cottages, built under the cliffs, around a small, but very picturesque and beautiful bay. We came to Oban from the interior about sunset on a very pleasant day. My party had changed. I had fallen in with some professional gentlemen from London and Edinburgh, and we had combined to take a *car*, as it is called—a vehicle like a New York cab, without a top. It is not specially comfortable to ride in, but is extremely convenient for conversation, as the passengers all face together, two on each side, omnibus fashion; and fine, also, for seeing the country and taking the showers, as it is entirely open on all sides.

In this vehicle we had travelled on through glen

after glen, and along the shores of wild lochs, where we had a low parapet wall between us and the water on one side, and dark, precipitous mountains on the other. At length one of these lochs widened into an estuary, ornamented with beautiful islands and bold shores. We met little parties of tourists, some carrying fishing apparatus, some portfolios for sketching, and some attended by a servant in livery, all indicating our approach to an inn. A few minutes afterward we wheeled down into a town, which we found occupying a very romantic and picturesque situation. There was a small bay surrounded by cliffs and steep green hills, which left only a narrow space between them and the beach. Toward the sea huge islands intercepted the view, among which the eye wandered instinctively for the passage by which the vessels at anchor inside had entered or could get away. A long pier projected into the water, two large steamers, with bright red chimneys, being moored at the end of it, and another just coming up, and blowing off her steam. A street passed around the shore of the bay, with a perpendicular wall toward the water. Below the wall was a beach, left dry by the retiring tide. On the opposite side of the street were long blocks of whitewashed houses, two stories high, facing the water. These blocks were not continuous, but were interrupted at several points by roads diverging into the country, by an avenue leading to a little church, perched under the cliffs behind the town, and by a stream which issued forth from a narrow dell, and emptied into the bay under an ancient bridge. On the brow of one hill, overhanging the town, a small battery had been formed of turf, with cannon at the embrasures, ready to salute the royal yacht

which is expected to enter the harbour next week with the queen and Prince Albert on board. All this was Oban.

The inn was very full, and, of course, the accommodations very contracted for any new arrival. Always glad of a plausible excuse for leaving public resorts, and getting behind the scenes of ordinary daily life, I set off the next morning on a ramble through the village, to look out for private lodgings. I selected one at last, the humblest that I could find consistently with securing certain comforts absolutely essential. The apartment was a back-room behind a shop. It was usually the family-room of the shop, or *store*, as it would have been called in America; but when the inn was full, they were accustomed to let it to travellers, bestowing themselves, while their guests remained, in what seemed to me very restricted quarters, in the shop itself, which, though very small, is divided, on such occasions, into bed-room, sitting-room, shop, and kitchen, by means of partitions made of high furniture and curtains. In my room, in the rear, where I write this description, everything is plain, but very neat and comfortable. The floor, though it has a carpet upon it, feels very solid under the feet, being of stone. The walls are also of stone, but are neatly whitewashed. There is a fireplace, and a little grate for peat or coal, and a clock without a case, which ticks loudly at the head of my bed, and strikes the hours with great distinctness and fidelity, though, to my great joy, the first night that I slept there, it ran down a little past midnight. The good lady apologised in the morning for not having wound it up, and did not forget again; so I have been accustomed, when I go to bed, to relieve it from duty during the night, by gently lifting the weight, and setting it

on the table, and thus both the clock and myself sleep together until the morning. There is a small shelf of books, all in the Gaelic language, attached to the wall in the corner, and a table in the middle of the room, where I write my letters, and take my breakfast and tea; and all the time that I am at home, I am the object of my landlady's constant and truly maternal care.

Towards the evening of the day on which I got established in these quarters, a crier came through the village ringing his bell, and announcing the steamboat arrangements for the following day, calling out, with loud vociferation, and with many pauses for breath, that at seven o'clock such a steamer would leave Oban Fort for Fort William and Dorpach, points far to the north; that at eight o'clock another would set sail for Staffa aud Iona, to return in the evening; and then at nine, a third would depart for Greenock and Glasgow, by way of the Crinan Canal.

I took my breakfast the next morning at seven, and then sallied forth to embark for Staffa and Iona, my good landlady having reported favourably in regard to the prospects of the weather, upon which she had made very close observations at an early hour. She put a small paper parcel in my hand, too, as I went away, saying, "I thought ye wad like to tak' a bit 'o biscuit wi' ye for the steamer."

I went to the pier; I found there the gentlemen who had been my travelling companions in the Highland car. They had been to Staffa and Iona the day before, and were now to proceed northward in another steamer, which was lying alongside of the one in which my excursion was to be made. We bade each other good-bye, and the two steamers sailed out of the little harbour together.

Our own was a large and handsomely-furnished

vessel. The deck was open, and it had cushioned seats around the sides, on which the company were sitting dressed in every variety of costume. There were families with their children; young students with their tutors; old ones in little parties of three or four; and young brides with their husbands, the most contented and happy of all. A fresh breeze was blowing, and our course led us to the south of the great island of Mull, where we were exposed to the open sea. As we advanced into the swell, guide-books and maps were gradually laid aside; conversation ceased, and a large part of the company were soon extended on the seats or on the deck, or upon the sofas in an elegant cabin below, pale and wretched, wishing, probably, that they had been contented with such scenery and ruins as were to be seen without leaving the shore.

After some hours we came to narrower waters, where we were somewhat under the lee of the land. The company recovered their vivacity and spirits, and soon marshalled themselves along the deck to gaze upon the approaching shores of Iona. We sailed along a range of low, rocky points, with patches of white, sandy beach intervening. A little way back from the water was a long, straight row of stone hovels, the walls brown and mossy with age, the roofs thatched and overgrown with grass and weeds. There was a company of labourers picking busily upon one of the ragged ledges which projected into the water, in the apparently vain attempt to fashion it into a pier, there being at present no landing-place except upon slippery rocks and among boiling surges. Upon one of the small, white, sandy beaches stood a great crowd of girls and boys, holding something carefully in their hands, though the distance was too great to allow us to see what. Two great boats were seen push-

ing off from the shore, evidently with the design of taking the passengers from the steamer. The land ascended gradually behind the huts already described, to a range of low, green hills, covered with heather, from among which great ledges of rocks peeped out everywhere. At each end of the long row of huts was a mass of ruins; but there was nothing in the least degree picturesque or alluring in the aspect which they presented; in fact, the whole scene was one of gloomy barrenness, wretchedness, and desolation. And yet this was the point from which the light of Christianity, civilization, and learning spread over all the land.

The steamer stopped, and the boats came alongside, plunging fearfully in the swell which rolled along the steamer's sides. The passengers clambered into them by means of a sort of step-ladder let down the side, though with much difficulty and delay, on account of the rising and falling of the boats, and their thumping against the foot of the ladder and the guards of the paddle-boxes, which all the exertions of the seamen could not wholly prevent. At length we were all embarked, twenty-five or thirty in each boat, and the rowers began to pull for the land. As we approached the shore the boat rose and fell with the waves, which were beating in upon the rocks in such a manner as to make it appear very doubtful how we were to land. The oarsmen hesitated, and, resting upon their oars, looked anxiously along the line of foaming surges which were rolling in upon the shore. At length they turned and pushed toward a point of rocks which made out into the waves, the boat rising and falling fearfully with its heavy burden, and the spray dashing over the bows, and breaking violently among the blades of the oars. At length we reached the rocks; they were covered with sea-

weed. As we touched, two of the boatmen sprang out into the water, and endeavoured to steady the boat by holding its bows so as to ease it as much as possible in its thumps upon the rocky ledges, and called upon the passengers to scramble out as quick as possible. There was nothing to stand upon but the wet and slimy sea-weed, and we had a long distance to walk upon these slippery ways before we came to any firmer footing. Over this treacherous surface the company slowly and cautiously advanced, the seas surging continually in through the channels among the rocks, terrifying the ladies, who were perched very unstably on the prominences, which they surrounded and threatened to overwhelm, and submerging the feet of the gentlemen, who stood incautiously or gallantly in the depressions and hollows.

In the meantime, the crowd of children, who had been waiting for us on the beach, when they found that our course was diverted, and that we were to land upon the rocks, came scrambling round to meet us, each with a plate or saucer filled with various coloured pebbles, which they had collected on the beach, and which they wished us to buy; so that while we were all earnestly engaged in helping the ladies and one another along, and staggering about to avoid the streams which still, even at this distance from our landing, came pouring up about our feet, these children crowded eagerly around us and in our way, holding the plates and saucers before us, and calling out the prices of their respective collections. "All these for sixpence!" "Fourpence!" "Eightpence!" "Twopence!" "These for fourpence!" They were the wildest-looking set of savages I had seen, except the boys in the Newcastle colliery, and they

wanted us to buy their collections as souvenirs of our visit to Iona!

We soon advanced to where the rocks were bare and dry, which was a great improvement in respect to our footing. Soon afterward we reached the sand. Here our party collected together, the other boat having landed its portion in the meantime. A conductor took us in charge to show us the ruins. We walked along a sort of road in front of the huts, the children thronging around us and before us, with the most eager importunity, all the way. If any one of the party showed the least inclination to buy, he was immediately overwhelmed and confounded by the multitude of plates and saucers which were instantaneously thrust before him, and by the clamours of the little sellers, each urging him to "buy mine," "buy mine." With such a multitude of offers, and in the confusion of the sounds of "Sixpence!" "Fourpence!" "These for twopence!" "Buy mine!" it was impossible to decide upon anything; and while the poor purchaser stood perplexed and confused, the party moved on, so that he had soon to break away from the little troop about him, and hurry on without closing a bargain with any of them.

We at length reached the ruins. The grounds were enclosed by an ancient wall, in which was an iron gate, which our guide opened with a key; and the whole party, fifty genteel tourists, full of wonder and curiosity, and fifty ragged and half-naked children, with plates and saucers of pebbles in their hands, followed him in. The guide, however, drove the children back and locked the gate against them, while we went scrambling over the tombstones, which covered the whole ground like a pavement, all most curiously sculptured and

carved. Our conductor hastened us forward, saying that only an hour was allowed for the whole excursion, and that we would look at these monuments and tombstones on our return. We accordingly went on, and entered at length a sort of enclosure, surrounded by ruined arches and walls, which the guide informed us were the *cloisters*. From this scene we were ushered into a gloomy, roofless room, with eight niches about the walls, which we were told was the *chapter-house*, that is, the room where the ecclesiastical authorities of the establishment held their meetings and transacted their affairs. From this room we went into the Cathedral itself. It had all the parts and appurtenances of a modern minster, but on a very small scale, and of extremely rude execution. Effigies were cut in the walls and on the stones of the pavements, and there were innumerable inscriptions in ancient characters, and in the Latin tongue, half obliterated by time. The whole building was of very small dimensions, and the stones of which the walls were composed were of all colours, sizes, and shapes, cobbles and slates being mixed and alternated with each other in the utmost disorder. There was nothing in the whole which a modern builder could approve except the mortar; this, however, had been extremely faithful to its trust, as was evident by its having held together such materials for so long a time.

We passed out into the churchyard again. It seems that nobles and kings, in those days as well as now, however they might have lived, liked to repose at last in consecrated ground; seeking a useles refuge for their lifeless bodies in the sanctuaries of Christianity, after having, through life, rejected the true salvation which she had offered to the living soul. Thus, as this Cathedral was for

so long a time the chief seat and sanctuary of the Christian Church, its yard was, for many years, a royal burying-ground. The guide told us that forty-five kings of Scotland were lying beneath our feet. I thought the company trampled very irreverently upon the royal graves. The stones lay flat upon the ground, and were carved and sculptured very curiously, being covered with every conceivable quaint effigy and device.

I took an opportunity to question the guide in regard to the progress of decay upon the ruins.—He said that they were crumbling slowly, but did not sensibly change from year to year. He had been acquainted with the ruins for forty years, and, jndging from the changes which he had witnessed during that time, he thought "the great square tower" would stand for a century to come. Perhaps it may, though as to the monumental carvings and inscriptions on the tombstones, which were lying everywhere around, it seemed to me that they must be pretty effectually obliterated by the footsteps of twenty visitors a-day, if they trampled over the sacred memorials as ruthlessly as we did.

There is a curious kind of cross which it was the custom to erect in the island in ancient days. These crosses were cut from a single block of stone, and covered with sculptured figures and images. It is said that great numbers of these crosses were erected, though only a few now remain. One, which we saw in the church-yard, was about ten feet high, and stood in a socket cut in a large block of stone, which served for a pedestal. It was secured by three iron wedges, which the guide pointed out to us, saying that the cross "was declining entirely," but that they raised it up, and supported it in its place, by order of the Duke of Athol. The duke is the proprietor of

the island, and, consequently, of the ruins. The guide stated to his fifty auditors the fact, that the cross owed its erect position to the interposition of the duke, with an air of great deference and respect; and we all looked upon the little rusty wedges, with a profound sentiment of respect for the aristocratic greatness which could accomplish such conservative measures, by just speaking the word.

Thus we passed along, following our guide rapidly from point to point, and listening to his explanations, until at length, before we had completed our survey, the bell of the steamer, which had been all this time riding patiently at anchor at a little distance from the shore, summoned us to return. The children, who had been watching us through the bars of the gateway, beset us immediately again, when we issued from it, and hovered about us with eager importunities, until we reached the shore. I bought specimens of some of them, and hired others, at a halfpenny a-piece, not to ask me to buy any more; but the spectacle of their poverty and wretchedness, their eagerness to sell their little treasures, the roughness with which they were repulsed, and their looks of mournful disappointment, gave me, on the whole, far more of pain, than the view of all the ruins afforded of pleasure. From among my purchases, I brought only a single specimen away. It was a pebble of quartz, green and transparent, a variety peculiar to the island. I thought it would cut well for a seal, and I meant to preserve it as a souvenir of the ruins of Iona. It proves, however, to be only a souvenir of the misery and destitution of the poor wretches whose pebbles I *did not* buy.

The thoughts and feelings which one might imagine would be experienced in visiting this ancient

seat and centre of piety and learning, are very feebly awakened under the circumstances in which we see it. If one could be there alone, with an inn at hand, from which he could make repeated visits to the ruins in silence and solitude, and could read. on the spot, the histories of the times when the institutions of which they were the seat were in their glory, he would experience, no doubt, strong emotions of interest and pleasure. But to go, as visitors must generally go now; to arrive in an elegant modern steamboat in company with a large party of fashionable strangers; to find yourself suddenly and unexpectedly crowded into a boat, and thumping on the rocks in the swell, and then staggering along to gain the shore over the slippery sea-weed, in the midst of a crowd of scramblers who fill the air with their shouts of laughter or exclamations of fear; to be hurried along from ruin to ruin, listening, with fifty others, to the brief explanations of a guide; and, finally, to be hurried back by the tolling of your steamboat bell; in such a visit there is no time for thought, and no opportunity for any other emotion than a sort of bewildering wonder. When it is over, you look back upon it as upon some strange, wild fancy of sleep, and can hardly tell whether you have really seen Iona, or have been haunted by spectre children hovering over a gloomy ruin, in a dream.

We clambered back to the boats, and were rowed with infinite difficulty to the steamer's side, and after a while, one after another, we clambered up the stairs again and regained the deck. The anchor was up by the time we were on board, and we were off at full speed for Staffa. Staffa lies north of Iona, about five miles distant. The sea on every hand was covered with islands of every pic-

turesque form, rising like mountains and cliffs out of the sea. Staffa, when it first came distantly into view, was distinguished from the rest by having one of its sides exactly perpendicular, as if it had been cut down artificially to the water's edge. The wind had increased, and we found, as we approached, that this island was more open in situation than Iona, and more exposed to the swell; in fact, it very often happens that passengers cannot land, for the shore is rocky on every side, and there is no part at all protected from the waves. The surf was rolling in now with a violence just within the limit rendering it possible to land. Some of the company chose not to venture. The rest clambered down into the boats, and the oarsmen pulled for the shore.

We were loaded heavily, and, as the boats rose and fell upon the billows more and more the nearer we came to the shore, the oarsmen paused, and seemed to shrink from the attempt to land. They hesitated for some time, surveying the coast to find the best place for a trial. *Our* boat, which was the foremost, at length made for a line of the shore where there was a range of rocks rounded off toward the sea, and forming a sort of natural platform, or pier. I happened myself to be at the bows, and leaped ashore, with two of the boatmen, the moment the boat touched. I climbed up upon the rocks, while the boatmen grasped the boat to keep her off. They were immediately half submerged by a swelling wave, which rolled in around them, and dashed the boat forward, and would have fixed the bows upon the rocks, leaving the stern, with its heavy load of passengers, to sink in the foaming surges behind, had they not pushed her off with all their force, so that, as the wave fell, the bow descended with the rest of the boat,

grinding its way down upon the ragged rocks. Immediately the men had to change their action, and exert all their force in holding the boat *to* the shore, instead of keeping her from it, or she would have been carried away from them by the retiring wave. This operation was repeated two or three times, the thumping and grinding of the boat, as she rose and fell four or five feet perpendicularly, being altogether too great to allow the passengers to land. The two men then gave up the attempt. They leaped back into the boat and pushed her off, directing me to walk up the island, while they should coast along and endeavour to find some better place to land.

I thought my own position on shore safer than that of my fellow-passengers on board, as such a boat. loaded with twenty or thirty men and women, has a momentum and force in its plunges in the surf which it is very difficult for two boatmen, standing on slippery rocks, and half submerged in the swell, to control. If it had been allowed to come up to the rocks broadside to it would have rolled over and over like a log in going down with the wave. The safety of all on board depended on bringing it up with the stem, or stern, presented to the rocks, and then, by the greatest exertion, to prevent its being caught upon them. While doing this the men were in imminent danger, as I thought, of being crushed between the boat and the rocks, or washed off into the sea, the waves coming up around them waist high.

I climbed up the cliffs, and the boat cruised along the shore, joined soon by the other boat, which now drew near, and the company contrived, some how or other, to get at last all to land. The parties from the boats ascended the rocks, and we all set out together to walk toward the famous cavern.

The island is three quarters of a mile long, and is bordered by perpendicular cliffs on almost all sides toward the sea. On the top is a tract of tolerably level grass land, which is tenanted by a herd of cattle. These cattle came up in a body, and gazed at us in mute astonishment until we had passed by. When we arrived at the southern extremity of the island, we advanced toward the brink of a precipice, without seeing how we were to descend, until, on looking over the edge, we perceived a very narrow and almost perpendicular wooden stair-case leading down. It had a slender wooden railing on each side. The whole was supported and steadied by braces formed by stakes, the lower ends of which were sharpened and driven an inch or two into the crevices of the rocks. As we looked down we found that the shore below was formed of the upper ends of columns rising out of the water. Here was also a low, conical island near the shore, formed, likewise, of such columns. Between this island and the foot of the precipice, directly beneath our feet, was a long, narrow passage, with the sea rolling and roaring through it, as if eager to swallow us up if we should attempt to descend.

The passengers followed one another down the stair-way, clinging desperately to the railing. At the bottom we found ourselves landed upon a very extraordinary surface of rocks, formed by the upper ends of broken columns, black and smooth like well-worn cast iron. They were all even and flat at the upper ends; but, being of different lengths, they formed steps, by which we could descend easily to the water's edge, or ascend to the foot of the cliffs. The cliffs were formed of tall pillars, clustered closely together, and in some

places curved inward, as if bending under the weight of the mass of rock resting upon them.

We turned to the left, and walked along upon the tops of the columns, with the sea sweeping in tumultuous swells through the narrow passage between us and the island, and dashing up nearly to our feet. At length we reached the mouth of the great cavern. On approaching the entrance, we found that there were some broken columns, the ends being, perhaps, ten feet above the water, upon which we could clamber along into the arched opening. The footing, however, was very narrow, and we had to step continually up and down, on account of the different lengths of the columns over which we had to climb. And as the boiling and roaring surges were dashing in and out through the whole length of the cave, as if to frighten us from our attempt, it would have been very difficult for us to have entered, had it not been for the help of a rope which was passed along around corners and over projections, where otherwise we should have been in imminent danger of losing our hold, and being plunged into the foaming and thundering caldron below.

When we were all fairly in the cave, the scene was certainly a very striking one. We stood, or, rather, clung, fifty of us in a line, half way between the foaming surges which formed the floor of the cavern and the vaulted roof above. Some clung to the ropes in attitudes of fear; others sat composed, and with an air of unconcern, on the ends of the broken columns; while others still, pushing forward far into the interior, attempted to awaken the echoes of the cavern by shouts and outcries; though these efforts were almost in vain, for the tremendous roaring of the surges drowned

their voices, and filled the cavern with a continual thunder.

One stands in such a scene mute and motionless, having nothing to say and nothing to do, and no wish but to be left undisturbed. This wish, however, in our case, could not be granted. Our guide soon sent us in word that our time had expired; that the tide was rising, making it every moment more and more difficult for us to embark. These orders were passed from one to another along the line, partly by vociferations and gesticulations, the former rendered almost inaudible by the thundering reverberations of the cavern. In obedience to them, our long procession began, accordingly, to move out in reverse order, some, however, lingering in niches and corners while the rest went by. We returned to the foot of the staircase as we came, along the edge of the water, on tops of the broken columns, taking care to keep close under the cliffs, to avoid the surf which dashed up from the sea. We mounted the giddy stairway, retraced our steps over the green pasturage above, and embarked in the boats as we had landed, the boatmen and some of the passengers getting, in the operation, half submerged in the swell.

We returned to Oban by a more northerly route than the one we had taken in coming out in the morning. It led us through narrow channels and passages, where we were protected from the sea. High mountains and islands were all around us, their tops enveloped in clouds and mists, which gradually thickened and descended, and at length came sweeping over the water in incessant gusts of wind and rain. We were all, however, perfectly satisfied with the weather, having had smiles and sunshine as long as they were needed; there is, in fact, a sort of feeling of relief and pleasure in these

latitudes, in having it begin to rain as soon as you reach a place of shelter. Good weather is so rare and valuable that you cannot help feeling something like a wish to economize it; and warmth and sunshine which come upon you when you are in a place of shelter seem a sort of extravagance and waste, which will have to be atoned for by future want. So we welcomed the rain, thinking that it would entitle us to a fair and sunny sky when we needed it more.

I was cold and uncomfortable, however, when I got to my room. My motherly landlady built me a peat fire in the little grate, and brought me a supper of hot oatmeal porridge, apologizing for the spoon with which it was served, by saying, "I dinna ken whether ye can eat wi' a horn spoon, but I hae na ither." Her arrangements, however, simple as they were, needed no apology. I drew up the table to the fire, lighted the candle, rolled down the curtain, and betook myself to my supper and to the horn spoon with a more decided sensation of being *at home* than I had experienced before since leaving my own study in my native land.

XIII.

BEN NEVIS.

August 25.

Ben Nevis has always been considered the highest mountain in Scotland. There is another, further inland, called Ben Macdhu, which is very nearly

of the same elevation; and measurements by the barometer sometimes make one the highest and sometimes the other. Ben Nevis, however, rises abruptly from the very level of the sea, the tide ebbing and flowing up Loch Linhee to its base; so that, when you have attained its summit, you look down to greater depths all around you than you would from a mountain in the interior of greater absolute height, but resting upon, and surrounded by, a tract of elevated land.

Ben Nevis is said to be always covered with snow, or, rather, always to retain snow in the vast chasms and under the precipices of the northern side. Its summit is certainly almost always enveloped in clouds and storms. This circumstance prevents its being often ascended. As we approached it, coming up Loch Linhee, one sunny morning, its head was, as usual, concealed in mists. All the other mountains around us were visible; but Ben Nevis, which we looked for anxiously, could not be made out; we only knew that its head was somewhere among the fleecy clouds which were floating in that quarter of the sky.

We landed about noon at a little village adjoining Fort William, on the eastern shore of the loch. The steamer, after leaving a few of her passengers on the pier, proceeded about two miles further, to the head of the loch, where is the entrance to the Caledonian Canal. The village occupied a narrow strip of level land along the shore, and there was a mountain range immediately behind it. After getting established at the inn, I found that the clouds were gradually disappearing from the sky; and, as it was too late to commence the ascent of Ben Nevis that day, I concluded to climb up these lower mountains behind the village, in order to take a general survey of the surrounding country,

and in hopes, also, of getting a view of the great peak itself, which I knew must be towering beyond them.

Fort William is at the junction of three great valleys: one, coming up from the south, is filled from side to side with the waters of Loch Linhee; another, extending towards the west, is occupied with Loch Eil; and a third, towards the north-east, is the great glen of Scotland, extending entirely across the island from Fort William to Inverness, and carrying the Caledonian Canal.—The junction of these three valleys form an extensive tract of land and water, level and low, which you look down upon from any of the eminences in the vicinity. I found, accordingly, as I gradually attained a higher and higher elevation, that my view of the lochs and tracts of level land was widening and extending in every direction. Below me lay the village, with its little pier extending into the water. A boat was here and there to be seen, moving slowly by its oars over the smooth surface. The whole course of the steamer, two miles above, at the entrance to the canal, was in view; and the little village itself, which they call Corpach, with its white walls among the trees, and the red chimney of the steamer among the masts at its pier, were visible. I kept a careful look-out in this direction, for I had left my guide-book on board; and, as the boat was to come back that afternoon, in about two hours from the time I commenced my ascent, I meant to set out on my return as soon as I saw her in motion, judging that I could get down the mountain in the time which it would take her to come two miles over the water.

From the point where the steamer was lying, I could trace the line of the Caledonian Canal for

many miles through a broad and beautiful valley ornamented with trees and villages. Besides the canal, there was a river meandering among the meadows, with roads accompanying and crossing it. Of course, every half-hour, as I ascended, brought all these scenes more and more directly beneath my feet.

After ascending for some time, I came to the top of a sort of brow of the mountain, with a broad and shallow valley between it and the higher land beyond. In this valley were several ancient-looking stone huts, and ruins of others, and marks of old walls, and fields, once cultivated but now boggy and desolate. The air was perfectly calm and still, with a certain state of the atmosphere sometimes experienced in a summer's day, when sounds can be heard at a great distance. While I was surveying the desolate-looking scene before me, I heard voices like those of children, which seemed to come from the mountain-side. I looked a long time in vain, before I could discover where these sounds could come from. At last, I saw, at a great distance, two moving figures, barely perceptible, coming down the face of the mountain.—I went towards them, and met them, at length, at the foot of the descent. They were two boys, bringing down *peat* from the top of the mountain. The peat was in bags, strapped upon their backs, the burden being, in each case, bigger than the bearer of it. They staggered along under the weight, but stopped when I accosted them, and turned up their eyes to me—their loads preventing any motion of the head—with a very contented and satisfied look. I asked them if they were not loaded too heavily, and they answered, "Ho! no, sir," in a tone implying great confidence in their physical powers.

I went on, and began to clamber up the steep which they had just descended, and found, as I came out at the top of it, a vast summit beyond, rising into view, marked by characteristics which declared it to be Ben Nevis itself, without any question. It was wild and savage in form, and frosted all over with a hoary covering, which seemed too grey to be snow, and too white for stone. It had that expression of desolate and awful majesty with which summits that rise above the limits of animal and vegetable life, when you have a near and distinct view of them, are always invested.

When I came fairly out upon the top of the mountain which I had been ascending, there gradually came into view another scene, equally striking, though of a very different character. It was a narrow, deep, and beautiful valley, lying far below me, between the mountain on which I stood and the broad slopes of Ben Nevis beyond. The bottom of the valley was green and fertile, with a little river meandering through it, and a road, which appeared here and there like a narrow footpath, and in other places was lost among the trees. Little cottages were scattered along among the fields and gardens, and one quite elegant dwelling, surrounded by plantations of trees, and approached by handsome avenues, was evidently the residence of the *laird*. The beautiful verdure of this glen—which is called Glen Nevis—contrasted strongly with the grey and barren desolation of Ben Nevis and the neighbouring summits. It had a charming expression of peace, and quiet, and plenty, though exposed, apparently, to awfully impending dangers of falling rocks or avalanches from the heights above. I could overlook the whole of Glen Nevis for many miles, till at last it

became lost in ravines and wooded valleys in the mountains beyond.

The top of the range where I stood was a broad swell of land, covered with peat bogs, morasses, and old excavations, filled with black stagnant water. The range terminated suddenly on the north, where it looked towards a great plain. Thus, by walking around on the brow, I could look down on the eastern side into Glen Nevis, on the western to the village from which I had ascended, and to the northward into the great valley ten miles broad, through which passes the canal. As I walked around surveying these scenes, keeping a constant watch in the direction from which the steamboat was to come, suddenly the sound of her steam, and soon after that of the tolling of her bell, began to come to me over the water. I immediately set out on my return. The boat came out from the pier, two miles distant, and I began a rapid descent. We arrived at the pier, at the end of half an hour, within half a minute of each other.

The next morning at nine o'clock I set out for the ascent of the mountain. My road at first led up the village, around the northern end of the range which I had ascended the day before to the opening into Glen Nevis. I set out alone: the guide was to follow me with the necessary supplies, and I was to wait for him at "the bridge." This bridge, as I found, was one across the River Nevis, where it issues from the glen in the broad, open valley. I sat upon the parapet and talked fifteen minutes with an officer of artillery, who had arrived a day or two before with a detachment to fire salutes and conduct other military operations in honour of the queen at her landing here next week. My guide soon came up, and, crossing the

bridge, we followed the road for some distance, and at length took a footpath across a sort of moor, passing by several miserable-looking shepherd's huts, the land rising gradually more and more, until it became as steep as the toughest greensward could stand. There was no path—nothing but a broad expanse of pasturage; and no footing except the slight inequalities of such a surface; and, of course, the labour of the ascent was extreme. There was no danger, in fact, because, in case of a misstep, there were roughnesses and inequalities enough in the ground to save one from sliding down very far. Still, as the grass was slippery, and as at a little distance on every side the little inequalities disappeared, and the surface looked smooth; and as there was nothing growing larger than a brake, to suggest even to the imagination the idea of support, the *falling sensation* gets to be pretty decided by the time one has ascended five or six hundred feet. The whole height of the slope may be eight hundred or a thousand feet.

We passed sheep occasionally, grazing quietly; and when about half way up, the guide, who was at some little distance before me, called out that he could see a shepherd above us. It was difficult to look in that direction, as it required throwing back the head in a manner which threatened to make one lose his balance, and go rolling down the hill. I at length, however, got a view of him, a mere moving dot on the surface, which began to appear more grey toward the summit of the hill. The shepherd went on ascending as we did, and we could occasionally hear the shrill whistle, faint and distant, with which he signaled his orders to his dogs. The shepherds were out that morning to collect the sheep for the purpose of

separating them from the lambs. We kept him in sight for a long time, but at length our path diverged from his, and he disappeared from view; though we afterward got a distant view of him descending, his dog driving the sheep before him. The dog would proceed a little way, and then stop and look back, and wait for his master, to see whether he was right; and, on receiving new orders, would go on again, driving his charge to the right or to the left, or directly forward, according to the signals given him.

In about two hours we reached the top of this ascent, and came out upon a great mountain brow, from which, on some sides, we had magnificent views of the low country around, and on others the land extended in broad tracts, from which other mountains arose, as from the plain. We wound around the base of a large hill, enjoying the walk on level ground as a luxury. The ground, however, though level, was far from being smooth, and there was no path. In fact, our march was a tramp over bogs, mire-holes, and tufts of moss and heather, until we came to the shore of a calm and placid little lake under the hill above alluded to. Its shores were low and green, without a tree, or even a shrub, upon the margin. It seemed, too, to rest very insecurely there, for the land fell off suddenly a thousand feet, at a little distance from each end of it, and with scarcely any rising ground between. Yet there the little loch has laid, perched between the heavens and the earth, for four thousand years; and it holds its place for the future by as secure a tenure as any thing beneath the sun.

We stepped over a brisk little brook which issued from the northern end of the loch, and looked toward an enormous gray mountain rising before us, which I said to the guide I supposed

was Ben Nevis. "Oh, no," said he, "Ben Nevis is not in sight yet. It is beyond that peak entirely." "How far?" asked I. "About two miles." He said, moreover, that the eminences which we had yet to ascend were steeper and harder than the first. Somewhat discouraged by this account, I advanced with him to the foot of the second mountain. This proved to be not more steep, and it certainly was not more difficult than the first. The whole side of it was formed of slides of loose stones, which looked like sand and gravel, when we looked up to them from below, but which proved, when we reached them, to be formed of angular rocks, from the size of a man's head to that of a barrel. They were all loose and in a sliding condition; and if one a little less angular than the rest were set in motion, it would roll a great way down the declivity, carrying sometimes a mass of smaller fragments in its train. Sometimes, too, the stones on which we stepped would start down a little, suggesting the question to the clamberer what would become of him in case of a general slide. There was, however, obviously no real danger of this, as everything indicated that the only motion to which this species of *debris* was subject must be a slow, grinding descent, from the influence of frost and snow, and, perhaps, of mountain torrents in the winter and spring.

In fact, the stones very seldom moved, but gave us, by dint of a little care in selection, a square and stable footing, much more satisfactory than the slippery slope of the grass on the side of the mountain below. There were patches of green here and there on the lower portions of this second ascent, on the upper part of one of which the guide pointed out to me another shepherd

coming down the rocks. "And I think," said he, "it will be the *kilt* that this one has got on." The kilt is a sort of apron, or frock, plaited very full, and coming down nearly to the knees. There is a kind of coat or jacket worn over it above; and sometimes shoes and stockings, of a peculiar fashion, and having peculiar names, are worn too. The boys and young men, however, of the common classes, when they wear the Highland dress, have nothing but the kilt and jacket. We talked about the Highland dress, the guide explaining all its parts and peculiarities. He closed by saying, "Ye wad think it would be cauld, but when ye are ance used to it, it is joost as comfortable as if ye had claes on." This dress had gone entirely out of use, except on gala occasions, but is now returning a little. They are all making a great effort to get fitted up in it now in this vicinity, to be ready to receive the queen in the old Highland style. But, after all, they do not become Highlanders by the transformation. They are still Lowland men, with Lowland ideas and pursuits, assuming the garb of an ancestry whose character and habits are for ever gone.

There had been all the morning floating clouds in various parts of the sky, and we had been gradually getting nearer and nearer into their neighbourhood; but, thus far, there had been nothing to intercept the view. We were continually opening vistas into new valleys; and summits and ranges, which we had been looking up to, were brought, one by one, below our horizon. We had stopped occasionally at mountain streams for rest and a drink, and to let the guide light his pipe; and thus, in four hours from the time of leaving our inn, we reached the summit of the second great elevation on our way; and as we

gradually came around the great shoulder which we had been ascending obliquely, where we should have come in view of the highest summit, we saw that we were rapidly drawing near to the under surface of a great fleecy cloud, which was slowly floating along the sky. Moving masses of mist were beginning to intercept the view of rocky slopes and glens above and beyond us. The guide looked about doubtfully. He was " sorry to see the mist." It was dangerous to attempt the last part of the ascent in a " dark mist," on account of the precipices which one was constantly coming upon suddenly and unawares. I told him we would go on for the present, at any rate; when he said, after standing a moment in silence, gazing towards the distant rocks above us, " I see a gentleman up there!" " Where ?" asked I. " Yon is he, in the mist; and he's got the wrong road."

While I was trying to get a sight of the stranger, musing, all the time, on the absurdity of speaking of a road in a region where I had not seen the least semblance of a track for miles, the guide gave a long, shrill whistle. The stranger stopped, and seemed to be looking towards us. He was, however, still so distant that we could do nothing more than distinguish a human form, and perceive the difference between rest and motion. He had taken his seat, however, upon the rocks, to await our approach. We got up to him, after ten or fifteen minutes' laborious climbing. I found, as I approached, a gentleman in the dress of a tourist. His tartan was strapped to his back, and his spy-glass at his side. He was armed with his landlady's coal-hammer, which he had borrowed to crack up specimens of porphyry from the summit of the mountain. Upon my asking him if he was wan-

dering about at that elevation alone, he said yes, that he was accustomed to the mountains. He set out that morning to find his own way to the summit; but having reached his present elevation, and finding the summit was in the clouds, he was only wandering about to amuse himself, and was about to return.

Among his other apparatus for mountain excursions, he had a metal flask, containing a supply of whisky. It had a stopper which went on with a screw, and over the stopper there was a cover, likewise of metal, which shut down half the length of the flask. This cover, when taken off, served for a cup to drink either the whiskey or water from the springs. The stranger seemed disposed to join us for the remainder of the excursion; and so we all adjourned together to a place a little further up, where the guide told us we should find a well, called *the half-way well*, because it was half-way from the bottom to the top of the mountain.

When we arrived at the well, and had taken our seats, we began to look around us upon a very extraordinary scene. We were upon the side of a gentle declivity, at a great elevation; in fact, just upon the under edge of a summer cloud, with broad fields of porphyritic stones, blanched by the rains and snows of twenty centuries, extending on every side all around us. There was no trace of vegetation, except discoloured spots upon the stones, which botanists would class as lichens. The well, as the guide called it, was a hollow among these stones, where a subterranean brook made its appearance for a moment, and was then lost again, though we could hear its gurgling many feet beneath the surface, both above and below the well. Two or three loose boards, poised upon the stones, answered for

seats. There was a *cairn* at a little distance, with a pole in the centre, and a square plate of rusty iron fastened to the top of it. It was placed there by "the sappers," probably as a guide to enable them to find the well. A detachment of the sappers, a corps of the British army, trained to the performance of all sorts of mathematical and engineering operations, had had a station on this mountain for a long time, to take the bearings of a great many other mountain summits, with a view to making what is called a *trigonometrical survey* of the whole country. While they were here, men were stationed on various other summits, within a circle of fifty miles or more, to "reflect to them," as they call it; that is, to reflect the rays of the sun by a mirror, the light thus produced being visible at a greater distance than any other signal. They could see these glimmering lights on the distant mountains, and so obtain the angular distances of each peak from the others with great precision. While they were here, they had a movable house on the summit, and stores of provisions, and a great apparatus of instruments, which it required a great deal of labour to transport up and down. They had, however, now been gone from Ben Nevis some months, leaving only some remaining traces of their encampment, and a man to go up, when the weather was favourable, to "reflect to them" at Ben Macdhu, where they were now encamped.

It was past twelve o'clock, and we ate the mountain dinner, which the guide had brought up, with a much better appetite than is usual at the more sumptuous repasts in the saloon of the steamer on the Atlantic. We drank the water of the well from our companion's flask cover, and from my *quaich*, which the guide said was "a very bonnie

one." After half an hour spent in this way, we resumed our march, and went on over the stony fields before us up into the cloud.

We had not proceeded far before our guide, who was always on the alert, and who saw everything before we did, called out to us that there was the sapper coming down the mountain. We looked before us, and saw a red figure among the rocks far above, and slowly making its way down. As the man approached, we found him to be a soldier-like looking man, in the red uniform of the British army. He stopped and talked with us for some time, giving us interesting information about the operations of his corps, and his opinion about the prospect of the weather for the day. He had left his quarters in the valley at four o'clock that morning, and had been waiting on the mountain until he had given up all hope of being able to "reflect" to Ben Macdhu that day, and was, accordingly, now returning. He was a fine-looking and intelligent man, and after spending fifteen minutes very agreeably in talking with him, we went on our several ways.

The ascent from this point was without any difficulty, though the way was, of course, extremely rough. The sappers had raised little piles of stones, at distances of a few hundred yards from each other, to mark out the way in case of their getting enveloped in fogs or rain. We followed the line of the little monuments, ascending continually, with broad fields of greyish white stones extending on either hand, until the view was lost in the mists. At length, we came suddenly into view of an enormous chasm, yawning beneath us on the left, and revealing the existence of a frightful precipice on that side. We could look down a few hundred feet, when the view was obstructed

by the mists floating along the rocks below. The guide took a stone as big as a man's head, and threw it down. We could hear it crashing, and thundering, and awakening the echoes so long, that I asked him to repeat the experiment, while I observed the time by my watch. It was, in the case of the second trial, forty-five seconds before we ceased to hear the sound; and then, whether the stone came to its resting-place and stopped, or only ceased to be heard on account of the distance of its motion, we could not tell. We passed afterwards several more of these frightful chasms, which were great indentations from the precipice into the mass of the mountain. Our stranger companion advanced towards the brink of one of them, and said that he believed he could go down. The guide turned away and walked composedly along, saying, "If ye suld gang doon there, either by accident or on purpose, ye wad never be worth picking up." I ought to say, however, in justice to the stranger, that when he suggested the idea of his descending, it was before we rolled the stones down.

At length we reached the summit. It consisted of a very extensive field of stones, wedged together, and forming, together, a tolerably smooth and level surface, with depressions here and there, which had every appearance of the stones having settled together, as if by the washing out, or washing away, of what was below. At the highest part was a monstrous cairn, a sort of Tower of Babel, twenty or thirty feet high, and tapering towards the top. It was laid up very neatly, and build in such a manner, by projecting shelves, as to make it not difficult to climb to the top. In reaching the summit of the mountain, we had passed up to where the atmosphere was serene

again, and we had now a clear sky and a bright sun over our heads; so that, by climbing to the top of the cairn, we had all around us, far and near, a magnificent prospect of—the upper surface of the cloud!

The guide seemed very quiet and unconcerned at this result; but our guest, as I may call him—I never learned his name—was much disappointed, and was continually expressing his vexation. For my part, I rather agreed with the guide; and we sat down by the side of the cairn, enjoying the balmy air, the quiet repose, the stillness, the solitude, and the strange aspect of awful desolation which reigned around. We went to the brink of the precipice, on the north, and traced the ragged outlines of the rocks down until they were lost in the cloud below. We examined the rocks, and selected specimens of the porphyry, and puzzled ourselves in vain to account for such an enormous mass of fragments spreading over such extensive fields, on such a summit. We enjoyed the thought of the great height which we had attained above the surrounding country, though we were prevented from forming any very exalted ideas of our elevation, by reflecting that, after our climbing, we were yet not a great deal above the level of the *bottom* of the Valley of Chamouni, from which travellers *commence* the ascent of the Alps.

We followed the line marked out by the monuments made by the sappers until we returned to the well. The attention of the guide was at one time attracted by something black among the rocks, at some distance above us on the right, which looked, as he said, like clothes; and we stopped while we went to see what it was, as there was a bare possibility of its being a human being in distress. We watched both him and the object which

he was going to examine, as he clambered up to it, and our imaginations had given it quite distinctly the form of a man lying helpless on the stones, when we saw him proceed steadily up to it, stoop down, and very deliberately pull off its head. He immediately turned about and came back toward us, the head in his hand. When he came to us he threw down at our feet a large mass of a peculiar kind of soft and spongy moss, saying, "It is nothing but fog." I put a tuft of the "fog" (for that is the name which is given by the shepherds to his species of moss) into my pocket, in order to press and preserve some sprigs of it, as specimens of the highest vegetation of Ben Nevis, except the lichens on the rocks at the summit.

We soon came down through the cloud again, so as to enjoy extended and magnificent prospects on the under side of it. These prospects were different, too, from those we had enjoyed in ascending, for the guide took us down the mountain by what he called a shorter way. It was, indeed, a short way, being one straight and uninterrupted *chute*, from the top to the bottom, over four thousand feet. We came down in groins and angles of the mountain, and along the brinks of fearful ravines cut by the torrents, sometimes over rocks, sometimes over loose gravel, and sometimes over turf, but always down, down—straight down toward the bottom of the glen, which, the longer we descended, seemed to be deeper and deeper below us. This continued for two hours. I longed for something to change the dreadful monotony of the fatigue of continually stepping down such steep declivities. A little walk on a level; even a turn in the direction now and then, would have been a relief. It seemed as if we should never reach even the level of the little

loch, which was spread out like a mirror half way between us and the valley. This loch we passed now on the other side, and without going near to it, but keeping it in sight for an hour as we descended the steep slope of the mountain beyond its southern edge. At last, however, we got into its plane, and could almost take sight along the surface of the water, so little did the intervening land rise above its level.

All this time the fatigue was increased by the great caution necessary to effect the descent in safety. The guide told us of a man who slipped among the stones and fell. He sprained his ankle, and "I had to leave him on the rocks, and gang below mysel to bring up four of the shepherds to carry him doon."

"And one of the shepherds, too, was killed here not lang syne." "How?" we asked. "Oh, he joost tumbled over into the burrn." A burn is a brook. In this case it was a foaming torrent, dashing down the mountain at the bottom of a ravine, which it had apparently furrowed out itself, fifty feet deep, with sides so nearly perpendicular that there could have been but one fall for the poor shepherd from the top to the bottom. We clambered down the rocks along the brink of this fearful gorge all the more carefully for hearing the story, and wished ourselves safely down in the lap of the lovely glen, which lay spread out before us far below, an enchanting picture of peace, and shelter, and safety.

We reached, at length, the glen, and sat down to rest under the trees on the banks of the river. It was two miles now to the inn; for, by descending so directly, we had come down to the level ground at a considerable distance further from home than the place where we had commenced

our ascent. The guide carried me over the river, which was about two feet deep and a hundred feet wide, on his back, staggering along over the pebble-stones on the bottom, and tumbling me, at the end of the ford, *against* a green bank, up which I found it rather hard work to scramble. We walked along the smooth and beautiful road by the river side, between rows of ancient trees planted by the former lairds of Glen Nevis. We passed the laird's house, and plenty of stone cottages, and Gaelic peasants at work in the fields. Two women at one place were washing their chairs and tables in the river; and, on my speaking to them, smiled and shook their heads, saying, "No Inglis," "No Inglis."

The guide pointed out to us a green knoll on the mountain, which he said was "the vitrified fort;" an old fort, which was "burned up by a sort of volcanious fire from the sky, which turned the stone into cinders like, and some of them would float on the wather." He also showed us a large boulder of granite by the side of the road, and told us a story, which, as a sort of specimen of the Highland legends with which the valleys are filled, it may be worth while to repeat in concluding this narrative of the ascent of Ben Nevis. He said, he supposed we should be surprised to learn that the laird had refused five pounds for that stone. "What did they want it for?" we asked. "Oh, to split up for building; but the laird," said he, "would not sell it for five hundred pounds. The reason was, the former laird lost his life in connection with that stone. The way was this. He was out fox-hunting, and, when he was coming home, he saw a wild-cat on that stone. He fired at her, but the shot produced no effect. Then he concluded it was a witch. So he took a

sixpence* out of his pocket and put it into his gun, and prepared to fire again. Then the cat spoke to him, and asked him not to shoot her; but he said that he should. Then she said, 'If you do, go home and tell the kittens that you have killed their mother.' He fired and killed her, and then came home and began telling the story about the house, and repeating what the cat had said, when one of the kittens of the house sprang up and caught him by the throat, and before they could take her off, his throat was cut so that he died."

The guide told the story with the most serious countenance from beginning to end.

* Witches can be shot only with a silver bullet.

XIV.

THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

August 27.

It would seem as if in primeval ages, when our present continents were formed, some cause had operated to open a vast fissure diagonally through the heart of Scotland, from north-east to south-west, a fissure extending from sea to sea, and cutting off about one-third of the island from the rest. If we suppose such a fissure a hundred miles in length, and from one to three miles wide, and then imagine that the rocks from the sides fall off and fill up the chasm below unequally, leaving long lakes of water in some parts, and forming land in others, we shall have a valley precisely similar in character to the Great Glen of Scotland, through which modern engineers have constructed the Caledonian Canal.

I do not mean to say that there is any reason to suppose that this remarkable valley was originally a fissure, although it is not at all improbable, according to the views of the geologists, that many glens and valleys, and beds of mountain streams, and of long, narrow lakes, were formed in this way. Nor is it necessary to suppose any violent convulsion of nature to produce such fissures. Great cracks form in very thick ice on rivers and ponds, by a very slow and insensible shrinking of the ice on each side. When the ice first forms at the surface of the water, it is at a temperature of 32 deg., and it is of the right density to extend from shore to shore. As it increases in thickness

while the winter advances and the cold becomes more intense, the upper part shrinks in consequence of the contraction, and opens crevices, which grow narrower and narrower below, and never extend through to the water. These fissures sometimes *commence* by loud cracking sounds, which are heard ringing over the surface in a very cold night when the ice gets to be two or three inches thick; but the subsequent widening of the fissures is a very slow and gradual process; so that boys skating about one of them all day would not perceive any change, although it might be at a time when the opening was undergoing its most rapid enlargement. The crevices in the glaciers in Switzerland are formed also in a very gradual and imperceptible manner; and cracks open in some kinds of soil, when it is baking in the sun, in the same way. Now there is no strong presumption against supposing some slow change in the strata of rocks of which the earth is composed, which would gradually open such fissures. It is even thought possible by the geologists that such changes may now be going on, without at all disturbing the inhabitants in tilling the soil over the rocks which are subject to them.

I make this supposition, however, of a great fissure, not as a geological theory, but only as a mode of impressing the mind of the reader more distinctly and strongly with an idea of the very remarkable character of the straight and narrow valley in question. The sea comes into it at each end, under the name of Murray Frith, on the north-eastern side, and Loch Linhee on the south-western. The lochs that fill the hollows along its course are of different lengths and of different elevations, and small streams run from and through them each way, from the centre to the sea. The

canal runs along upon the bank of those streams from loch to loch; but along the lochs themselves the boats sail over the natural water. About two thirds of the whole distance is upon the lochs, and one-third by the artificial canal.

The canal is very broad, and its sides are paved, so that it is navigated by steamers. Unless the sides are paved, the wash of the waves produced by the paddle-wheels soon destroys the banks. There are many things which conspire to make the passage by one of these steamers highly agreeable. The variety afforded by the change of scene in passing from canal to loch, and from loch to canal; the wild and mountainous character of the country; the rude villages; the ancient castles and modern forts; and the opportunities afforded, while the steamer is passing the *locks* of the canal, to take little excursions and walks on the eminences around, keep the attention of the traveller all the time agreeably occupied,

We were to start at six o'clock. Six o'clock is a very early hour, indeed, at English inns, where ten, and sometimes eleven and twelve, are the breakfast hours. The coach which was to take us to the landing on the canal was to start from another inn a few doors off, and an English coach never calls for passengers. The porter accordingly carried my trunk, and I walked to the vehicle, which was standing before the inn door. I climbed up to my seat upon the top. It was a cool and foggy morning, and we waited ten minutes in the silent street for some other passengers. At length they appeared, and we began our ride of three or four miles across the valley. Fort William is upon the south side, while the canal comes out to tide water on the north side of the valley. I had

remained at Fort William for convenience of access to Ben Nevis.

We trotted and cantered briskly along, with a small company of passengers, over a smooth gravelled road, with old grey cottages here and there by the roadside, until we arrived at the river. It was a broad and shallow stream, running with a velocity of current such as barely to allow a ferry-boat to be rowed across. The coachman drew up opposite to a broad stone pier, which sloped like a pavement down almost to the water's edge, and shouted for the ferryman. In a moment a large flat boat, pointed, however, at the bows, being shaped, in fact, very much like the bowl of a shallow spoon, began to move from the pier upon the other side. The coachman and his assistants detached the horses from the coach, and took them down the pier, and also brought down the baggage. The passengers assembled there too, and waited in silence in the calm morning air, watching the boat as it advanced over the glassy water, struggling hard with its oars to keep up against the current. The scene around was rural and beautiful. The sun was beaming through the fog, and the outlines of dark mountains were dimly seen breaking here and there into view, and appearing the more lofty and sublime on account of the mists and clouds below, by which their connection with the earth was veiled.

We crossed the water, harnessed our horses to a sort of omnibus which was waiting for us on the other side, and were trotting on again as rapidly as before. At length we reached the bank of the canal, where we found a comfortable steamer awaiting our arrival. It was of very moderate size, and the whole company of passengers did not probably exceed ten. The canal was very broad,

and all the embankments, locks, tow-paths, and basins were finished in a very perfect manner; but an air of solitude reigned over the whole. There was a narrow strip of cultivation and verdure in the bottom of the valley, through which we could see the canal winding its way, following, generally, the meanderings of the river, which flowed rapidly by its side. Beyond, on either hand, were the long ranges of green mountains, with straggling huts here and there along the bases of the declivities. There were, however, no villages, no busy landings, no boats passing and repassing. The whole function of the canal seemed to be to transport a dozen tourists along the chain of lochs,

We met, however, during the day, two or three other steamers, handsomely built and furnished, and well provided with passengers, and one or two vessels for the transportation of merchandise. After passing one of these, which was drawn by three men, we emerged from the canal into a loch, long and narrow, and bounded on each side by the same endless range of smooth, green slopes, furrowed by ravines, and clothed with heather, a thousand feet high. The fog of the morning had risen, and assumed the form of clouds; and, as we sailed along the loch, long lines of these clouds lay quietly reposing half way between the shores of the loch, and the summit of the mountains.

The highest of the lochs on this line is Loch Oich. We occasionally passed through the great gates of a lock, ascending continually until we reached this summit level, and then began to descend. At the entrance to Loch Ness, which is the longest loch of the series, there are four locks; and it so happened, when we arrived, that there were two steamers there before us, one of which

was to be locked down, and the other to be locked up, before we could take our turn. This was likely to detain us for some time, and the passengers, accordingly, stepped off from the paddle-box to the stone pier which here lined the canal, to take a walk. We found ourselves in a somewhat broader valley than we had been accustomed to see during the day, as several lateral glens seemed to open together here, each one sending its little river down to enter at the head of the lake. On the right, that is, on the southern side of the canal, at a little distance from the place of our debarkation, was a beautiful view of the whole broad and smooth slopes and embankments of a modern fortification, with a quadrangle of handsome stone edifices in the centre. It was Fort Augustus. The grounds on one side sloped toward the lake; on two others they were bordered by two rivers, whose courses were parallel to each other; and, as all was very perfectly finished and kept in excellent order, the scene which it presented was beautiful, and its highly artificial look contrasted strongly with the rude and rugged outlines of the mountains around. We walked along the smooth gravel-walk into the fort, and mounted to one of the bastions. The view was very striking in every direction. On the right were the lofty mountains; on the left was the canal, and the rapid river by its side. One steamer was just coming out of the lowest lock into the lake, and another, an iron one, of moderate dimensions, but of elegant workmanship, and filled with a gay company going to the western coast to welcome the queen, was preparing to go into it. Beyond the canal a stone bridge led across the river, and a road from it was seen winding up an ascent between two rows of ancient cottages, part of them roofless and in ruins, and

the rest covered with turf, on which the weeds and grass grew at least as luxuriantly as they did in the rocky ground around them.

I remained on one of the embankments of the fortification, protected from the sun by my umbrella, looking at the steamer, which came sweeping round in a great circle into the lake. I watched it on its course until it became a mere cloud of smoke, with a black point depending from it at the surface of the water. It would have continued in sight much longer, for the lake is so straight that we are out of sight land, as we may say, in one direction, at least in the case of an ordinary summer haze upon the water. When there was no longer any interest in watching the steamer's motion, I crossed the canal and the river, and followed the road which led to the village.

A boy in the *kilt* followed me, saying, "Please, sir, where shall I get a ha'penny?" Many of the boys were dressed in this way, and I observed one old man who had the Highland dress, which appeared well worn, as if it was his usual garb. In all other cases this costume seemed to be worn only for show, as a gala dress. Many persons were having it made at this time, in order to present a Highland spectacle to her majesty. The dress, when put on in full in the old chieftain style, has a very imposing character, and it must have been very well adapted to its purposes at the time when it was originally worn. It is very warm about the body, though the knees are exposed. In the full dress there are shoes and stockings, or, rather, articles of a peculiar make, corresponding to shoes and stockings. The plaid, which was thrown over the shoulders, could be used as a cloak, or a sash, or a blanket at night; and it could be made to afford different degrees of warmth

by the different modes of putting it on. Instead of a pocket, the Highlander had a sort of purse, called a *sporran*, which was hung to the kilt in front. It was covered with a goat-skin, with the hair on, either white or black, with tassels of the opposite colour. There was a dirk, made with a three-fold division of the sheath, two of the partitions being occupied by the knife and fork, the handles rising one above another, with that of the dirk at the top. This knife was for eating. There was another knife for cutting, contained in a sheath, which was attached *to the stocking* on one side—a singular place, it would seem, for wearing such an instrument, but, after all, not an inconvenient one. The ancient Highlander had also two pistols, and his gun. The whole makes a heavy burden, it must be admitted; but then we must remember that he had to carry his inn about with him, instead of finding one, as we do, under a good slated roof, at every stage. These accoutrements constituted all that was necessary to make him independent of all mankind in the wild fastnesses of the mountains. With his gun he could kill his game. His *sporran* supplied him with the means of making a fire to cook it. His knife and fork were ready in the sheath of his dirk; and at night there were projecting rocks enough for a roof, soft heather for a bed, and his plaid for a blanket. His dress, and the burdens which he had to bear, seem to have been studiously arranged with a view to facilitate climbing. The lower limbs were free. The cloak could be turned into a sash at any moment, so as to liberate the arms. And, on the whole, it would probably be difficult to contrive any mode by which a man could carry so easily so many essentials for the support of life in wild passes, and in a manner so little encumbering, in

ascending and descending the declivities of the mountains.

The kind of life, however, in which this dress originated, and the dress itself, have passed away together. The Highland chieftains are all scattered and gone. Lowland gentlemen have come into possession of the lands, and have stocked the hill-sides with sheep, retaining enough of the descendants of the wild followers of the ancient chieftains to watch the flocks, and sending off the rest to work in southern manufactories, or to begin life anew in Canada. Every glen has a good coach-road through it; every hamlet has an inn; and when the hamlet has gone to decay, the inn remains thriving and prosperous among the ruins. Every wild and sequestered ravine is within reach of a hunting-lodge, from which the moors around are filled with English sportsmen, who shoot grouse to send in boxes to their southern friends. Instead of having to carry their means of protection and subsistence on their backs, they are followed by servants and ponies to relieve them of every burden. Thus everything is changed. The summits of the mountains are scaled in safety by ladies from every quarter of the globe, whose genteel attendants carry spy-glasses, and sandwiches and wine from the inn, instead of dirks and guns.

And yet a serious effort is making to restore the old costume. Societies are formed and prizes are offered, and annual exhibitions held to encourage a counter-revolution in the national dress. These efforts must, of course, be fruitless. They are struggles against a current which no human power can withstand. In fact, there is an incongruity between the dress and the present pursuits and characters of the wearers, when the dress is assumed, which is irreconcilable. In one village,

on a Sunday morning, as I was standing at the door of the inn, a splendidly-dressed Highland chieftain, as I might have imagined, came down the street. I fell into conversation with him. He turned out to be a young village physician, with all the mental cultivation and modern ideas characteristic of his profession. Think of the refinement, the calmness, the benevolence of the physician, clothed in the garb of a half-savage warrior; the gentle visitor of sick rooms, equipped for midnight maraudings on the mountains, and for desperate encounters with foes! It is true that in this case, as in most others, the dress was probably only intended as a sort of holiday costume in honour of the queen, yet the incongruity was none the less conspicuous on that account.

With such thoughts as these, suggested by the sight of the old man above referred to, who seemed to be wearing in earnest a simple form of the Highland dress, I advanced up the street, or, rather, road of the village. A little path turned off between two roofless and ruined cottages. I followed it, and it led me behind the houses where a little "burn" was meandering along over the stones. At a little distance before me an old woman was washing clothes by the side of an ancient wall. Her kettle was poised upon three stones, and was boiling by the heat of a fire of peat. Her children were playing about the brook, to all appearance healthy and happy. I tried to talk with them, but they could not speak English; the mother could speak very well, and was evidently much pleased to have a little friendly chat with a stranger.

I went on in my path, still diverging from the village, a few rods further, to the top of a small, rocky eminence, raised a little above the surround-

ing land. Here I had a fine view of all the objects which I had seen before, though now under different aspects and relations. There was the lake, and the fortification, with the smooth slopes about it. There was the bridge, and the canal locks, with the iron steamer which we were waiting for, half up through, our own remaining quietly at the top in her original position. On the other side of the little hill was a wild tract of pasture land, extending back to the foot of the mountains. A few huts were scattered about upon it irregularly, with footpaths leading from one to the other through the grass, but no road. Upon a flat place among the rocks near me was a child at play, building a house of stones; he had on a little kilt, reaching half down to his knees, and nothing below. He got up when I came near, and began to move away. I spoke to him, asking him some questions, but he made no reply. His home was in one of the huts quite near, and his mother was standing in the door of it. She called out to him and said something in Gaelic, and then the boy, as if in obedience to some directions she had given him, took hold of the hair which hung down upon his forehead, for want of a hat to touch, and made me a bow. On receiving further directions from his mother, he advanced timidly to me, and began to repeat what I supposed to be a Gaelic hymn.

After a little time his mother came and joined us, and, seating herself upon a stone opposite to me, with the boy, and an older girl, who also joined us, leaning upon her knee, we talked half an hour about the customs and modes of life of her village. She was young, and very intelligent; and, so far as appeared, contented and happy. And yet her dwelling was a mere hut, with one door and one window, or, rather, one small opening

in the wall instead of a window. She said that there were formerly a great many more inhabitants in the village than now. They all used to have some land, but "since the sheep came," that was changed, and a great many had been obliged to go away, some "to the south," and some to America. Her gudeman had no land, she said. "Is he a shepherd, then?" "Na, sir, he's no a shepherd." "How do you get a living, then?" "Oh, we get along as weel as we can; when we get wark we eat, and when we canna get wark we want, that's it, all."

I had to keep watch upon our steamer; and when, at length, I found her getting well along down the locks, the iron one having completed the ascent, and sailed away, I rose to go. I first however, beckoned the child to me, and gave him a halfpenny. He began to stagger along toward his mother, she looking at him with a smile, and saying to me, "You will see, now, that I shall get that. He always brings his ha' pence to me." The child put the halfpenny into his mother's hands, and they all went away together, her heart being full, I have no doubt, of maternal pride and pleasure.

Our little company of passengers was soon collected again; the steamer glided out of the lowest lock and entered upon the waters of the lake. It was only one more narrow and long expanse, like a broad river, with a range of mountains on either bank. The soft and rich verdure of the heather, however, here disappeared, and the slopes began to look sterile and forbidding, ledges of rocks breaking out everywhere among thin patches of verdure. Every few miles, however, some broad lateral glen opened toward the lake, showing in its bosom signs of fertility and cultivation. Some of these valleys

had broad slopes of land waving with grain, and extensive plantations, and gentlemen's residences, or hunting lodges, peeping out here and there among the trees. At one such place we passed a handsome house, with a smooth green lawn sloping down to the loch. Two gentlemen were reclining upon the grass near the shore, observing the steamer as it glided by. I was seated on the bridge of the steamer, talking with the captain. He told me what lord owned that estate. "He has recently bought it for thirty-five thousand pounds. That is he, with the white hat, lying upon the grass." It was a beautiful place, but in the midst of a desolate and lonely region. I asked what portion of the year the owner spent here. "Oh! only two or three weeks," replied the captain, "in the shooting season. He only bought it for his amusement, and keeps it just for the game. He has very large estates in England."

At the end of Loch Ness we came to the end of the mountains. We passed into a canal again, and, at the same time, emerged suddenly to a broad region of level or gently-undulating land, presenting on all sides the richest possible pictures of fertility and beauty. The reapers were cutting the corn, great companies of them together. In one field there was a line of more than fifty, chiefly women, who advanced together, carrying the whole field before them. In other cases they were rearing enormous stacks, either of oats or hay, as large as a New England barn, and as true and regular in form. On one of these, which they were raising, there were twenty persons stationed to arrange and tread down the forkings thrown up from below. When finished, these stacks have ropes made of straw passing over them at regular

distances, to keep the upper portions from being blown away by the wind. The rope comes half way down the side, and then it seems to pass through the stack and up again, coming over the top a second time, at the distance of about a foot from where it passed before. Thus the top is literally sewed on with a rope of straw, though with what kind of a needle the stiches were made I had no opportunity of observing.

Inverness is situated in the midst of this scene of rural beauty. Its environs in every direction display broad and fertile fields, with villas, gardens, and plantations everywhere. It is itself a quiet town, being beyond the ordinary route of tourists. The windows of the shops, however, display chiefly curiosities characteristic of Scotland: quaichs, sporrans, tartans of every kind, cairngorms set in silver or gold; and at the booksellers, guide-books, Scottish views, and pictures of Highlanders in full costume. To the east of the town, on the shores of the Murray Firth, is a broad plain or moor, elevated above the water, and famous as Culloden Moor, the scene of the last great battle, by which the old house of Stuart was put down, and the present dynasty confirmed in its possession of the British throne. This battle of Culloden destroyed, too, the military and political power of the Highland chieftains, as they had taken sides with the Stuart prince. Culloden is, consequently, much visited as a place of historic interest, and many old relics are shown in the town which are said to have been dug up upon the field. Beyond it, the long valley whose course we have followed now from Oban to Culloden, a hundred miles, deepens and disappears under the waters of the German Ocean.

XV.

LOCH LEVEN.

September 5.

PERTH is not far from fifty miles north of Edinburgh. Between the two cities there extends a very fertile country, presenting on every hand the richest imaginable pictures of rural wealth and prosperity. The traveller who takes his seat upon the top of the mail-coach, is drawn by horses galloping over a road as hard and smooth and neatly kept as a floor. Fields of great extent, and of every shade of colour, from the deepest green to a bright, autumnal yellow, are spread around him. There are plantations of trees, and parks, and lawns, to give variety to the scene; and villages, with neat inns, and rows of comfortable cottages, very different from the rude huts of the Highlands. The land generally undulates in broad swells, with just enough of inequality to display the surface to advantage; and then, here and there, dark, isolated mountains rise up out of this sea of verdure, their profiles assuming new forms as you pass along continually to new points of view, and their dark and gloomy masses, covered with forests or with heather, contrasting strongly with the broad expanse of life and beauty upon which they repose.

In the midst of this scene, and surrounded by these views, is a broad loch, fourteen or fifteen miles in circumference, in the middle of which is the island on which Queen Mary was imprisoned:

it is Loch Leven. There is another Loch Leven in the north-western part of Scotland, which is also celebrated for its beautiful scenery; but *this* is the Loch Leven of history.

Queen Mary was imprisoned in a castle upon an island in the centre of this loch, by a confederacy of her own nobles, who were made hostile to her by her marriage with Bothwell, whom they suspected to have been the murderer of her former husband. The castle was very small, and she was imprisoned in a little tower overhanging the water. The island, in fact, was itself very small, being nearly covered by the buildings of the castle. In this little tower, containing only one narrow room above another, Mary lived in wretched solitude for several months. Her enemies brought her papers of abdication, which they forced her to sign. She submitted, though with remonstrances and tears, and declared that such an extorted relinquishment of her rights was of no validity, and that she would never consider herself bound by it at all.

There was a young man named George Douglas, the brother of the keeper of the castle, who became so much interested in the beautiful and unhappy prisoner, that he formed a plan for her escape. He contrived to get the keys of the castle after it was locked for the night, and, it is said, threw them into the loch to prevent the guards from coming out in pursuit of Mary. He then went in a boat to the window of the tower where Mary was confined, and assisted her to descend to it down the wall. He conveyed her to the shore, and thence, by a rapid ride across the country, to her friends. She soon gathered an army; but the forces of her enemies were too strong for her, and she fled, at length, to England, where Queen Elizabeth made

her a captive, and kept her imprisoned for the rest of her days.

The island on which Mary was confined in Loch Leven was, as has been already remarked, very small. The castle occupied the whole breadth of it at the southern end. Towards the north the land extended a little way, affording space for a small garden. The water of the lake washed the edges of the garden, and came up to the walls of the castle on the other three sides. The island, however, is now larger; for the outlet of the lake was deepened some years ago, and the level of the water reduced four or five feet; by which means large tracts of land, formerly submerged, are now bare. A few acres were by this operation added to the island.

The coach set me down at the inn. It was a very sombre-looking day. Dark and heavy clouds were moving slowly over the sky. These clouds had sent down, from time to time, a gentle mist upon us on the coach, and the horizon all around was piled and obscured with dense masses of rainy-looking vapour, which presented a very threatening aspect. Still, however, I thought I would walk down to the shores of the loch, and let the question of going out upon it be decided according to appearances which should be presented there.

The village is at the western side of the loch, and the inn at which I was left was at the upper, or northern end of the village. I sallied forth as soon as my "portmanteau," as they call it, was taken care of, umbrella in hand, to see what I could find. I walked along down the village street, looking out for a lane, or road, leading off to the *left*, which was the direction in which the loch lay. After walking through the whole length

of the street, I came to such a lane, and turned into it. It was evident that there was a considerable space of low, level land between the village and the water, which was occupied by a great variety of small manufactory-like buildings, arranged very irregularly, and accessible only through sundry narrow and crooked lanes and passages. The fabric manufactured here was tartan plaids, the patterns being of every variety of gaudy colouring. Women were going about from shop to shop carrying baskets of yarn, red and green, and blue, and all of the most brilliant dyes. Long webs of the fabric were stretched on frames, here and there, to dry. There were open windows in the low buildings, through which the weavers were to be seen at their work; and a rapid stream, confined between two low stone walls, that formed a canal-like passage for it, and which it filled to the brim, was pouring along its waters, which were tinged of a deep bluish-green colour by waste and rejected dies. Poor burn! It commenced its career, doubtless, in some wild mountain glen, pure and free as the mountain atmosphere which gave it birth. It was mournful to see it, at the close of its career, imprisoned, constrained, and contaminated, forced to do duty as a manufacturing slave. It seemed to be an emblem of the change which the living occupants of the Highland glens have had to bear; forced by stern necessity to leave their native fastnesses and their lives of freedom to come into the Lowland villages, and earn their bread by weaving the tartans which once they wore. However, the apparent sadness of the spectacle was only an illusion. It is better for a brook to be useful in a town than merely at play among the mountains; and in the case of the man, it has been, after all, only a change from the

destitution and terror of his wild life among the mountains, to the comforts and security of industry and peace in the town.

I asked an old woman, who was carrying home some vegetables which she had just been purchasing at the market, which was the way to the loch, and whether I could get a boat to go out and see the castle. She answered both my questions with great readiness, but with so broad an accent, such a rolling of the r's, such new combinations of words, and, withal, with such volubility, that I could comprehend but a small part of her communication. As to the way to the loch, "Ye maun gang," said she, "straite alang this gate, an' ye'll soon come to the shore." "And can I get a boat there?" "Oh, ay," said she; "there'll aye be a boat there, but ye maun gang to Mr. Mishell, wha has the fishing o' the loch, and he'll send his men to row ye o'er intil the castle."

She finally, however, called a little boy, who, she said, would go for me to the owner of the boat, if I wished. The boy was about five or six years of age, and he had a companion perhaps four. Both looked abashed and awe-struck in the presence of the stranger.

I took the boys into my employ as guides, but decided first to go down to the shores of the loch, and see what the appearancces were there, before sending for the boatmen. We followed a path which led along the side of the blue brook, which was here pouring its way along its embouchure. A great flock of large white birds, which I was afterwards told were sea-gulls, were sailing about over the mouth of the brook, and wading in the shallow water of the loch around it. Some men were at work upon a stone wall, and I asked the boys what they were making. "It is joost a dike,"

said the oldest, walking straight along, and not lifting his eyes from the ground. "And what is it for?" "I dinna ken," said the boy, with the same attitude and air.

I saw, as we approached the water, at the end of a path-way which led through a low field, a small *pier*, with a boat near it. A small wooden building was on the shore, at a few rods' distance from the pier. I asked the boy if that was the landing. "Ay," said he, "and yon's the boat-house." I told him then that I would go down to the pier, and he might go back to the owner of the boat and ask him to send me down some boatmen.

While the boys were gone I stood upon the little wooden pier and surveyed the scene around me. I was near the south-western corner of the loch, and on my left, that is, along the western side of it, was extended the long range of village buildings, part of which could be seen from where I stood, and part were concealed by walls and trees, marking out the ground of a villa, which occupied an elevated tract along the shore, between the northern part of the village and the water. The whole southern shore of the loch, where Mary landed after her escape, was in view. It was a beautiful slope of green fields, with scattered trees here and there among the hedges between them. Before me, in the middle of the loch, was the island. I could see a square tower on the northern side of the castle, and a small round tower on the south-eastern side, with high walls between them. The island was low, rising, apparently, just above the surface of the water, and all around the castle a grove of evergreen trees, perhaps ten feet high, was springing up. They had been planted by the proprietor, on the land left bare by the lowering of the lake.

By the time I had well surveyed the scene around me, my little messengers returned, but without any boatmen, the boys telling me, in answer to my inquiries, "He says ye maun gang yersell."

I had some doubt before whether the boat owner would have sent two men a quarter of a mile to row a boat a mile and a half, in very threatening weather, on the summons of such messengers as I sent—messengers coming, too, from a perfect stranger. However, I pressed the boys for the reason; but I could get nothing from them but "Ye maun gang yersell." "What do you think the reason is why he won't send his men?" "I dinna ken." "Is it because it rains?" asked I. "I dinna ken. He did na speak about that. Only he said ye maun gang yersell."

I immediately began to consider whether I should not punish the man for his independence by contenting myself with a distant view of Mary's prison, thus making him lose the five shillings which the good woman, who had directed me to the shore, had told me was the established fee for rowing one over. On reflecting, however, that in this case the punishment would fall far more heavily upon myself than upon him, and considering, also, that perhaps his caution was not wholly unreasonable, I directed the boys to show me the way to his house. On arriving, I made an arrangement at once for two boatmen, whom the man called from their looms in adjoining shops, and we were soon all seated in the boat gliding swiftly over the water.

I asked one of the boatmen, a young and handsome-looking Scotchman, who acted as guide afterward in showing me the castle, whether there

was not a story of the keys having been found which Douglas is said to have thrown into the lake. He said "there was but a small bunch o' wee keys found, on a ring o' wire; and they found them, too, in a place joost by where the boatmen had always kept their boats fastened wi' padlocks and keys joost the like o' them." He thought, therefore, "it wad be more likely to be joost a boatman's booneh o' keys that they found."

It was a long pull to the island. We passed along the margin of a large tract of land, on the western side, which had been laid bare by the subsidence of the lake. This tract of land extends from the village shore out toward the castle, leaving a much smaller breadth of water between the island and the shore than there was in Mary's time. We landed at a rude stone pier, on the western side of the island, and passed up through the plantation of firs and pines growing on the new land about the castle, until we came to the walls.

We are very apt to have erroneous ideas of the magnitude of the old castles of feudal times, of which we read in history. Some of them, indeed, were extensive; but in general, in visiting them, the observer is very likely to be surprised at the smallness of their dimensions. The habitable part of *this* fortress seems to have consisted merely of two buildings, each containing only one room upon a floor, and three or four stories high. In order, however, to form an accurate conception of the edifice, imagine the following constructions: First, there is a wall, inclosing a square space, perhaps a hundred feet on a side. The wall is six feet thick, and perhaps ten feet high; it is flat upon the top, with a parapet carried up on the outer side, so that a person can walk all around it, upon the top of the wall, within the parapet. Three of

the sides of this wall, namely, the eastern, western, and southern, are washed by the waters of the loch. On the northern side is a small garden plat, with the waters surrounding it also.

On the northern side of this wall of inclosure, that is, the side toward the garden, is the entrance. On one side of the entrance—the western—and *within* the *wall*, is a square building, perhaps twenty feet on each side, and four stories high. Of course, the northern wall of the inclosure is the northern wall of the building; but there is no entrance, or scarcely any window, except loop-holes, on that side. The only entrance to this building, or square tower, as it is called, is from within the court-yard, namely, on the eastern side of the tower. The entrance is, moreover, not into the lower story, but into the story above, by an opening (it is hard to say whether it ought to be called door or window) fifteen feet from the ground. In ancient times, when the castle was inhabited, access was obtained to this port-hole by a ladder, which was raised or let down by means of a chain which passed up into the window above. This tower was for the residence of the keeper of the castle, or prison, as it might, perhaps, be more properly termed.

Bearing in mind, now, that this square tower is situated upon the northern side of the inclosure, though within it, and west of the entrance, let the reader now conceive of a smaller round tower on the south-east corner of the inclosure, and projecting from it over the water, so as to be, in a great measure, *without* the inclosure, though accessible by a door within. This round tower was for the prisoner of state, who might at any time be sent to this fortress for safe-keeping. It was built upon an arch over the water. It was round

outside, but hexagonal within, and three stories high. Thus there were three small rooms, one above the other, in the *round* tower for the prisoner, and three or four in the same relation to each other, in the *square* tower, for the keeper; and this was the whole.

That is, this was *substantially* the whole. There were some subordinate offices around the sides of the inclosure, and perhaps, rude lodging-places for the servants or soldiers, though but very few even of these. The ruin is substantially a square court-yard, inclosed by a wall, with a square tower on the northern side within, and a round tower on the south-eastern corner without, each containing simply three or four rooms, one above the other.

We entered into the court by the opening on the northern side of the inclosure. Within these was a melancholy spectacle of ruin and decay. Remains of old walls and small constructions were seen all around among the grass and weeds. The roofs of the two towers were gone, and the wind and rain beat mercilessly in at the loop-holes and windows. The wall of the inclosure was irregular and ragged, where it had not actually fallen. Its sides were green with wall-flowers, and moss, and creepers, growing out of the crevices; and the top was waving with taller weeds. We walked diagonally across the court to Mary's Tower, and entered, by a few stone steps, to the lower floor.

This floor being formed of stone, and resting upon a stone arch, was still firm; but all the floors above, and the roof, were gone. We could, however, in imagination, restore the apartments to their former state, by means of various remains and indications in the walls. There were rows of holes in the masonry where the beams of the floor had entered. There was a fireplace for each story,

and loop-holes for look-outs. There was one good window which projected over the water, that is, over where the water was in former days. It was from this window, the guide said, that Mary made her escape; in fact, it must have been from this, for there was no other opening sufficiently large. In an angle of the wall was a door-way leading to a flight of stairs by which we could ascend to the chamber, that is, to the entrance to it; but the floor being gone, of course we could not go in. I crept round, however, upon the wall, to gather some plants growing in the crevices. We could see distinctly what must have been the general arrangement of the room, from the remains of the fireplace, the clocks, the loop-holes through the walls, and other indications. As we stood looking at this scene, the guide gave me a narrative of Mary's escape, and the subsequent events of her life, in language which Sir Walter might have incorporated, word for word, as one of the most interesting passages in a tale. He ended with saying, that after "she got awa' she brought a few of her friends thegither, but could na' mak' head against her enemies; and sae she fled to England, in hopes she could find somebody to take part wi' her there; but she was joost taken by Queen Elizabeth, who was her ain cousin, and shut up in prison for a great many years, and then beheaded. She was very hardly used, puir leddy; but she held firm to her principle through it a'."

After reflecting some moments mournfully upon the beautiful queen's unhappy fate, I followed the guide down under the tower, beneath the great arch on which it is supported. This arch does not appear on the outside, the circular walls of the tower being continued down around it to the bottom. There was now a floor of solid ground to

this dungeon, where formerly the water of the loch had admission. The arch was built, apparently, to support a floor of masonry for the lower apartment of the tower, in order that the dampness of the watery foundation might be effectually excluded.

We left the round tower, and returned across the court to the square tower on the northern side. As has already been explained, the entrance, in former times, was in the second story, by means of a stair let down by chains from above. The marks of the chain were very evident in the deep furrows cut in the stone sill of the window, showing that such a stair must have been drawn up and down a great many times. Of course, this mode is not now adopted to get access to the ruin; but an entrance has been provided through a window in the story below, by building a rude sort of stair-way to it outside. These steps are formed of the stones found lying in the court-yard. This window and all the others were formerly rendered secure by iron bars built into the wall. The sockets where these bars were inserted into the stone still remain, though the bars are gone.

We clambered in at the window. The walls were about six feet thick. Of course, there was necessarily, at each window, a recess as wide as the window, and six feet deep. We were ushered, at first, into this recess. There were stone seats on each side of it, projecting from the wall, and worn very smooth by the long series of occupants which had used them. From the recess we entered upon a floor of masonry, which was now covered with the grass and weeds that were growing upon the coarse soil formed by the decay of the fragments which had fallen from the walls. In this floor was a large square opening, which led

to a dungeon below, where prisoners had formerly been confined. There had been a trap-door to cover the opening, which was the only mode of access to the dungeon. Marks of this door, or, rather, grooves into which it had fitted, were still remaining in the stone edging which bordered the opening.

The upper floors were all gone; but from indications in the walls, similar to those of the other tower, we could easily replace them. The lower apartment was the kitchen. The one above was a hall; and, probably, there were sleeping apartments over the hall.

There were several windows, with large recesses and stone seats, in this tower, such openings being more admissible here, both because this part of the castle was for the residence of the keeper, and not for the prisoner, and, also, because this square tower projecting *within* the court, its walls, or, at least, three of them, were defended by the outer wall of the inclosure. The windows had been, however, all protected by iron bars; and the openings on the northern side, which was the side toward the garden, were chiefly loop-holes and sight-holes, affording no possibility of entrance to an enemy. The stair-case, by which we ascended from story to story, was within the thickness of the wall, and was very narrow, allowing only one person to pass at a time. The guide pointed out these indications, showing that, in the construction of the castle, every thing was sacrificed to strength; saying, "They were an awfu' rude set o' people in the days when they built the like o' these castles; one joost cam' and plundered the ither, whenever he could hae ony chance."

We strolled about the courtyard. There were some indications that a small chapel had once ex-

isted within the inclosure. There was also a small stone tank, or vat, which might, perhaps, have contained half a barrel, which the guide said was supposed to have been used for brewing beer. Outside the court, too, on the north-east corner, toward the garden, was a kind of mound, under which we could see, through openings in the masonry, a large oven, where the guide said they "fired their bread." Everything, however, indicated an extremely rude and primitive simplicity in all the arrangements of this dismal abode. Life must have been a dreary and monotonous round to all its inmates, and an insupportable burden, one would think, to the gentle and beautiful captive in the outer tower. She could look through small round openings on every side of her cell, and get tantalizing glimpses of landscapes beyond the lake, of surprising luxuriance and beauty; and it is difficult to conceive of a more lovely panorama than must have presented itself to her eye from the battlements above, if she were ever permitted to walk there. But how severely must this spectacle of the riches and beauty of which she had been deprived have aggravated her sufferings.

Around the border of the garden are several ancient trees which look down upon the young plantation springing up below, like patriarchs upon children. There was an old hawthorn, which traditions say that Mary planted. It went to decay some time since, and was sawed off near the root, but all visitors go to see it as Mary's tree. The stump remaining is of great diameter, and small shoots are springing up from the roots around. The guide gave me two or three of these shoots, which I told him I should carry carefully to America. We afterwards walked

around the outer wall, under the window from which Mary escaped. The guide began to look about for some of the wall-flowers which were growing between the stones, and which were now in seed, hanging down in clusters of long, green pods; they were all high above his head. He contrived, however, to clamber up eight or ten feet by means of the wide crevices in the walls, and bring some down to me, which he said would grow if I would hang them up to dry. Although a traveller's facilities for such agricultural operations as that are limited, I took the seeds and placed them in my hat; and wall-flowers tracing back their ancestry to Mary's Tower at Loch Leven, may possibly hereafter bloom from them on the other side of the Atlantic.

We re-embarked, and my boatmen rowed me back to the landing. Our course was nearly in the same direction which Mary must have taken, as she landed, without doubt, upon the southern shore, where the road formerly passed near to the loch. The road has been changed in modern times; but the guide informed me that a part of the old road remains, and that there is an inscription placed there saying that Mary passed that way.

I parted with the boatmen at the pier, and returned to the inn. An old Scotchman was sitting in the public room, a friend, apparently, of the waiter's. He was one of that sort of talkative people who seem to think aloud; and as he thought in the broadest Scotch, and in a somewhat original manner, I listened to him while the waiter was preparing my dinner, busying myself, in the meantime, in arranging in my guide-book the leaves from Queen Mary's hawthorn. "Ye'll be frae

some distant parts I'm thinking," said the old gentleman, after some minutes' conversation. "Yes, I came from a great way; I am from New York." "Frae York! oh, ay! a great way indeed, I ken; it's half way to London." I explained to him the difference between York and New York, to which he said, "Oh, ay!" and then, "Ye hae got some wee bits o' sprigs there." I told him I had been to see the castle where Queen Mary had been imprisoned, and that I had got the plants *there*, and was going to carry them to America. "Oh, ay! but do you think they will grow?" On my shaking my head, with a smile he added, "Na, they will nae grow; they ha' na root." I told him I did not expect them to grow; and, despairing of making him think that grown persons could take an interest in such things, I called to mind some of the youngest of my pupils, who I knew would value anything associated with the memory of Mary, and said that I could give them to some children when I got to America, and they would like them. "Oh, ay!" said he, "but they maun hae some age. The children that's ower young will na ken nor care ony thing aboot it."

XVI.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

September 7.

In ancient times castles were built first, and towns gradually gathered around them. This was strikingly the case with Edinburgh. The rocky hill which stands in the centre of the city was of just the right form, and in an admirable situation for a stronghold in rude times; and accordingly, the earliest history of the town consists of incidental allusions to the fortress.

It has already been said that the hill on which the castle stands is perpendicular on three sides, while on the fourth there is access to it by a long ascent, which is, in fact, the top of a narrow ridge that rises gradually from the plain to the southern side of the castle; and that this ridge is now covered, sides and top, with tall buildings, constituting a great part of what is called the old town of Edinburgh. There are also included in the old town several other streets, in the valleys and along under the precipices, which are crowned by the castle.

It would probably happen that the earliest dwellings which were constructed about such a castle as this, would be in its immediate vicinity; that is, in this case at the upper end of the street ascending to it, and not far from the castle walls.—It is not customary to allow such erections *too near* to the fortress, for fear of their affording shelter to an enemy. When the abbey and the royal palace were afterwards built on the plain below, at the other

end of the street ascending to the castle, this street, of course, acquired additional importance, and other streets were gradually opened in the lower grounds around. At length the town began to possess an importance of its own, and to increase and expand from its own inherent vitality, independent of both the castle and the palace.

In most of the instances in England and Scotland in which a town has sprung up around a castle, the castle itself has long since gone to decay and been forgotten; or else, if it still stands, it stands as a ruin, attracting attention only as a memorial of other days. But the Castle of Edinburgh is an exception to this rule. It is kept up still, in a very complete state of repair and efficiency, and would, probably, now offer as effectual resistance to an enemy as it did five or six centuries ago, provided that the enemy assailing it were of the same kind, and armed with the same weapons now as then. There is an English garrison of several hundred soldiers kept in it. Its walls, and ramparts, and batteries are all kept in perfect condition, and it looks down from its rocky seat upon the magnificent streets and edifices, which cover valley and plain in every direction around it, like a vigorous father upon still more vigorous and prosperous children.

Of course, Edinburgh Castle is very much visited by all Scottish tourists. They go to it, too, not merely to see the castle itself: the *regalia*, as they are called, that is, the crown, and other emblems and badges of royalty pertaining to Scotland when it was an independent kingdom, are preserved and exhibited in this castle; and they constitute a great point of attraction for all visitors.

The principal of these articles are three: the

crown, the *sceptre*, and the *sword of state.* Antiquarians have made out quite a history of them, by examining ancient records, and studying the marks and inscriptions upon them. They had, it seems, a great variety of adventures and escapes from danger in the various struggles which took place for the possession of the Scottish throne two or three centuries ago. It will be recollected, perhaps, by the reader, that as the royal families of England and Scotland were related to each other in the time of Elizabeth, and as Elizabeth died without any direct heirs, the King of Scotland succeeded to the English throne; and, for some time after that period, the two countries, while they remained separate as kingdoms, were still under one and the same king. By the kingdoms being separate, I mean that each had its own separate Parliament, and its own government and laws. James VI., the son of Mary, was the King of Scotland who thus became King of England; and, of course, when he died, both crowns devolved upon Charles I., his successor. Charles sent to Scotland to have the regalia brought to London, that he might there be invested with the badges pertaining to both the realms. But the Scotch would not consent to this. They admitted that he was rightfully their monarch, but claimed that Scotland was an entirely distinct and independent monarchy from England, and that he must come to Scone, the ancient place of coronation for the Scottish kings, to be crowned.

Charles I., after some years of difficulty and trouble, was imprisoned, tried, and beheaded; and the English Parliament, who had thus dethroned their own king, wished to extend the revolution to Scotland. In the difficulties and wars which arose out of these circumstances, the Scotch

Parliament had great trouble in keeping these regalia from falling into the hands of the English. At one time they were sent away to the north, to a castle built on a point of land jutting out into the sea, to the southward of Aberdeen. The name of the castle was Dunottar. They sent a military force there, and a supply of artillery, to protect the castle. The English, however, were continually advancing, being successful in all their enterprises, until, as they approached nearer and nearer to Dunnottar, the governor feared that he should be obliged to surrender his fortress, and deliver the regalia into their hands. In his alarm, he wrote a letter to the Lord High-chancellor of Scotland, asking him what he should do. He received the following answer. He had previously, however, had an offer from Lord Balcarras to take the regalia away to some secure place in the Highlands, which offer he had declined, feeling bound not to let them go out of his own personal charge. Besides the national feeling of pride in the possession of these emblems of sovereignty, the articles were of immense pecuniary value, being constructed of massive gold and silver, and profusely enriched with precious stones.

"I conceive," said the lord chancellor, in his reply, "that the trust committed to you, and the safe custody of the things under your charge, did require that victual, a competent number of honest and stout soldiers, and all other necessaries, should have been provided and put in the castle before you had been in any hazard; and if you be in good condition, or that you can timely supply yourself with all necessaries, and that the place be tenable against all attempts of the enemie, I doubt not but you will hold out. But if you want provisions, soldiers, and ammunition, and can not hold out at

the assaultis of the enemie, which is feared and thought you can not doe if you be hardlye persued, I know no better expedient than that the Honours of the Crowne be speedilye and saiflie transported to some remote and strong castle or hold in the Highlands; and I wish you had delivered them to the Lord Balcarras, as was desired by the Committee of Estates; nor doe I knowe any better way for preservatione of these thingis, and your exoneration; and it will be an irreparable lose and shame if these thingis shall be taken by the enemie, and verie dishonourable for yourself. So having given you the best advice I can at present, I trust you will, with all care and faithfulness, be answerable, according to the trust committed to you."

The castle was, however, now so closely invested on the land side, that it was too late to send away the regalia in that direction. The governor next tried to have a small vessel sent to take them off by sea; but this plan also failed. The Scotch commanders had no vessel to send. At length a lady, a countess in rank, contrived a plan for getting the regalia away. The plan was concerted with the wife of the governor of the castle. He himself was to know nothing about it; so that when the castle was taken, he could say, honestly, that he did not know where the regalia were gone. These ladies made an arrangement with the wife of a minister of a small parish near the castle, named Mrs. Granger. Mrs. Granger got permission of the English general to go into the castle, to visit the lady of the governor. She took two maids with her. When she came out, the maids were loaded with bundles of lint or flax—something which she was going, as she pretended, to have spun into thread for the governor's lady. The

sceptre and sword of state were in these bundles. Mrs. Granger had the crown herself, concealed about her person. They carried them to Mr. Granger, who immediately buried them under the pavement of the church. He gave the countess, who had planned the whole scheme, the following receipt for them:—

"I, Mr. James Granger, minister at Kinneff, grant me to have in my custody the Honours of the kingdom, viz., the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword. For the Crown and Sceptre, I raised the pavement stone just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and put them in there, and filled up the hole, and layed down the stone just as it was before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been raised at all; the Sword, again, at the west end of the church, amongst some common seits that stand there, I digged down in the ground betwixt the two foremost of these seits, and layed it down within the case of it, and covered it up, as that, removing the superfluous mould, it could not be discerned by any body; and if it shall please God to call me by death before they be called for, your Ladyship will find them in that place.

"March 31, 1652."

Two months after this the castle was surrendered. When the English general, however, found that the regalia were gone, and that the governor and his lady would give no account of when or where, he treated them with great cruelty. It is said that Mr. Granger and his wife were suspected, and that extremely rigorous measures were adopted to make them reveal the secret, but in vain. The governor's lady herself died about two

years afterward, in consequence, it was said, of the hardships she endured on this account; but she kept the secret to the last. The countess afterward contrived to make the English authorities believe that she had sent the regalia to Paris by her son. So they ceased to look for them, and the deposit remained safe in its place of concealment. The minister and his wife took up the stone, from time to time, to see that all was right, and to watch against any injury the articles might receive from damp or other causes.

At length the English republican government came to an end, and the monarchy was restored in Charles the Second's accession. The regalia were then brought out from their hiding-place, and all the facts made known. The persons concerned in their preservation were all rewarded, either with money or with honours. The regalia were put under the charge of the Scotch Parliament, and were brought forward on all great state occasions. And this continued until the union *of the kingdoms* of England and Scotland, which took place about the beginning of the last century. There was a great excitement among the people at the proposal of this union, and a strong and bitter contest in relation to it. This excitement was specially violent in respect to these national insignia, which some persons pretended were to be carried away to London: an idea which many of the people of Scotland could not endure. And on the other side, since the merging of the Scotch kingdom in the English was decided upon, it seemed unwise to keep these emblems of separate nationality here in Edinburgh, to remind the Scotch of other days, and to keep the agitation alive. Finally, it was decided to leave the regalia in Edinburgh, but to lock them up out of public view. They were accordingly deposited

in an enormous oaken chest, iron bound, and secured with three strong locks. They were placed in this chest with great ceremony, in the presence of many authorities, Scotch and English. The chest was deposited in what is called the *Crown Room* in Edinburgh Castle. This room is not large, but it is very strong and secure, the stone walls of it being carried up in the form of a vault over head, so that it is wholly inclosed with stone. There were two doors, an inner and outer one, both covering the same entrance. One of these doors was of oak, and the other of iron; and both of them were secured with bolts, bars, and locks in the strongest manner. Things remained in this state, without either the chest or the room being opened, for *about ninety years!*

At the end of ninety years the English government were making a search for some lost records, and the king sent some commissioners to Scotland to open this crown room to see if they were there. The keys were, however, not to be found. There was no record or evidence in respect to what had been done, either with the keys of the room or of the chest. The commissioners, however, caused the doors to be opened by smiths, and went in; they did not find the records. The chest was there in safety, secured by its three locks; but the commissioners did not feel authorised to open it. After completing their search, they closed the room again and secured the doors as before; and it remained thus shut about a quarter of a century more.

At length, about 1817, the English government concluded that there was no longer any reason for keeping these regalia excluded from public view. Two or three generations had passed away since they were shut up in the chest, and there was no longer any agitation of the public mind in connec-

tion with them. The union of the two kingdoms was acquiesced in by every one; and the separate nationality of Scotland was no longer any thing but a historical idea. Orders were given, therefore, for opening the great chest and bringing out the treasures it contained once more to human vision, after their long slumber of more than a hundred years.

Of course, the opening of the great chest was a scene of intense interest and excitement. A large commission was appointed to perform the duty. Sir Walter Scott was one of the members. There was some doubt whether the regalia would really be found in the chest when it was opened; as, not long after the time of their supposed deposit there, it was strongly maintained by many persons that they were not really left there, but had been taken off to England. Of course, the curiosity and excitement among the people, when the time for the opening arrived, was very great; they collected in crowds around and in the castle, and awaited the result. The commissioners proceeded to the room, forced the chest, and found all the treasures safe. They hoisted the royal flag upon the castle as the signal of their success, and the crowd cheered with long-continued acclamations. Arrangements were soon made for admitting the public to see the regalia, and they have had an almost uninterrupted succession of visitors from that time down to the present day. They are exhibited in the same crown room, in which they were so long concealed; the great chest, with its broken bolts and bars, standing empty by their side.

In going to see the regalia, it is necessary first to apply at a certain public office for a ticket of admission. Nothing is charged for this ticket, and

the object of the arrangement seems to be to regulate the admissions a little, so as to prevent confusion, and exclude mere idlers and loungers. The place where the visitor applies for a ticket is a large edifice, containing many public offices. It opens upon a small court connected with the High Street. As you approach the door of this building to obtain your ticket, looking about this way and that, and uncertain where to go, very probably a man will advance towards you on the steps, touch his hat, and ask very respectfully whether you wish for a ticket to see the regalia. Upon your answering in the affirmative, he says he will show you the way, and he conducts you to a particular door, which among a dozen others, is the one where you are to apply.

On entering and making your application, you are requested to inscribe your name and address in a book kept for the purpose. If you choose, you purchase of the clerk a little book for a shilling, which gives a brief history of the regalia. When you come out of the office, the man who guided you into it is there, and asks if you would like, also, a ticket to see Heriot's Hospital, which is a sort of orphan asylum, and one of the prominent institutions of Edinburgh. It is very richly endowed, and it occupies one of the most splendid edifices of the city. You assent, and your guide conducts you to another office, where you receive a second ticket. When you come out, he touches his hat, and expects some small gratuity. Sixpence is a sufficient reward. About half the persons whom he thus directs very cheerfully give him his sixpence, considering it worth a small sum to have been relieved of all embarrassment, and provided with their tickets without any delay, especially if they were conducting a party of ladies

and had left them waiting in the court. The other half refuse; or else, if they give the money, it is with expressions of fretfulness and impatience at the endless contrivances resorted to in this country to extort money from the traveller.

According to the regulations adopted, a ticket must be used on the day in which it is issued; and, as the office is in the High Street, it is usual to call there for the ticket on the way to the castle. In ascending the High Street, it is natural to reflect, as you go on, that you are passing through what has been an inhabited street for a thousand years. It grows more and more narrow as we ascend, but still the houses do not look particularly ancient, the buildings having been renewed. In fact, the number of ordinary dwellings over a hundred years old, in any of the cities of England, is comparatively small; and as in early times the constructions were undoubtedly much more frail and temporary than those now built, it is probable that *fifty* years would be a full average for the duration of ordinary street architecture; so that London, for example, will have been built over and over again twenty times within the last thousand years. Thus there have been twenty Londons, one after the other, nothing having been permanent but the streets, and the streams of people passing along them.

At the upper end of the High Street the open space suddenly expanded into a broad esplanade, or parade ground, which occupies the space immediately before the gates of the palace. The area of the esplanade is gravelled, except a paved roadway up through the centre; and there is a low wall, surmounted by an iron palisade, on the two sides. On approaching these walls we found that they were built on the brink of the precipice, so

that the esplanade occupied the whole breadth of the hill. Magnificent views were presented to the spectator on either hand. On one side we look down upon the streets and roofs of an ancient part of the city, far below us, with a broad and beautifully smooth road between, winding gracefully among green slopes at the foot of the rock. At a little distance are the buildings and grounds of Heriot's Hospital, the turrets rising among the trees. On the other side we look across the steep and narrow valley, north of the castle, to Prince's Street. The valley itself beneath us is a perfect landscape garden; and the spires and monuments, and long ranges of elegant buildings of the new town are spread broadly before us beyond.

At length we advanced to the upper end of the esplanade, toward the great gate of the castle. The fortress itself consists of a congeries of buildings, presenting the appearance of a little city rather than of a single castle; and, as we approached, we looked up to the mouths of the cannon pointing at us from a great variety of embrasures, bastions, and batteries, with here and there a sentinel in uniform walking to and fro behind a parapet. We entered, and found ourselves in a labyrinth of roads, with walls, buttresses, and towers all around us. We passed on, continually ascending, through court after court, occasionally stopping to inquire of a soldier the way to the regalia room, until at last we found ourselves in the midst of a square, gravelled area of considerable size, and surrounded by buildings, which seemed to be barracks for the soldiers. There was a small collection of ladies and gentlemen at a door on one side of this square, which indicated the place where we were to seek admission.

We had to wait a few minutes, until those who

were already in the Crown Room should come down. A limited number of those who were assembled with us at the door were then called up. We ascended one by one up a narrow stair-way, passing gradually out of the daylight, until at length we emerged into a small room, dark all around the sides, but with a very brilliant illumination in the centre of it. This illumination was produced by the light of several powerful gas burners, reflected by mirrors placed behind them down upon the gold and jewels which we had come to see.

The first impression made upon the spectator by such a magnificent display, in such a light, is very imposing. We see the gold and jewelry through the bars of an iron grating, which, on examination, we perceive to form a part of a great iron cage, within which the regalia are placed upon a table, by which means all possible access to the articles themselves by the visitors is effectually prevented. There is but little more than space between this cage and the walls of the room to walk around in; and the cage is large enough to furnish room for perhaps twelve persons to stand about it at a time. As soon as we were all placed, the conductress proceeded to describe the various articles, and to give some particulars of their history, after which she answered the questions which any of us were disposed to ask. The great chest still remains in the room, at one end, where it can be dimly seen by the light which escapes and finds its way to it, indirectly, behind the reflectors. It is a monstrous chest of oak, six feet long and three feet deep, bound in the strongest manner with straps of iron. The ponderous padlocks with which it had been secured remained faithful to their trust, locked still; for, as has been already stated, the keys had

never been obtained, and the chest had been opened by cutting through some of the bars of iron.

After looking at the chest, the spectators turn around to the cage again, to take another view of the splendours spread out upon the table within. There are not merely the regalia there, that is, the three articles whose history has been given, but a number of other ancient jewels and badges belonging formerly to the Scottish kings, and now deposited here. There are eight or nine in all; and as they lie there, reposing upon the velvet cloths and cushions within their grating, and illuminated by the strong *nocturnal* light, which shows to great advantage the richness of the gold and the brilliancy of the gems, the effect is certainly imposing.

We came down the narrow stair-way again to make room for our successors, who were waiting, in the mean time, patiently at the door, new-comers constantly arriving to take the places of those going away. We rambled about the castle some time longer. We ascended to the higher platforms and batteries, where we saw an enormous cannon, made in ancient times of bars of iron, bound together by iron hoops, and known in history by the name of Mons Meg. Great and ponderous as it is, it has been quite a traveller in its day; having been transported from place to place in former times, according as its services were required. While the regalia were in Dunnottar Castle this monster was sent there to guard them, and now it *seems* to be, in its old age, on the same duty, as it stands upon its paved platform above the Crown Room where its ancient trusts are deposited. It rests upon an excellent carriage, which is in perfect order. Its monstrous muzzle

points through the embrasure, and a pile of enormous balls, of lead and of stone, lie beneath it, all ready. These marks of preparation, however, are all mere pretension, to gratify and amuse the war-worn veteran in his old age. He is disabled. The iron bars were forced apart in the side of the gun at the last discharge which it endured, and it will never be fired again.

XVII.

LEAVING SCOTLAND.

November 23rd.

After various other wanderings and adventures not related in these pages, I found myself, one cool autumnal morning, climbing up a ladder to the top of a stage-coach in the streets of Glasgow. It was very early, half an hour before sunrise. The streets were thronged with men and women in the dress of an agricultural peasantry, all armed with sickles, and standing about upon the sidewalks and pavements, in groups and crowds, waiting to be hired for the day, as reapers in the fields about the city. The farmers, or their agents, were walking about among them, selecting and engaging them. The word farmer must be understood, however, in the English sense. It does not denote, as in America, a plain and sturdy proprietor of a small domain, which he tills with his own hands and those of his sons; but a sort of semi-gentleman, who hires the right to cultivate a portion of the land, of a proprietor as far above him as the rude and half-clad labourers in the market are below him. He is not even *tenant*, in a full and unrestricted sense. He has only the right to crop the land. Somebody else has "the shooting," that is, the right to trample or ride over the domain in every direction in pursuit of game; and a third party, perhaps, has hired the right to fish in the streams.

Nor is the proprietor, so called, any more really

and fully in possession as proprietor than the tenant is as tenant. He is restricted and barred in the same way. The estate is his *while he lives.* H cannot sell it or alienate it. His right seems to consist simply in the privilege of deciding to what parties to lease the tillage, the shooting, and the fishing during his life, and to expend the income. At his death it goes to his son, who has, in the same manner, a mere life occupancy, there being no honest, actual *fee* any where; or, if it exists at all, vesting in a certain abstraction called "the family." This word family, too, must be understood entirely in its English sense. In America, a family is a little group of cotemporaries; father and mother, brothers and sisters, all dwelling together under a common roof, and sharing equally in the present blessings and future hopes which fall to their common lot. Or, if they are grown up and scattered abroad, they are still bound together by a common interest and affection, and all stand upon a social level, except so far as the sense of equality is modified by a slight feeling of deference and respect for the older brother, which, however, the lapse of a very few years is found, very properly, sufficient to remove. In England a family is another thing altogether. Instead of a cotemporaneous group, it is a long *succession*—a line coming down from former centuries, and running on toward posterity—having only one representative in a generation. It is the family in this sense, whose interest, welfare, and aggrandizement the Englishman labours to secure. The American father and mother love their children equally. They think far more of their own youngest child, actually in existence and in their arms, than of all remote posterity together. The Englishman, on the other hand, thinks of nothing but the *line.* He

sees a long succession, descending from the past, and is proud of the distance from which it has come in that direction. His highest ambition is to secure its uninterrupted continuance for as long a period as possible to come. For the benefit of this succession, of which he can ordinarily know only two individuals—the one who precedes, and the one who follows him—he postpones the welfare of the whole group of sons and daughters that have grown up about his fireside, and entwined themselves personally, as one would suppose, with every affection of his heart. He loves them in childhood; but when they arrive at maturity, they are sent forth to the world alone, to sicken and die in Jamaica, to wear out an interminable exile on the plains of Hindostan, or to wander about the the world perpetual midshipmen, in order that the eldest son and his lineal descendants may be provided for forever. The *children* are given up to be lost, that "the *family*" may be aggrandized and saved.

It is true, that is done often by the operation of the laws, the property being entailed, and made to descend entire to a single heir, instead of being divided, as in America; but this only shows that the people of England pursue this course by their joint action, instead of doing it individually. And if the laws were repealed, they would probably, in most instances, as I was informed, still secure the same end by their *wills*. In fact, a gentleman who was seated with me upon the coach, and with whom I began to converse on the subject as we rode away from Glasgow, expressed surprise when he learned from me that real estate could be left by will, in America, to any party the testator might please to inherit it. "Indeed!" said he; "I thought the laws required its being divided equally."—

"Not at all," I replied; "the laws divide it equally in the absence of any testamentary directions; but the proprietor may convey it, by his will, as he pleases." "Then why does he not give it to his oldest son?" "Because he loves the others just as much as he does him." "But does he not want *to found a family?*" added my interlocutor, in a tone of surprise.

This idea of founding a family, in the sense of a continuous line of representatives running down to posterity, seems to be the great aim of almost all Englishmen who acquire property; and so prevalent is the feeling, that even if the law of primogeniture were abolished, property would be bequeathed very extensively, if not generally, to the oldest son, to the exclusion of the others. The younger sons of the great families are provided for in the army and navy, and in the Church. In fact, a large portion of the motive for keeping up the vast military, and naval, and colonial establishments of Great Britain, is derived from the necessity of making provision for the younger members of families left destitute by the practice of conferring the paternal estates wholly upon the oldest son. To engage in any useful employment in the business world would be impossible for them, it not being considered genteel.

There are thus a great many points on which the ideas of Englishmen and Americans are entirely opposed to one another; and American travellers are apt not to come very readily to a good understanding with their English companions, so far as they are thrown into connection with them by the chances of travel. There is always a greater or less degree of jealousy between two nations who occupy at all the position of rivals to one another. No doubt this jealousy exists in the case of Eng-

land and America, and this feeling is increased by certain erroneous impressions respecting America, which almost universally prevail in England.

One of these impressions is, that there is a general wish in America that England should be revolutionized, and a republic founded on the ruins of the monarchy. I think it the duty of every American gentleman travelling in Europe to remove this impression, by stating, what is undoubtedly the fact, that all intelligent and well-informed Americans wish well to England and the English Constitution as it now stands; of course, including such gradual improvement and progress as it is all the time making to adapt itself to the advancement of civilization, and to the changing spirit of the age. Such advances are not modifications of the English Constitution, they are only the working out of an essential function of the Constitution itself; for a capacity to follow and adapt itself to the progress of the times has always been a remarkable feature of this most remarkable bond of union, and is as essential a part of it as the provisions for maintaining the prerogatives of the crown. With this understanding, Americans wish well to the English Constitution as it is. They desire no sudden or violent changes in English society, and no interruption to the vast operations of English industry. I do not think they wish for any diminution of the extent of English power. Wherever this power extends, in whatever quarter of the globe, there travellers can go with safety—there letters can penetrate, and merchandise be sent and sold. It is true that pride and ambition have, no doubt, powerfully influenced English statesmen in many of their measures; and English conquest, like all other conquest, has often been characterized by injustice and cruelty. All political

action, as the world goes at present, is sadly tainted with selfishness and sin; and English administrations undoubtedly share the common character of humanity. But still, after all, there has probably been no government since the world began that would have exercised the vast powers with which the British government has been clothed, in a manner more liberal and just, both in respect to her own subjects and to foreign nations, than she has exhibited during the last quarter of a century, and is exhibiting at the present time. The enormous magnitude of the power she wields, and the extent to which its regulating effects are felt throughout the world, exert a vast influence on the extension and security of commerce, and consequently, on the welfare and physical comforts of the human race. In fact, it must be so. The English mind is in advance of all other mind in the Old World; they who exercise it are superior to all others on that stage; and if we, in America can claim anything like an equality with them, it is only because we are English ourselves, as well as they.

Americans, accordingly, wish well to England. It is true, they are pleased to witness the advances which the English Constitution is making, especially as they tend in the same direction in which society is advancing in America. We might even desire to accelerate this advance a little in some things. But there is no desire to see a violent revolution, which should aim at making England democratic in form. In fact, the monarchical element in the English Constitution is regarded by thinking men in America as constituting a far less important point of distinction between that government and ours than would at first be supposed. The prerogative of the crown is coming

to be, in fact it has already become, little else than a name. It is the function of requesting, *in form*, the party to take power, which Parliament makes dominant in fact. It is, in a word, public sentiment which appoints the head of the administration, in England as well as in America; the difference being, that in England it is a part, and in America the whole, of the community whose voice is heard in forming this public sentiment. It is the existence of other features altogether in the British system which constitutes the real ground of distinction between the political conditions of the two countries. Among these the greatest, no doubt, is the provision for keeping up a privileged aristocracy, required by the conditions of their existence to keep aloof from the useful pursuits of life. The English think that such a class, so elevated, and so privileged, is the ornament and glory of social life. Americans, on the other hand, being always busy themselves, cannot conceive of elegant and useful leisure. There is no alternative, in our minds, constituted as mankind are, between useful occupation and a life of idleness and vice; and we imagine that a hereditary aristocracy, monopolizing the wealth of the country, and forbidden to be useful, must, in general, be driven to spend their time and their fortunes in vicious indulgences and pleasures. They will look down with contempt on the great functions of society, which they are taught that it is ungenteel to share, and addict themselves to pursuits which must draw every vice in their train. These ideas, which our general notions on the subject lead us to form, are confirmed by the stories with which we find England filled, of the hunting, the horse-racing, the gaming of the nobility; the recklessness with which they make their shooting and cours-

ing paramount to the agricultural interests of the land; their family feuds; their licentiousness; and the restraints they impose upon the extension or the comforts of the population, in order to keep vast tracts of land in the condition of gloomy solitudes, quiet and retired for their shooting. It is undoubtedly true, therefore, that if an intelligent portion of the population of America were to be suddenly put in possession of the institutions and island of Great Britain, they would at once abolish the laws of primogeniture and entail; they would adopt vote by ballot, and considerably extend the right of suffrage; but they would be very slow to encroach on the ancient prerogatives of the crown. They would consider the royal sceptre as now powerless for any considerable evil, and would be strongly inclined to let it stand as a venerable hereditament, which, as it might be preserved without injury, it would be unwise to destroy.

On expressing such sentiments as these to my companion upon the coach, he advanced the opinion, which almost all Englishmen entertain, that things are tending towards a monarchy in America, and that before many years elapse we shall have a king. This is doubtless a great error. I explained to him that the real state of the case is, that there is in America far less hostility to other people's kings than is generally supposed, without there being the least approach toward a desire to have one of our own. The tendency every where throughout the world, and more than any where else, in America, is exactly in the contrary direction. The progress which the doctrines of civil government are making in America is toward the divesting of central governments of their power, and distributing their functions among the people, each to be exercised by those most im-

mediately interested in its proper fulfilment. English gentlemen hardly believed my statement credible when I told them, in illustration of this, that in New York we were trying the experiment of allowing the people to elect their judges by ballot, and for short periods of service. "Elect the judges!" they would say, "and by ballot! And what prevents their electing the very worst in the community?" "Nothing; they can if they choose. It is just like the presidency of one of your railway companies. What prevents the shareholders from choosing the most incompetent man in the company to manage their affairs?" "Why, their own interest." "Exactly; and it is just so with the people of a district in America. They have a strong personal interest in having a competent man to settle their disputes. Besides, if they choose to leave questions of property or crime arising among them to bad or incapable men, the doctrine in America is, that the rest of the world have no occasion to interfere. They are to be left to have their own way, till they acquire wisdom by experience. Our idea of government is not that of a great central power at Washington, to extend its view over the whole country, and take all the interests of the community under its paternal surveillance. The sole business of government is, with us, to protect people from being injured by other persons. We do not consider it necessary to provide for the governmental interference to keep Yankees from injuring themselves."

These kind of doctrines, which, however, I simply quoted as the prevailing sentiment in America, without saying whether they were or were not my own, always excite much surprise in the minds of Europeans, who are accustomed to look upon a government as all in all, a universally

pervading power having the supervision of all the interests of society, and responsible for every thing, within and without, in all its workings.

One ground of the difficulty which the English have in understanding how it is that so much can be safely left to the population itself in America, arises from the erroneous ideas they have of the character and condition of this population. The word *people* includes, in English ideas, an enormous mass of ignorant, shiftless, destitute labourers, who have no property to protect of their own, and no interest in the protection of the property of those above them. There is no such class in America; or, at least, it is so small that it may be safely left out of the account. The real power is exercised in one country, as in the other, by the landowners. The difference is, that in England the landed proprietors are a small class, consisting of the oldest sons of oldest sons; whereas in America they are the whole population. This is not literally and exactly true, but it is so substantially and generally. If you take away from the number of the voters in America all owners of houses and farms, and also all who do not own houses or farms because they are engaged in other business affording them more profitable employment for their capital, the number left, that is, the number who are not proprietors of land on account of their poverty, is, at least in all the Northern states, extremely small. They exercise no appreciable influence upon the management of the public affairs of the country.

There is another point on which Englishmen very frequently misconceive the state of things in America; I refer to the idea they have of the doctrine of equality. They always seem to imagine that we consider all men equal *in fact*, in

this country; whereas, what we consider is simply that all men are entitled to the enjoyment of equal rights. Differences of birth, of education, of talents, attainments, wealth, and position make a vast difference in the degree of consideration which various individuals enjoy in America, as in all others. Nor have we any theories of equality which, however fully carried out, are inconsistent in this. We give to every man a share in whatever advantages the laws and institutions of society can afford to those who live under them, without imagining at all that any sort of equality of condition will result, or ought to result. We are all willing that one man shall be higher than another: but only that no man shall be raised to such position through the partiality and favouritism of the laws of the land, either toward him as an individual or toward his class. Thus it is not equality of condition, but equality of *rights*, that Americans insist upon. They wish to be independent of each other, each having his own welfare and happiness, as much as possible, in his own hands. Thus an American is willing that his neighbour should be higher than he, but he must not be directly *over* him. He is never content, therefore, permanently, in the position of a servant or of a tenant, or in any position of continued and direct dependence upon another man. He will live cheerfully in a humble cabin and upon coarse food, if the cabin is his own, and if he does not feel indebted to any body for his right to earn his humble subsistence. It does not disturb him to have a wealthy neighbour, provided he himself is independent of him; but he cannot bear to be a mere sucker from a great one.

The Englishman, on the other hand, feels no objection to being a sort of link in a gradation, a

dependency on something above him, and a supporter or governor of something below. He even derives a sense of dignity in himself, from the dignity of the power under which he is accustomed to bow. On coming across the English Channel, toward the last of September, we landed at Folkestone, where our trunks and carpet bags were all examined at the custom-house. In the omnibus which took us from the custom-house to the railway station, a respectable-looking young woman, who was seated next to me, seemed agitated and distressed. I asked her if she had had any trouble at the custom-house, and she replied that they had used her very ill indeed. Her lip quivered and tears came into her eyes. As soon, however, as she recovered a little composure, she explained to me that they had found some letters in her trunk, given to her by some friends in Paris to take to England, and that they had taken them all away, and had told her that they should fine her twenty pounds. I endeavoured to quiet her fears, by telling her that it was, indeed, contrary to law to carry letters in that way, but that I did not think they would really exact the fine; that I thought it was only a threat; for, if they really meant to require the money, they would have detained her till it was paid. They would have no means of finding her again. "Oh, yes," said she, "I belong to the Marquis of Montgomery, and they can find me very easily."

I employ a ficticious name instead of the one which she really gave me, and I fail to represent the tone of suppressed pride and pleasure with which she announced to us her position in the social scale. We rode on toward the station in silence, she comforted in some degree by my encouragement and sympathy, and I musing on the strange

possibility of a human soul being in such a state that it could derive a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure for itself from the grandeur of the personage to whom it *belonged.*

In conversations between Americans and Englishmen, on the poetical and social condition of their respective countries, the subject of slavery is almost always introduced. In some cases it is brought forward in a taunting or reproachful manner, personally disrespectful to the American addressed. Generally, however, so far as my experience goes, it is quite otherwise, the subject being introduced and discussed in a gentlemanly and proper way; and in this way it is, of course, perfectly right to introduce any great social or political evils, real or imaginary, in the conversation which takes place among men of different nations, as they meet casually on the great thoroughfares of life. No American ought, therefore, to take offence at the mere fact of the bringing forward of this subject on such occasions.

When the subject is thus introduced, the reply of Americans from the free states very generally is, that slavery is an evil, but that we, of the said free states, are personally not at all responsible for it, it being exclusively a state institution, and of course lying solely under the power of the states which tolerate it. We then proceed to explain, what very few Englishmen understand, that our union is not a confederation of subordinate states, with a general government supreme over the local governments, and having them, in some sense, under its control. It is, on the other hand, a great community, exercising a portion of its sovereignty in one way, and through one set of agents, and another portion in another way, and by means of another set of agents, each organization being in-

dependent of the other, and each being supreme in its own province. Thus all that relates to the internal arrangements of society is controlled entirely by the local governments, the general government having no responsibility in respect to these subjects, as well as no control. It is only our dealings with foreign nations, and the affairs of the post-office, which we manage by the general government, and in acting through this general government, we are not acting as a confederation of smaller governments at all. We melt together, as it were, into one great people, for the exercise of all that portion of the sovereignty which is involved in the regulation of foreign affairs, including among foreign affairs everything beyond the confines, territorial or legal, of states actually organized as members of the union. It is only, therefore, so far as we have dealings with foreign nations that we are one. In other respects we are many, and this, as we of the north often maintain, exonerates us from all responsibility for the local law of slavery.

Now this would be a good and valid ground of defence, were it not that, in order to enable our government to manage properly its dealings with foreign nations—which, of course, includes the regulation of commerce, the management of the navy, the army, and the dealings with Indian tribes—certain territories are held, some temporarily and some permanently, under the exclusive control of the national government. The navy-yards, the forts, the western territories in some sense, and especially, and above all the rest, the District of Columbia, are examples of this kind; and I do not see why mankind at large may not justly hold us, *as a nation*, responsible for the institutions which, as a nation, we allow to prevail

in these possessions. So long as the government retains the institution of slavery in the District of Columbia, the government is a slaveholder, and all its constituents must bear their share of the responsibility.

It may be said that it would be wrong for the government to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, for that would be an interference with the private rights of the inhabitants, the institution of slavery having existed there before it was set apart for the uses of the national administration. This may, perhaps, be true; but the taking of that position is an abandonment of the ground that the nation is not responsible. It admits that national laws sustain slavery, but claims that they do so for good reason. So that, in any view of the subject, it seems to be right for Europeans to hold us all to a certain share of responsibility for the existence and continuance of slavery in the world. We may admit that slavery is morally wrong, and declare that we, personally, would have it abolished in all the national dominions if we could, submitting, in the meantime, to the censure which we think our allowing it to continue deserves; or we may maintain that it is in itself a political evil, which cannot be eradicated without bringing greater evils in its stead, and thus defend its present continuance; or we may contend that in the case of a superior and inferior race, inhabiting the same country, and distinguished from each other by strongly marked physical peculiarities, it is the right and proper relation to exist between them; but we cannot with propriety claim that we of the north have nothing to do with the question. To acknowledge that our national slavery is wrong, is candid. To maintain that it is right, is at least open and manly; but to deny our own concern with it, is an

unworthy attempt to evade a responsibility to which the world at large justly holds us, and which we ought to acknowledge. For my own part, I do not hesitate to acknowledge on all occasions that I think it entirely inconsistent with the theoretical principles which this nation advances, in respect to the personal liberty of man, and the equality of his rights, that slavery should be tolerated in any portion of the national territory. The States that choose to retain this institution in their own proper dominions, ought not to ask that the whole confederation should be placed in so false a position before the world as they are compelled to occupy under present circumstances. If there are insuperable objections to the extinction of slavery in the District of Columbia, there can be none to a removal of the seat of government to another place, in order that the responsibility before the world of sustaining this institution may rest alone upon those who claim the exclusive power to control it; and, in common with all the friends of humanity among mankind, I hope the time may soon come, when, in every land, those whom Providence has made superior to their fellow-men in intelligence and power shall prefer to have their lands tilled by a tenantry rather than by slaves.

But to return to the stage-coach. We trotted briskly on for several hours, when at length we stopped at an inn to change the horses; and the coachman, advancing to us and touching his hat, said, with an official air, "Coachman leaves here, if you please, sir." This was in token of there being a shilling or two to pay from each of the passengers. It was the same with the guard.—After being transferred, accordingly, to the care of

a new coachman and guard, we gallopped on again, until at length, in the latter part of the day, we reached a pleasant little village on the confines of Scotland. It was Gretna Green. The coachman pointed out to us a handsome white house—back from the road, and visible only, as we passed, through a beautiful vista of shrubbery and foliage —where the marriage ceremony for the English fugitives was generally performed. The coachman stopped at the toll-gate near, and brought us out some blank certificates of marriage, such as are used on such occasions.

We crossed a bridge over a small stream, and entered England; and a few miles further on we reached Carlisle, the present northern terminus of the railway from the south, on the western side of the island. Here our company was transferred to the cars, and we went on at redoubled speed. It was Saturday afternoon. I wanted to find a quiet, rural village, where I could spend the Sabbath in some new scene, but was without any plan for finding it.

Now there is, as perhaps the reader is well aware, in the north-western part of England a region of mountains and lakes, famous all over the world for its romantic beauty. It is a continuation, doubtless, of the same geological formation, which, further northward, produces the Highlands and islands of Scotland. The scenery around these English lakes is less wild and gloomy, but far more cultivated and beautiful, than further north. A branch of the railway diverged into this scene, leaving the great southern line at Kendal. Reflecting that it would, probably, be useless to ask any questions of my fellow-passengers, since they would have very little idea of what would please me for a Sabbath retreat, I concluded to allow my-

self to be conveyed quietly on to the end of the branch, which I was told terminated at Windermere, a name associated with the highest ideas of rural and romantic beauty.

When we left the main line, the portion of the train which was detached to go away from the great business thoroughfare, in order to penetrate the region of romance and beauty, was very small. A few cars, freighted with tourists, with students, and with bridal parties, was all. As we rolled rapidly on, mountains began to rise around us, and vistas of lovely valleys opened here and there to our view. Instead, however, of being characterised by the dark and sombre, though beautiful loneliness of the Highland glens, they presented on every side enchanting pictures of rural plenty and peace. They were fertile beyond description, enlivened with villages, adorned with villas and parks, and with the indications, everywhere, of an abundant harvest just secured. The railway, however, seemed an intruder in such a scene. In fact, it was yet incomplete; and its broken embankments and unfinished walls, and its deposits of materials, laid here and there, yet to be employed in the completion of the work, or in the erection of station-houses, contrasted strongly with the smooth, green fields, the verdant lawns, and the ancient walls, and gardens, and plantations through which the engineers had ruthlessly cut their way. Occasionally we stopped a few minutes at a station, the buildings being of stone, and of a highly ornamental style of architecture, which appeared somewhat fantastic, while thus unfinised and new, but which will be picturesque and beautiful when the vegetation shall have closed around them a little, and their colours shall have been somewhat mellowed by time. At these points we

left sometimes a few passengers, and sometimes a car, the train diminishing thus, gradually, till it assumed a character quite in keeping with the stillness and quite of the scene into which it was making its way. The scenery became more wild. The sun went down. The mountains and valleys assumed a darker aspect in the evening air. A new feature of life was introduced into the scene, however, in the waters of a lake which presently came into view in the bottom of a long valley on the confines of which we were travelling. The rosy light of the western sky was reflected for a few minutes in those waters, but it faded gradually away, and left to the lake its proper nocturnal expression of loneliness and solitude. We advanced until the level on which the road was constructed could no longer be continued, and then our engine, with the single car which remained attached to it, came to a stand. The little evening light which remained showed us a country of parks, gardens, and plantations, presenting all around an enchanting picture of rural beauty. A high mountain rose on one side. On the other lay extended a broad, irregular valley, with the lake in the bed of it. This lake was Windermere. Its shores presented every variety of conformation — here, bold and picturesque: there, level and smooth. Islands rose from the surface of the water, wooded promontories projected from the land, and here and there a sail-boat, which had lingered on the lake beyond its time, its useless sail expanded, struggled with its oars to regain the shore. Beyond the valley, the forms of dark, distant mountains were relieved against the evening sky.

Upon a small platform of elevated land just above the station stood an inn, built like a castle.

Some of the tourists ascended to it by a winding walk. Others were transferred to a coach, which was to take them down the valley to Ambleside. I ascended to the inn, ordered dinner, and, while it was preparing, began to mount a hill behind the house, which seemed to be a sort of stepping-stone to the mountains beyond. I walked along a little path through recently-reaped fields, with a high wall on one side, which shut me out from some gentleman's park, or pleasure-grounds.—Groups of trees were scattered here and there, and old walls and hedges, over and through which I made my way slowly in the dimness of the twilight. I seated myself on the rocks at the summit, and looked far and wide over the valleys which were spread out before me. Lights began to glimmer here and there from the quiet English homes with which these valleys were filled. The lake resumed its reflections of the evening sky in its sheltered parts, and was ruffled by the evening breeze in others. The scene was impressive, and almost solemn. But it soon became too cool for me to remain, notwithstanding the protection of the Highland plaid, which almost every tourist has around him in coming out of Scotland. I reflected that it was September, and that I was in England. My summer in Scotland was ended and gone.

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